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REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR SUPERSEDING THE NECESSITY OF  
CLIMBING-BOYS IN SWEEPING CHIMNIES.

WE have placed the title of this little tract at the head of the present article, not for the purpose of giving our readers any specific account of its contents, but to introduce a few remarks upon the practice against which it is directed. The pamphlet itself—which is published at a price almost nominal, the service of their cause, and not emolument, being the object of those who produce it—is interesting, and contains many facts well worth the consideration of those who think humanity a duty, or find pleasure in its exercise. But, as may fairly be expected under such circumstances, it reasons only on one side of the question. We shall endeavour, and we think without any chance of endangering its ultimate success, to take a short review of both.

Of the exceeding misery of the unhappy little creatures on whose behalf the very respectable society already named is interesting itself, we take it there can be no doubt: and we merely abstain from going into evidence of the fact, in order to avoid any possible suspicion that we are making out a *case*. If the truth of this charge were even questioned, there is testimony enough before us, ten times over, to put an end to all objection. The evidence before the two Committees (in 1818) of the Houses of Lords and Commons—although we fully agree that the proposal for abolishing the *power* of using climbing-boys for the purpose of sweeping chimnies was properly and justifiably negatived at that time by Parliament—is crowded with statements, at which it is impossible to look without feeling the most painful compassion for the helpless little objects who are concerned in them. It appears—and the facts are even uncontradicted—from the evidence before the Lords' Committee, that the children employed in this miserable trade are commonly *bought* by the master-sweepers—that is, a sum of money is given by the master to those persons whose poverty or heartlessness will induce them to part with their children for such a purpose—always at the youngest possible age, and, in most cases, as early as six or seven years old. The task of climbing chimnies is taught them with great suffering, and often by the most scandalous and disgusting severities; and, when learned, it affects three out of four with lasting deformity or disease. As two-thirds of the “sweep-masters” as they are called, are of the very lowest order of the community, it generally happens that their children are treated with great brutality, and as little else than temporary engines of gain: ill fed,

worse lodged, scarcely clothed at all, and beaten as may suit the drunken whim or merciless disposition of the journeymen who control them. In addition to these miseries, their trade, when learned, is always exercised subject to great danger. They are exposed to the hazard of sticking in flues which are too small; of being suffocated in others by the rapid fall of soot from above, where circumstances prevent it from being carried away with sufficient rapidity from below; of being burned in chimnies which they ascend while on fire, or where fire that existed prior to their ascension has not been long enough put out; and from all these perils—sufficiently afflicting in themselves—their danger is increased five times over by the fact that the poor child exposed cannot exercise its own slight judgment as to the degree of danger—the blows and vengeance of the employer, in case of failure, being a source of apprehension beyond any probably that the state of circumstances can supply. We take it, however, really to be unnecessary to press these facts. If it were required—as we have already said—we have enough proof in support of them to fill our whole publication three times over. But we believe that no person of common observation can fail to perceive, by the evidence of his own senses from day to day, that the sweep-children are in a condition incomparably more degraded than that of any other working class in society: that they are obviously poorer, and exposed to more of suffering, than even the common beggar-children that run about our streets: plying all the while, with an industry that at least merits something like competence and protection in return, a most laborious and painful, as well as perilous vocation!

Now we attach very little value to the arguments of a certain class of speculators who have opposed the interference with this trade as a measure of superfluous philanthropy. "The trade of climbing chimnies," we are told, is one of "a certain danger:" but "so is the trade of climbing ladders—the trade of a bricklayer."—"It is a noisome calling:" and "so is the business of a scavenger."—"An unwholesome one:" but "so is the work of a plumber."—"Children are employed in it:" but "so they are in the work of a cotton-mill." This is mere sophistry. Various trades and occupations, no doubt, possess each, individually, some one of the unfavourable circumstances belonging to the trade of a chimney-sweep: but there is no other calling—that we are aware of—which possesses them all put together. There is no other case in which children—almost infants—are engaged in a most dangerous, laborious, cruel, and ill-paid occupation; separated wholly from their natural protectors; obviously—to all who have their eyes—constantly enduring great physical privation and suffering; and subjected to the control, and left wholly at the mercy, of the very lowest and most ignorant, as well as very often the most depraved members of the community. Therefore, we feel not the remotest doubt as to the expediency, in the abstract, of putting an end to this abused and wretched trade; and the only point is, whether that can be done without danger to the general interests and security of society.

The question then becomes this—Can the practice of employing children to ascend chimnies be legally prohibited or dispensed with, without occasioning so much of inconvenience, as it would be unreasonable to call upon the public to submit to? And here it is, we think, that the course adopted hitherto by the friends of the climbing-children may be improved upon.

The proposition to Parliament, in the year 1818, was to abolish the



practice of sweeping chimnies by children—to prohibit it altogether, rendering the act penal at law. This proposal went too far. It was unquestionably impossible to pass a bill to such effect: but it was not necessary, in consequence of the rejection of that bill, that the law should have remained where it is.

There are many cases, not adverted to by the Committee of the friendly Society in the publication before us, in which the services of boys for the purposes of climbing chimnies are almost indispensable: at least, many in which to forbid the resort to such a measure would be to create a greater evil than that which would be removed. In the process of building every chimney, for instance, an obstruction which must be removed by hand, called a “core,” is formed. That is to say, in the process of raising the structure, at every bend or angle an accumulation takes place of mortar, which hardens as the work is proceeding, and, choking, in a great measure, the draught of the flue, would of course prevent the smoke from passing. These “cores” could only be got rid of by the very costly and troublesome expedient of opening the chimney (after it was built) at every point where a bend occurred, unless they were removed, as they are at present, by the aid of a climbing-boy.

For a second example.—Most persons will be aware, that the chimnies of the better class of houses are subjected to a process called “par-getting:” in less technical words, the brick funnel is rendered more completely fire-proof, by coating it with a lining of strong mortar, in the manner of a ceiling. It occasionally happens, that, from decay or damp, or various other accidental causes, this “par-getting” composition becomes loose and partially broken: in which case, the smoke penetrates through the interstices into other flues, and even apartments, and the whole building may be exposed to considerable danger. There are no means by which the existence of this evil can be *ascertained*, but by the employment of a climbing-boy: and the only other mode of even repairing it, would be by the very costly process of opening the chimney. To take this latter course every time that an accident might be suspected, would hardly be possible; and very considerable danger might result from the neglect of some precaution.

In another case—after fire has taken place in a chimney.—The thought of sending any human creature—especially a child—up a chimney in a state of ignition—or even before there was clear proof that the fire was extinguished, and time had elapsed to allow the flue to cool—would be in the highest degree scandalous, and ought to be punishable: but, after the fire has ceased, it is impossible to deny that there is a necessity the chimney should be examined. It constantly happens, especially in the older houses, that beams of wood are let, for support, into the chimnies. In cases of fire, the ends of these timbers become ignited; they go on smouldering long after the fire in the chimney has ceased; and frequently, in the end, communicate it to the floors of the building. To ascertain the condition of a chimney, under such circumstances, there are no means but by the employment of a climbing-boy. And, in addition to these circumstances, and some others which might be named, there are, in many of the older houses, some chimnies so extremely crooked, that no machine which ever has been constructed, or of which any hopes are entertained by the most sanguine advocates of the mechanical system, can sweep them.

These facts, therefore, form, and most fairly, an answer to any proposition for *prohibiting, by law*, the employment of climbing-boys. It is

evident that either such a law must be evaded, or very serious inconveniences, and often very fatal dangers, would result from its enforcement. But none of the circumstances supply an answer to any measure *short of the prohibition* of the practice: they form no bar to the proposal for getting rid of it in the most extended possible degree; or of amending, by regulation, the condition of the comparatively small number of children who must continue to be employed in it.

Now, we have little doubt that, by competent regulation, the employment of climbing boys might be diminished to at most one-tenth of its existing amount. The cases in which their work is absolutely required are very few, indeed. The process of "coring" chimnies is a work performed only once—at the time when the chimney is originally built. The necessity for examination after the accident of fire, or for possible want of repairs, occurs but seldom. And the number of chimnies which must of necessity be cleansed by boys, bears no nameable proportion to that of those in which a well constructed machine most fully and completely answers all the purpose. The Committee state, in their pamphlet before us, that by a new machine, invented and used under their patronage, in the last year, "out of 836 chimnies attempted, there were only thirteen in which the operation did not entirely succeed." Now, taking the actual or partial failures to have been *treble* this amount, it would still appear that *nineteen* chimnies out of *twenty* have been perfectly well cleansed by the machine. And, moreover, it should be recollected that, where chimnies cannot be swept by machinery, the fact arises *entirely* from the peculiarity of their formation: a formation, which, if the employment of boys were expensive or inconvenient, would as certainly be avoided by future architects, as many other circumstances of annoyance remaining in old houses are uniformly got rid of now in those more recently and conveniently built. As far as necessity goes, therefore, there seems reason to believe that at least three-fourths of the present quantity of work now performed by climbing-boys might be got rid of at once: and that, within fifty years, by a very easy and inexpensive attention to building arrangements, their employment might be almost entirely restricted to cases of accident or repair.

Unfortunately, however, as it appears to us, the very praiseworthy and zealous advocates of the improved system, having failed to carry their *whole* object by legislative interference, rather hastily abandoned the chance—we should almost say the moral certainty—of carrying by far the greater portion of it. This is wrong, both with reference to principle and to experience. It scarcely ever happens that any system of evil can be got rid of at a single blow. Human arrangements depend so much—indeed are constructed so much—one upon another, that we can scarcely touch any long constituted system, without collaterally affecting and shaking half-a-dozen more. It is painful and very provoking to have to do good by degrees; but it is by degrees that it must be done in nine cases of every kind in ten; and especially in matters of legislation. On the other hand, there is a mistake in believing, that, without legislation, we can ever upon any subject do much. Private exertion or recommendation effects very little in moving men out of the ordinary course of their interest, or of that which they fancy to be their interest: and such engines are still less efficient where they have to contend with old habits and prejudices. The people, in the mass, have been *used* to have their chimnies swept by children; and that which they have been accustomed to—although it were for no reason

but because they have been accustomed to it—they prefer. No man, again, finds—or at least he finds it with difficulty—any habit in which he has long indulged, and in which all the people about him indulge, cruel. A hundred practices, which it would be impossible now to introduce, being long existent, will be tolerated; not because they are defensible, but because men's minds are inured, and, in the manner, born to them.

The case of the unhappy climbing-boys then, we are afraid, is one peculiarly surrounded with all these difficulties. The lower classes—and, to do them justice, the middle ones—all ignorant and half-informed people—hate every innovation that gives them trouble, or that they fancy may by possibility give trouble. Housemaids are naturally jealous of the danger of a little extra labour; and mistresses, of the chance of any extra dirt. The “master-sweeps” can see no reason—why should they?—for learning a new mode of performing their work, when the old one answers all *their* purpose extremely well. A chimney-sweeper as instinctively dislikes the disuse of his climbing boys, as a barber hates people who wear their own hair; or a lawyer, people who talk of “reform in the practice of pleading.” And, in point of fact, the “master chimney-sweeps,” very easily assisted by the prejudices of the persons who employ them, do, beyond doubt, covertly oppose the use of machinery by all the means in their power. They wilfully perform the work ill, in a great variety of instances. But they go farther than this; for—that which is a most material “figure to be observed,” as Bobadil expresses it, in the management of every doubtful question—they *charge twice as much* to those who choose to use the machine, as is paid by those who consent to use the boy!

Now a double amount of payment, and a double amount of dirt to clear away afterwards, are fearful odds for the strongest case of charity that ever was made out to contend against. And the principle is fully approved in the existing instance: the new system is making no way; and, unless we back our benevolence with an Act of Parliament, we doubt if it is likely to make any progress worth considering: it certainly makes very little at present. It is in vain, we are afraid, that the Committee are using their private efforts, with so strong a force opposed to them. They establish—they have tried this experiment vigorously—a few traders, at long intervals of distance, who sweep chimnies with *the machine only*, and do the work at the ordinary price. This will not do—it never can do, and never did. Two or three individuals cannot, in any trade, monopolize the business of a whole metropolis, or even make any sensible impression upon it. “Customers,” as they are familiarly called, will employ those agents who are “at hand.” All people like to “deal” in “the next street.” A resident in Marylebone will not employ a chimney-sweeper, or any other trader, who lives at Mile End. Again—those dealers who “sweep *only* with the machine,” are inconvenient for the purposes of the public. It may so happen that a householder who sweeps ten chimnies with a machine, has *one* for which a boy is necessary; then, if he deals with the trader who uses the machine *only*, that boy has to be sought elsewhere: and then the proprietor of that boy is careless, or insolent, or discontented. And people feel that it is better—and, they think, “more fair”—to give the whole work to one individual. All these are, no doubt, petty details; but they are the details which, where people are left to themselves, very constantly decide the success of, or failure of, very important measures: and they have had that effect in the present case. In despite of the



earnest efforts of the Society, the trade remains in the hands of the old chimney-sweep masters; and these continue—and will continue, unless their customers are excited by a touch of legislation—to manage the affair in their own way.

There does appear, however, to us, to be a course, perfectly obvious on slight consideration, and wholly unobjectionable in its nature, which would do that—with the help of a little enactment—for the Climbing-Boys' Society, which their personal exertions have little prospect of attaining.

As the practice stands, we have already stated, that the master chimney-sweepers *charge more* (twice the sum) for doing their work with the machine than is charged when they employ the boy. This fact alone is enough to stop the progress of the machine-system. Five persons out of six—as the public is composed—will have their work done in the cheapest way; and the sixth is very apt, after a time, to discover that he alone can effect nothing, and that his humanity only serves to place him rather in a worse situation than his neighbours. While it costs say a shilling to sweep a chimney with the machinery, and only sixpence to have it swept by a child, small as the total amount is—no man of business ought to doubt this for a moment—the former never will make its way. But if we could *reverse* this state of the account, and make the machine-cost only half as much as the work of the boy, or, that which would have the same effect, raise the cost of the boy to two or three times that of the machine, we should do more than would be done by a whole library of philanthropic tracts, to bring the machine-system into general adoption.

Our proposal, then—for our object is to get this discussion into as small a compass as possible—our proposition—from which we intreat our readers not to start too hastily—is **TO IMPOSE A TAX UPON THE EMPLOYMENT OF CLIMBING-BOYS**; which, by raising the price of their labour above that of the machines, would gradually lead persons to use the latter, in all cases where the application of the former was not absolutely necessary.

We repeat our request, that our readers will not start from this project hastily: there is no iota of novelty in the principle of it: the same arrangement is in other matters in operation every day under our eyes—as we pledge ourselves to shew. The short detail of our scheme would be this—We would oblige every master chimney-sweeper to purchase a licence; and, if he kept children for the purpose of cleansing chimnies, to enter, and pay an annual duty upon, each child kept for that purpose. Say, in order to make the application certain, that he should be compelled to pay a specified duty for every servant kept by him, to be employed in his trade, under sixteen years of age.

There can be no objection—after a single moment's consideration—taken to this proposal in point of principle. It would be mere ignorance to speak of it as “petty legislation:” this is the only objection which can ever be set up against it; and an instant's reflection will shew that complaint to be wholly void of force. There can be no more pettiness in compelling a chimney-sweeper to take out a licence, than in compelling a “hawker or pedlar” to do so. No more interference with trade, in making him pay a duty upon every one of his boys, than in making a stable-keeper, who keeps beasts for hire, pay a duty upon every one of his horses. As the law already stands, almost every trade (however seemingly mean) is watched, which either the public

security or the interest of the revenue requires should be subject to such inspection. A Jew cannot cry quills, or a carman sell sand, about the country, without a regular licence. We have inspectors appointed to watch the premises of horse-slaughterers; rights secured to search the houses, at all times, of dealers in second-hand cordage or metals. Every title is assumed, and every precaution taken, where any thing like pecuniary interest is concerned; and there seems to be no reason why a very slight descent into particulars should be urged as an objection to a course which concerns the interests of humanity.

The cost of the licence to be required in this case would be merely nominal: ten or fifteen shillings a year would be sufficient. The duty paid for each climbing-boy kept would be much larger; and ought certainly not to be less than five pounds a year—perhaps from five to ten: the object being, in fact, as will be recollected, to *prohibit*—to make the tax as *unproductive* as possible. This duty, however, it is to be remembered, can form no tax upon the master chimney-sweeper: he will transfer it, with an additional charge, and that, in proportion, a considerably additional one, to his customer. Upon the individual, or “consumer”—if the latter term can properly be made use of in such a case—the tax will no doubt fall: but, even here, it will operate so lightly as but just to turn the balance in every possible case in favour of the cheaper method. If we suppose that the duty raised the price of sweeping a chimney by a climbing-boy (as we would desire it should do) to *treble* the present amount, the whole result would be, that, where a child now cleanses a chimney for the cost of sixpence, the householder would have to pay eighteen-pence. This imposition would be quite sufficient to induce the man who had twelve chimnies in his house, to sweep eleven of them by machinery, if that course were practicable; and yet it would not be so heavy as to make the employment of the boy (for the twelfth) a burthen to be complained of. And it should be observed, that it is only where chimnies require to be *swept* by manual labour, that the duty—although paid—would be felt by the public. All the work of *repairing*, or *examining* chimnies—that work in which the labour of children, though required but seldom, cannot, when wanted, be dispensed with—all this is now treated as an “extraordinary job,” and paid for at a high rate. The master-sweep gets a fee of a crown, for instance, or more frequently half-a-guinea, for his “job,” in clearing or repairing a chimney, or examining one that has been on fire: and whether the child that performed the duty paid sixpence of tax more or less, that “extra fee”—always paid where the real necessity exists—would not be increased.

A law like this would operate, in two or three ways, beneficially. As all persons, where machinery could be used, would then be disposed to use it, the number of climbing-boys employed would at once be most materially and rapidly diminished. The mere higher price paid for the service of such children as remained, would have some tendency to improve their condition—for there are few instances, where any employment is largely paid, in which the labourer does not receive a small portion of the peculiar advantage. And, moreover, from the very fact of the chimney-sweep being a “licensed” trader, there would be a more ready and certain means of *surveillance* over his conduct, and a better security consequently for the good treatment of the children whom he employed than we have at present.

And for any objection to such a course on the score of “petty

legislation"—for this is the point upon which we look for opposition, however worthless it is—surely such a difficulty ought only to be raised by persons totally ignorant of the laws relative to our Excise and Customs, or by those who are prepared to say that it is matter of pecuniary interest alone that can be worthy the attention of the legislature. Because, for "petty legislation," there is scarcely a detail, however minute, in trade with which, where revenue has been concerned, we have not interfered, as matter of common usage. A man cannot let a horse without a licence. If he lets a post-chaise, he pays a tax, not by the day, but by the very *mile* that it travels. At this very hour, if a man powders his footman's hair, he pays a tax. If he employs a gardener more than so many days in the year, or keeps a mastiff to scare thieves from his premises, he is subject to a duty.\* Watermen, porters, drovers, hackney-coachmen, all are taxed, and their callings regulated as public convenience seems to require. We make a law for the accommodation of the scavengers: a resident in London has not a right to the contents of the dusthole of his own house; nor can any but one licensed individual take or receive it, without being subject to a penalty. We have a law—open to a good deal of possible abuse (although a very sound and excellent law)—which protects cattle from ill-usage in our streets. And surely it is too much, with all this before us, to talk of "petty legislation," when a simple act is proposed for the benefit of an unhappy class of little beings, whose misery is the observation of every body, but who, nevertheless, unless by some legislative provision, will be materially protected or assisted by nobody.

The only objection which would deserve to be listened to, in a discussion upon this question, would be that which should shew some serious inconvenience, or probable danger, arising to the public out of the course suggested. We profess ourselves unable, at present, from our own plan, to perceive either the chance of danger or inconvenience. No prohibition of the right to use the climbing-boy is intended: all that the legislature does is to tax a commodity of which it desires to limit the use, in favour of one of which it desires the use should be increased: the most heavy consequence which can result to the community would be, that some few persons in possession of old-fashioned houses might have to pay an additional tax of five shillings a year; a consideration too slight to be allowed to interfere with any measure of general propriety.

On the other hand, we find it impossible to doubt that a law of this character *would* advance the use of machinery certainly and extensively. The common principles which determine the conduct of men would apply upon this, as well as upon other subjects. People in general would be anxious to have their work done—so that it was done competently and effectively—in the cheapest way. The master chimney-sweepers, too, as soon as they had to pay a duty (which should always be levied in advance) upon the employ of children, would at once become anxious at least to keep no more than they were sure of finding work for. By degrees they would find the machine—which could lie idle without loss—the more convenient engine for their business; and the employment of climbing-boys would only be resorted to in cases where such service might be really indispensable.

As we adhere to the intention expressed in the beginning of our article, of stripping this little discussion of every circumstance that might confuse or encumber it, we have very little now to add. We can have

\* If a chimney-sweeper keeps a *dog*, he is clearly obliged to pay a duty upon him.



no hesitation to admit, that where the safety, or—we fear we must say—the general convenience of society, demand the exposure of any of its members to noisome and dangerous duties, the necessary sacrifice must be made. We could not have refused, a few months since, to empty the great sewer at Paris—though this was done at very considerable peril to the workmen—when the health of the city was found to depend upon its being cleansed; nor can we refuse to run some risk in pulling down a house which is already in danger of falling, where a greater danger would result to the community from permitting it to remain. But while we are bound, even at the hazard of individuals, to undertake a great variety of duties which are both noisome and perilous—on the other hand, it is no less our imperative duty to diminish the risk of all such works as far as possible; and to dispense with human agency in every one of them in which mechanical means can be with equal advantage employed.

There is only one circumstance worthy of consideration farther. The trade of sweeping chimnies, by climbing-children, is one, it should never be forgotten, *of itself alone*. There is no other calling in which children of a helpless age are exposed to so much cruelty of treatment, or subjected—our own eyes are daily witnesses of the fact—to so much hard labour and privation. The public hears much, from day to day, on the abominations of slave-ownership, and of the sufferings of the unhappy negroes in our colonies:—will any man, who knows the condition of those colonies, venture to assert that there is even any comparison between the treatment and condition of the slave children in the West Indies, and that of the miserable little beings who are employed in climbing chimnies, in the most philanthropic as well as wealthy country in the world? In fact, it is not likely that there should be any parity between the cases; for all “law” is (practically) equally silent and inoperative in both; while the interests of the masters are, by a singular coincidence, in one and the other, diametrically opposite. The slave-owner, whose slave is his property, and who must maintain him under all circumstances, has a decided interest in managing the child, so as to render it as strong and as vigorous as possible: while the chimney-sweeper, on the other hand, for the immediate purposes of his trade, is *interested* in keeping the children apprenticed to him as slight and diminutive as possible; their utility to him ceasing altogether as soon as they arrive at a certain stage of growth; and his liability to maintain them expiring whenever it suits his convenience that it should do so.

We cannot agree, that, because this question touches the interests of only a small, and exceedingly friendless, portion of the community, therefore it ought to be neglected: or that, because it is found impossible wholly and suddenly to get rid of an objectionable practice, that therefore it is not worth while (if we can) to get rid of nineteen-twentieths of it. We should suggest the convenience of trying such a bill as we propose, in the first instance as applied to the metropolis only, or to a limit not exceeding the country ten miles round it. Should the plan be found, upon experiment, to succeed, there will then be no difficulty in extending its operation over the kingdom generally. We may add that the Committee of the Society possesses within its own numbers the most abundant and valuable facilities for introducing such a bill to both Houses of Parliament; and we think it scarcely possible, if such a measure were brought forward determinately, to doubt of its being carried.

## A NIGHT AT COVIGLIAJO.

Who that has seen it can forget the rich landscape which stretches to the horizon from every point of the southern road to Bologna?—the slow ascents that imperceptibly lift the traveller far above the common haunts of men, whose distant towns and plantations, cares and interests, seem scarcely belonging to him;—the rich clusters of firs, cypresses, and beech-trees, spread over the bosom of the Apennines;—and then the occasional vallies and dells, like dimples on the face of the mountains, explored by no foot, echoing no voice, a meet abode for heavenly lovers, though decorated with nothing but the spontaneous beauty of earth! The succession of these scenes, for the space of forty miles from Florence, is almost too rapid and various for quiet pleasure. Two grand points of view might be selected, as displaying, at one glance, the choicest characteristics of this long and uninterrupted picture: that from the little inn, called *Il Ghirletto*; and the more famous one from the heights around *Le Maschere*.

"*Ardi! ardi!*" shouted the merry vetturino, as he reached the latter halting-place; and his voice was sharper, and his whip cracked more fiercely, as he looked at the long shadows that fell on the brow of the opposite hill. "*Ardi! petit garçon!*" was his encouragement to the leader of his team, purposely expressed in a foreign tongue, as indicative of past travels, with fifty *Milords*, who had retained *Papia Machivelli*, even as far as *Calais* or *St. Petersburg*. "It will be late to-night before we reach *Pictramala*, or even *Covigliajo*, unless these bullocks know their duty better than I know them. What a plague! Gentlemen! you wouldn't loiter, surely, when we are just losing the sun, and the road gets heavier at every step; you'll have a poor resting-place to-night, I reckon, if you keep me here much longer, brushing off the flies, and losing the little patience my wife has left me!" And so saying, he took a long draught of his pipe; and the *marinari*, who had awakened his spleen, resuming their places behind him, the lumbering machine was once more put in motion.

The party, as usual, was of a compound sort. The outside passengers were seamen, apparently of the middle rank, between sailors and officers, who had met at *Leghorn*, and, having the same journey to perform, had thus embarked in the same vehicle, bound for *Venice*. Within were packed an English lady and gentleman, a German lawyer of *Cologne*, and a pseudo-gentleman of *Bologna*, affecting to have been on a tour for mere amusement. The conversation had ceased between the occupants of the interior: one was drowsy, another hungry, the *Bolognese* sulky at the slow progress, and the lady had fears of travelling after dark. But a rapid fire of discourse was still kept up by the more vivacious neighbours of *Papia*, whose good jokes, stale songs, and *ex-officio* importance worked wonders with them. Nor was this their only source of amusement. Two of the seamen—unshorn, tempestuous dogs, old shipmates, and sworn good fellows—were generally full of wicked mirth at the expense of their nautical companion, who, from being unlike themselves, was, by reason of the world's law, a creature fairly ridiculous. Yet, perhaps, his appearance, though strange, was calculated to excite feelings of a different cast. His age might be five-

and-twenty. He wore a mustachoe, without whiskers, and, by a residence of twelve years principally amongst Turks, had acquired the fiery expression of eye peculiar to that nation. But in the lower part of his face, and in the tone of his voice, there was a gentleness which might seem like humility; and the return which he made to the jests of his companions was rather in a spirit of simplicity than folly. He was born on the sea-side, in that extreme part of the Austrian territory where the original Italian character is almost lost by intercourse with the neighbouring Dalmatians; and this, in some sort, accounted for the bastard dialect in which he spoke. But a long absence from his native place—the Bocche di Cattaro—had almost worn away the memory of his mother-tongue; and when he talked, at length, whether descanting on the beauties of his still remembered home, or on the marvels of St. Sophia, and perils past at sea, a frequent pause occurred in the narration, or a coined phrase shewed the lack of those which he had learned in his youth. How fondly and earnestly he dwelt upon the charms of that almost uncivilized land, which, after so long a separation, he was about to revisit! What were the palaces of Venice, the churches of Pisa, or the rural beauty of the Apennines, which his companions so much bepraised? He remembered more stately buildings, and greener fields; for, where his memory had failed him, there the collected fancies of twelve long years thronged to supply its place. But in the midst of these enthusiastic stories, the poor fellow's eye would suddenly lose its brightness, and some thought, which he did not disclose, changed the accent of his voice to one of sorrow. I know not why, but, as I gazed on this simple stranger, it seemed to me that he was one set out of the species to which I myself belonged, and that his mind was filled with musings, and his story marked by incidents, not common to mankind.

It was now past the setting of the sun; the bullocks had well done their duty; but we were still far from Pietra Mala. The vetturino's pipe, after many replenishings, was laid aside. His songs had died into an echo; and not one of the travellers had spirit for jeer or jest.

“Cospetto di Baccho! we must stop at that brutal Covigliajo, or the beasts will be knocked up, and we shall be worse than benighted. Now, if we had left Florence at daylight, this would not have been so; and there might have been good accommodations for all. As it is—Male detto! you little devil, if you stumble so by the side of these precipices, we shall lose our supper. But never mind—

“Pantalone bianca  
Colla' bottoniera!”

And, in the stanzas of that interminable ditty, he soon lost his vexation.

At length the caravan turned under an archway, and drew up by a side-door of a low, lone house, where appeared one or two lights; and it was discovered that we had come to the termination of our day's journey. This was Covigliajo, a hamlet infamous for its lack of comfort, set on a high Apennine, and exposed to blasts from all quarters. After a long consultation between the driver and host—in which each was accosted at first as “caro amico,” but, when obstacles thickened, as “brutta bestia,” or “figliolo del diavolo”—it was made known that the house was pre-occupied by three parties; one of which had returned from the next



post-house, having been there disappointed of any accommodation. This was encouraging! Every one of the travellers burst into a torrent of exclamations. High German, French, and different shades of Italian blended in one mass of noisy chagrin. The landlord and Papia were alternately the objects of abuse; the one for having so small a house—the other for driving over so hilly a road. But reproaches were vain; and when, in a spirit of conciliation, mine host proposed a trial of what could be done, the jarring but exhausted spirits were subdued into a temper of comparative moderation. So the trial was made. Passing through the sala, they observed sundry little *coteries* engaged in the discussion of their evening meal:—one or two bucks from the Tuscan capital (for even Italy has her Bond-street)—jolly priests—thin Frenchmen, with red ribbons—and serving-men, with caps on their heads. This was an evil augury; but the winds had gathered on the mountain-tops; and the creaking of panes, through which nothing of the dark scene without could be discerned, warned them not to desert their uncertain cheer for a more uncertain welcome elsewhere. There were two apartments that might be cleared for the use of the new guests: one lately erected, and damp, having a door without a fastening, and, what was worse, a bed without a mosquito-net, was dedicated by common gallantry to the Englishwoman: the other underwent tripartition; one half was arranged as a supper-room, and two dormitories were established in the residue. With these, the Englishman and the Bolognese pseudo-gentleman were furnished; the German was content with a chair by the fire; and the three seamen had no objection to a share in the stable-loft—to so low an ambition had necessity turned their desires!

Shall I describe the progress of their anomalous supper? The procession of strange dishes—soup and rice, bouilli, pigeons, roast liver, vegetables, cheese, and fruit! Can I forget the Englishman's amaze, when interrogated whether he ate *magro* or *grasso*; and, by happy chance, pleaded to the latter? And the insatiate man of manners, who had been to Florence for refinement, how he did exhibit his nobility of soul, by the theft of a hot pigeon, which, in a due envelop of dirty paper, he pocketed for his next matin-meal! All this passed by, the lady retired; but the close of the evening was not quite at hand. The German threw in a taste of Justinian's law—the Bolognese disputed the flavour of the Parmesan—but the *vin du pays*, which prompted so many rude jokes from two of the *marinari*, remained untouched by the third, whose reserve was too marked to be long without comment. He sate with a fixed eye, and an expression of deep thought, often broken by a subdued sigh, or other less avowed testimony of inward affliction. His countenance lost the almost childish character which it wore when he engaged in trifling discourse; and he seemed like one experienced in misfortune, even though unlearned in the usual cunning of years. By degrees, the attention of the whole party was turned to him; and one had the curiosity to ask whether any recent sorrow was in his mind, that he denied himself the food and the festivity of their common repast? He replied, in a low voice, that "he had been in some things an unhappy man; but that the time for remedy was past; and, as he could not but be a burden to men assembled for a social purpose, he would bid them good morrow, and retire." This was instantly opposed, even by the rough sons of Neptune, now softened by the quiet and unobtrusive

demeanour of their companion : and, to a general request that he would communicate the cause of these reflections, the poor fellow answered by the following narrative :—

“ I was but just turned of twelve years, gentlemen, when some Levantine sailors of a brig lying in the bay seduced me from my mother’s side, and my beloved Catarrho. Like other boys, I was fond of the sea ; and when these men, in their handsome Eastern dresses, talked of distant places, and their free mode of life, I was easily persuaded to be their companion. But I exchanged a happy home for a course of miserable wandering. We sailed immediately afterwards ; and nothing have I seen of the blue Adriatic to this blessed hour—the good saints know whether I am yet to behold it. I found myself on board a merchant vessel, trading to Smyrna and the Islands, and spent two years in this way, with little more variety than occurs in the life of every seafaring man. But why detail these distant occurrences ? It is enough to say, that, from this vessel, I was transferred to another—and so on ; sometimes for the better, and sometimes for the worse ; till at last, by the intervention of the Virgin, I got promoted to the rank of master ; and having, in that capacity, scraped together a little capital, I became a part-owner of a stout felucca, trading from Constantinople to Odessa and Alexandria. By diligence and happy speculations, I amassed sufficient property to be considered a man well to do in the world ; and, in the leisure intervals between my voyages, or when the command was entrusted to any of my partners, I found in Constantinople a welcome in very good society. I was cordially received by many Christian families, between whom, in a heretic country, the bond of union is naturally very strong. Among these was a matron, with one daughter.—Blessed Jesus ! what a wretch am I !—Teresa ! if you can now feel as you were wont in those happy days, pity me, and take from my heart the load of consciousness that I was the cause of all your woe ! Could I but know that you pardon the deed, my own sorrows would not now be remembered ! ”—

[He paused for a short time, and then, in a calmer strain, thus proceeded :—]

“ Signors, you have before you a man both guilty and most unhappy. Let your sympathy for his sorrow overcome your abhorrence of his errors. I have never yet recounted those past events ; and now, while for the first time I collect them together in my recollection, the display of so many sad mischances is almost too much for me. I hope for your indulgence.

“ When I first knew Teresa, she was a fresh creature, grown up into womanly beauty, by the side of a fond mother, and cautiously kept from the gaze of men, who had not sufficient claim for her kindness. She was the most innocent and simple-hearted girl that ever mixed the purity of heaven with the infirmities of a human nature. Her birth-place was somewhere amid the Euganean hills, not far from Padua ; and as we used to talk of a common country, in a common language, it seemed to us that we were cousins, or ought to be so considered ; for the world without was strange, and, as she had been told, heartless, as well as strange. It needed little to advance myself in her favour. I scarcely knew what I was doing when I talked so warmly, and listened so earnestly to her

girlish tales. It would have been cruel to have encouraged in her a regard for a wanderer of no condition, or to sue her in marriage; for her father was a substantial merchant, and her mother would rather have died than lose her from her presence. But then she was so young, and beautiful, and full of rosy attraction to a friendless man like myself; and I could not be away from her in my commercial engagements—but there was a phantom before me that distracted my mind, and almost drew me away from my better fortune. So the matter went on, until the return of her father from an inland journey; when, either persuaded by some poisonous friend, or himself distrustful of me, almost the first words he uttered were to forbid any farther intercourse with his daughter. In vain did I remonstrate: the old man was inexorable; and a few useless tears and affectionate sighs seemed all that was now left me of my beautiful Teresa. I left the house, heart-broken and despairing. But a stronger energy was soon given to me; and my only aim was how to take, by treachery, what had been denied to my honest claims. I cannot dwell on the hidden interviews that resulted from this determination: they were then too sweet not to disguise from us their sin and folly; but I look on them now as the source of all my most bitter calamities, and abhor and curse myself that I could thus beguile away the treasure of her father's house, to plunge her in more evil than I certainly know of."

[At this point of the narration, the Bolognese gentleman began violently to disturb the crumbs of cheese that speckled his plate, and a nervous twitter of the fingers gave evidence of some emotion which he would fain have concealed by the low inclination of his head. The two fellow-seamen folded their arms upon the table, and threw all their intellect into their fixed and unmeaning eyes. Indeed, there was no one who resisted the curiosity excited by the manner, perhaps, as much as by the details, of the narrator. He proceeded:—]

"Well, sirs, we projected and accomplished our plot. I sold my interest in the felucca, converted into money my merchandize and other property, and engaged a passage for myself and Teresa in a small vessel bound to Leghorn. Our purpose was, in the first place, to escape from Constantinople; and, in the second, to make known our story to my mother, in case she might be induced to adopt my betrothed love as a daughter, and give her a home during my future voyages and enterprises. It was a long, circuitous route, which we were compelled to adopt; but the unfrequency of better opportunities determined us not to delay. How well I remember each little incident of that bright evening when she stole from her father's house, and, full of fears, which made her dearer to me, entered the boat that took her for ever from his protection! We set sail at daybreak, and our voyage was prosperous for some time. Some deviations from a direct route were caused by the different engagements of the trader; and I cannot remember how long it was before we were off Sapienza—the scene of my heavy disaster, and the occasion of my ruin! We were a little to the north-west of it, and in sight of Modon, when a vessel, bearing a contrary course, hove in sight. She passed us, and hoisted Greek colours: we displayed the Tuscan flag; and it was with no little surprise that we observed her course suddenly change, and a gun fired to bring us to. We were unarmed; and the whole of our misfortune flashed upon us without the possibility of doubt.



Then were to be seen the pale countenances of the timid, and the anxious bearing of all. The supercargo, like a lost man, paced up and down the deck, in the midst of terrified women and despairing men. We were in the hands of a pirate! Shortly after, the captain came on board. Our papers were demanded; and these, when brought, proving to be in a foreign language, the barbarian affected to consider them spurious. However, he had the moderation to wait until the arrival of his clerk, who, upon examination, made the same statement, and threw them, without hesitation, into the sea. In the absence of any proof that we were a neutral vessel, and laden only with neutral property, there was no pretext wanting for the assumption that our cargo was seizable; and, accordingly, measures were taken for transferring all the moveable goods to the piratical vessel. This was not all. My loved Teresa, clinging to my arm, with more than usual beauty of expression, struck the fierce fancy of the marauding captain. He inquired if she were a slave—the monster!—the inhuman villain! He offered to ransom her; but he should have known that a world would have been poor compensation for her loss. My hand was on a cutlass; and, as some wretched menial, at his command, was on the point of forcing her from my hold, I struck the dastard down, and defied them to do that wicked act. My menacing attitude amused the murderous troop—a laugh of insult passed amongst them, and in a moment I was surrounded. I struck right and left, calling on my comrades, imploring their succour—with the energy of despair, yielding not one inch. But a blow from behind cleft open my head. I fell, writhing, on the deck, and lay in my own gore, vanquished and insensible.

“It seemed like a long and fantastic dream that followed; how long, I know not; but, when I awoke from it, there were indistinct memorials of the reality, mixed up with a thousand shadows and flitting phantoms, that tortured me like demons of vengeance. One sat by my bed with cordials; and, as I spoke, he gently hushed me, and adjusted my pillow. Again I asked, and intreated, if he valued my poor soul, that he would tell me whether a good or evil chance had befallen Teresa. He answered not a word; nor was it for some days that the extent of my suffering was revealed to me. Then I learnt how truly I was miserable!—then was the seal set to all those surmises which had coursed along my brain like fire, and for so many days afflicted me with the pangs of hell! They had carried off my love, and left me, a maniac, to pursue my desolate way in ignorance.

“It was some time before I could be moved; and, when I was carried on deck, even the fair scene around me failed to dispel the misery that hung on my spirit. We were running swiftly along the shore of Sicily; the low coast was clearly distinguishable, with its plantations, and little towns—Terra Nuova, Marsala, Mazzara, &c.; and the hills of the interior, overtopped by *Ætna*, formed their grand background. Before us were the small islands, of which Favignana, the chief, frowns upon the smiling sea with its eternal load of infamy; and the huge dungeon-house cannot shut from its miserable tenants the view of that sunny land which they have forfeited. We passed Maritimo, and three days sufficed to carry us into the channel of Piombino. On the fourth morning we reached Monte Christi, and were going at the rate of ten knots an hour, with a *sirocco*, under royals, and studding-sails on both

sides. The wind increased towards the middle of the day, and we seemed almost to fly along the iron shores of Elba, where the channel converges nearly to a point, and is speckled by the little rocks that render its navigation so hazardous. About three o'clock, the breeze, that had stiffened almost to a gale, suddenly fell off; the spars creaked above; the motion was less steady and uniform; and, at last, the sails, scarcely filled, flapped at times uneasily against the masts, and gave a sure omen of some approaching change. The lighthouse of Leghorn could at this time be clearly discerned through the ship-telescope; and, had the wind held for two hours longer, we should have safely reached our destination. It was willed otherwise. Presently, we could observe a dark cloud a-head, hanging over the hills in the direction of Genoa. It enlarged and darkened on all sides, but still preserving that compact form which characterizes a sudden-thunder-storm. The old mariners speculated: some said it would go east; others, with better foresight, held that it would keep along the line of coast, and scarcely reach us. It approached slowly and fearfully. On the dark face of the cloud continual streaks of lightning fell; and the thunder followed them at shorter intervals, each time, till the full black tempest was almost over us. The whole shore seemed moody and in gloom: the wind had completely died away; and the ship lay tossed to and fro by the heavy swell that survived it, without any advance that might have steadied her. I stood watching the conflict of the elements in a state of suspense, but not of apprehension. The robbers, who had cheated me of my love, made me a retribution, as they supposed, by leaving me in the possession of my wealth; but I thought of nothing on earth but the treasure I had lost, and what else might become of me seemed to matter little. A breeze came with the squall from the north-west. The thunder and lightning spent their fury about four miles from the vessel; and we were left to encounter a contrary wind, with the disadvantage of a double and opposite swell, caused by the conflict of the late with the present breeze. But, as is always the case in the Mediterranean, the former was soon subdued. A heavy-rolling surge beat against the tottering sides of our ship, strengthened by the whole reach of the gulf. We stood in to shore, in the hope of a land breeze; but this manœuvre proved our ruin. In less than half an hour, the strength of the breeze seemed to have exhausted itself; and we were left, inert and unmanageable, at the mercy of a terrific swell that now had veered round from north-west to about west-south-west. We were close upon a lee-shore; the shock of each succeeding sea that struck against the vessel was of itself almost enough to beat her in; the rudder was useless and powerless in the hands of the helmsman, and without a fresh breeze, we must assuredly drift on shore. At each gangway stood some, whistling towards the desired quarter, as might be, according to nautical superstition. Some sauntered about the deck, or tried to conceal their uneasiness by a shew of occupation. The master became nervously impatient, and, unable to endure longer the tantalizing state above deck, at last retreated below. Close to us, we could see the white foam dashing over a breaker, from which we could not steer ourselves. The lights of Leghorn were now visible; but there we lay, without power to advance or retrograde of our own efforts, and drifting at the rate of two knots an hour. Suddenly, there was an unintelligible deep crash, as if under the keel; and, in an instant, the lofty masts were

levelled almost to the surface of the water. On her beam-ends the ship lay writhing, and battered by the waves. Some were precipitated overboard; others clung to the rigging; and others—I know not whether more happy or more wretched in their fate—leapt into the ocean, and swam towards land. Of this number, I was one. Those who escaped the yawning death around them were hospitably received and cherished by their countrymen. Their charity has given me the means of finding my way to Trieste, whence I mean to work my passage to Catarrho. But I care not if I die on the road; for I am left a beggar in every thing that makes life worth having; and, with little hope for the future, it is not likely I should much lament whatever may be my present lot.

"Gentlemen, you have now heard my sorrowful story. I thank you for the kind attention with which you have listened to it, and for the sympathy which I can recognize in your looks. I have done."

He turned his face away from the company; and his voice, which had several times faltered in the progress of his narration, now burst forth in audible sobs. A long silence followed the termination of the tale. None seemed willing to disturb the sanctity of his sorrow;—till at last one of the rough seamen, as though struck by some sudden notion, asked, in a hurried tone, whether the vessel which was plundered bore the name of "La Providenza?"

"It did," replied the other.

"Laden with corn and figs?"

"Yes, and a few silks."

"Its captain Nicolo Benvenuti?"

"True."

"Then, *grazie a Dio*, your Teresa is safe! We are just from Malta, where a pirate had been lately brought in by the English ship of war, the *Medina*. The plunder was given in charge thereto the government authorities, till reclaimed by the owners: and it had been but a short time enjoyed, for it was retaken on the very night after the robbery; and, without doubt, the girl is at this moment in honest keeping, and you may have her when you will."

This speech was delivered with the rapidity of lightning—the honest fellow's countenance sparkled all over with delight; but the shock was too much for the person he was addressing. He fell back in something like a hysterical fit, from which he recovered but slowly, and with only a half-belief of his unexpected happiness.

The accommodations of the paltry inn at Covigliajo were no longer considered despicable.



SUPPLY OF "SUBJECTS" FOR DISSECTION TO THE STUDENTS  
OF ANATOMY.

THIS is a controversy into the very discussion of which we enter with some unwillingness; but the vital interest which all classes of the community have in its determination must overcome all fanciful or ceremonious scruples. We are not friendly to the principle of doing every thing, wilfully, by "legislative enactment," and could have wished that, even at the expense of some hard winking on the part of the law, legislation on the subject might have been avoided. As some conclusive arrangement, however, seems to be imperatively demanded; in the few observations which we have to offer, we guard ourselves against every imputation of being disposed to trifle with or hold lightly, even the harmless prejudices, far less the honourable niceties and decencies of human life. Our object (whatever may be our success,) is simply to prove the expediency of placing upon some received and regulated footing, a practice which already has existence, certainly without recognition, but at the same time subject to no restriction or regulation at all.

It is hardly necessary that we should enter here into any account of the practice of former ages as connected with the study of anatomy. Very little seems to be known with even tolerable certainty upon the subject. The ancients, as far as our information goes, had not the advantage of any dissection of the human body; and Galen, it appears, dissected *asses*, as approaching the nearest, in some circumstances of conformation, to it. In the earlier times of English history, from the habits and superstitions of the age, there can be little doubt that, if any inquiries into human anatomy were made, they would be conducted with the strictest attention to secrecy: probably, however, none such occurred, for the state of medical science, in Europe at least, at that period was at a very low ebb. As the practice of ancient times, upon this question, as upon many others, seems to us to be of very questionable authority, for that which should be done at the present day, so neither does it strike us as highly important that we should inquire far into the view which modern foreign nations entertain upon the same subject. The whole question at issue is a question of feeling, which neither is, nor ought to be, decided in any country, by the quotation of examples from another. There are circumstances enough of taste and domestic arrangement existing in France and Germany, to which it is difficult to object in the abstract, and yet which we should be disposed to suffer some inconvenience rather than imitate in England. Upon this point of the question, therefore, we shall confine ourselves simply to the statement of one well-known fact—that, in France, the supply of the anatomical schools with bodies for dissection, is treated by the whole nation as a circumstance of the first importance, and, formally, provided for by law.

It is not, however, upon the declared opinion of any foreign state, however high its rank and authority in knowledge and civilization, that we found ourselves in supporting the appeal of the medical profession to the government of this country. Our reliance is upon our ability to shew that the common good *demands*—and *must receive*—a partial waiver of those feelings, or prejudices, to which time has accustomed us; and, still farther, that those violations of conventional opinion

and decorum, the apprehension of which forms the chief argument of those who oppose innovation, would be fewer by far, and less painful in their character, under an acknowledged and legalized system of supply than they are under at the present. We may farther take leave to express our opinion—an opinion to which a very little examination too, we think, will bring our readers—that no improvement can be looked for of the system connected with this matter unless it be by a direct and uncompromising change. All the schemes of half measures which have been suggested; indeed every proposal short of a plain and avowed allotment of a specific provision for the object required, will exhibit their powerlessness and insufficiency upon a very short inquiry indeed.

One scheme—to particularize a few of these last—and one which has been rather favourably listened to, has been to bring dissection (if we may use such a form of speech without the imputation of levity) into fashion; and medical men, as the most immediately interested in the operation, have been called on to set an example, by giving up their own bodies to the profession at their death. This scheme will never be successful. Medical men, as a body, are no more free from weakness on their death beds, or likely to be deaf to the persuasions and entreaties of still weaker relatives, than other people. A second objection, however, is still more fatal. The bodies of *male* subjects alone will not answer the object required; and though many a man might be disposed, from a feeling of public spirit, to give up his own person in aid of the pursuits of science, scarcely any man would consent to abandon that of his wife, his daughter, or any other female relative.

The importation of subjects from foreign countries has been a second expedient—and it has been seriously urged—for supplying the necessities of the schools at home. This plan proceeds apparently on the principle of an order in debts and duties—that it is more allowable to devour our neighbours than our friends; but it is no more feasible, in practice, than the one we have been just discussing. In Paris, medical subjects are obtained at a very cheap rate—we believe at from about fifteen to twenty franks each. But the obstacles to their transport to this country are so obvious as well as insurmountable, that it would be waste of time even to name them. For one barrier—on this side the water only—to subject such importations to a custom-house examination would be perfectly impossible. Without the remotest desire to be hypercritically delicate, there is an offence even in the idea of such an arrangement which could not be tolerated. And, on the other hand, unless we throw all trade entirely open between the two countries, it would be still more impossible to open such a door to smuggling, as would be furnished by the permission to import bulky articles of any kind unless subject to every strictness of inspection. Not to dwell upon the fact—although it might pass for something in the argument—that it is perfectly certain that the French themselves would refuse their consent to any such traffic.

We then come to a variety of suggestions, which may be dismissed nearly *en masse*, for increasing the legal supply of the article in question, without outraging, as it is called, public feeling upon the subject. The abandoning all criminals executed—no matter for what crimes—to dissection, instead of confining the penalty, as at present, to cases of murder. The grant, for the same purpose, of the bodies of suicides. And—this last, we believe, was Mr. Peel's proposition—

the giving up of the bodies of those criminals "who died in prison under sentence." All these sources of supply, if their power were multiplied ten times over, would be greatly insufficient. The amount of criminals dying in prison, under sentence, is so small, as to be scarcely worth naming. Verdicts of "suicide," as the penalties of the law stand already, are not returned in one case of self-destruction out of fifty. And, under the practice supposed, they would never be returned at all. And the total amount of executions in England and Wales—supposing the bodies of all executed criminals to be given\*—does not average eighty in the course of the year, while the annual consumption of subjects in the schools of anatomy of London alone, would be ill provided for with an annual supply of 2,000. Lord Calthorpe's project (if we recollect right) of authorizing surgeons to contract with parties for their bodies after death, would be equally unavailable in practice. It would lead to constant squabbles with relations and personal representatives: and the claim would be of a nature which it would be too painful to call in the assistance even of the more immediate authorities to enforce.

Setting aside these suggestions, therefore, which we think evidently unsuited to the purpose in view, there is a course, and one proposed by the medical professors themselves, by which, at no expense to the feelings of individuals in the moral interests of society, all that is desired may be accomplished: and of the necessity of some alteration of the existing system, we believe it impossible for persons who will only consent to think upon the question long to entertain a doubt. Of the value of the science of medicine to the human race—perhaps especially of that branch of it which constitutes the department of surgery—there can scarcely be supposed a question. There may be—and, while in the full possession of health and strength, we should be inclined to say there are—some operations of excessive and desperate nicety, by

\* The clear policy, one would think, and certainly that which must eventually prevail, would be to leave off sentencing offenders to dissection, as a punishment, altogether. Their total number—were all given up—is too small to furnish any material portion of the required supply: and there is this objection to adding to it—there is something cruel and unjust in the thought, under any circumstances, of adjudging the body of an innocent man to the same treatment, no matter what that may be, to which we especially devote that of a villain whose crimes have merited the extremest sentence of the law. The opinion of Lord Tenterden, "that dissection should be confined to murderers, because the fear of such a visitation is likely to deter men from committing murder," strikes us certainly as very odd! No race of people have a more superstitious horror of dissection than the lower Irish; but that feeling does not prevent the murders in Ireland, as compared with those of England, from being in the proportion of fifteen or twenty to one. In England, the only reflection, we should say, that could occur to any murderer—in *posse* (that ever read a newspaper) upon the subject of dissection, would be—that if he was detected, he would undergo a particular course of treatment in expiation of his offence, which hundreds of his countrymen already underwent annually, without having committed any offence at all. The people of this country, no doubt, dislike being dissected: but if dissection (after death) were the only punishment inflicted by the law for crime, it would require six more chief justices in addition to Lord Tenterden, within seven years, to get through the calendars at the Old Bailey. About the suicide proposition, too, there is a cruelty, which certainly those who advocate it must fail to have observed. The liability here must stand distinctly as a penalty—as a punishment imposed for a particular description of offence, by the law. And upon whom is it that this sentence is to be inflicted? Not upon the senseless body, for that can feel or suffer nothing, but upon a surviving family, already bowed to the ground by the very heaviest species of domestic affliction! We trust, for the honour of humanity, that, if such a law were passed, we should never have a verdict of "Suicide" found again.



which the interests of art are more benefitted than those of the parties, whose lives, in case they prove successful, they are enabled, for a few months or years of misery, to prolong. But even these are the reasonings of the safe and healthy. Few persons are of the same opinion when the hour of trial comes: and, besides, it is not upon a few extreme instances that the value of a science, by which life in the main is not only materially prolonged, but an enormous mass of human suffering saved and alleviated, ought to be tried. Then, if the skill of the surgeon be, as all agree it is, of this high value—this immeasurable importance—to society, it is to be recollected that an accurate—an intimate—a familiar knowledge of ANATOMY, is the great basis—the only one—upon which that skill and knowledge can be erected. No study, no talent, no labour can supply to a surgeon the place of an exact and ready knowledge of anatomy. What man can take even the most ordinary machine to pieces—clean or repair it—of which he has not examined the construction? Who is there, not acquainted with their structure and division, that can set right a fault in a chronometer, a piano-forte, or a steam engine? No explanations, no verbal instructions, no illustration by plans or drawings, can give us, competently and effectually, this description of knowledge. We must see and study the fabric divided and in parts—we must examine its composition, its combination, its order and arrangement, before we can take it to pieces without mischief, or, being in pieces, again put it together. But if this be true, in its most extended sense, of those machines which are the invention of human power or genius, in how much stronger a degree does it apply to the human frame, compared with which the most intricate of mortal combinations are simple even to pitiableness? It would seem idiocy almost to suppose that the power of dealing at all with such a miraculous engine, can be obtained by any other course than that of operation and experience; repeated until the hand works of itself, almost without direction from the judgment; and we believe the most determined opponent of dissection cannot hesitate to admit that there are only two possible courses by which this skill and knowledge can be attained—by experiment upon the dead—or *by practice upon the living*.\*

Then if we are to choose between these two courses—and we think we may defy human ingenuity to point out a third—it would seem almost impossible for reasonable people to hesitate. And, so far from throwing any obstacle in the way of the most full and ready access to the first, we ought rather to use every precaution, that students should have no inducement to resort to—that which under every arrangement must always be the most tempting, because the easiest and the most profitable course—the second. When we recollect how very slight and uncertain is the check which even a well informed man can apply to the skill or competence of his medical attendant. That we deal with such an individual almost invariably upon a question of which we ourselves are totally ignorant—so ignorant, that we feel the futility of at all questioning the advantage of that which he recommends, and admit, that our best hope is in resigning ourselves implicitly to his guidance. When

\* It seems waste of time to press a point which (to all people who will open their eyes) must be perfectly self evident; but we should desire to ask those persons who think a discussion of this subject unnecessary—how a medical student is to cut off his *first* leg? No bigotry, we apprehend, would be so wild as to say that his first attempt at amputation should be upon a living subject? And, if he is denied access to the dead one, he is left in the situation of never being to perform a first operation at all.

we reflect, that the most uninformed town tradesman, or country squire, arrived at estate by the death of some distant relative, and embarked in chancery suits upon trials and titles twenty interests deep, helpless and hopeless as all his perceptions assure him he is, is not more entirely in the hands of his attorney, than a well informed gentleman, with three ribs broken, or a collar bone put out, by the overturning of his carriage, is at the mercy of his country surgeon or physician:—when we recollect all this, surely it does seem indubitable under such circumstances, that, being compelled, without redress or alternative, to trust a particular class of men upon such vital points, common sense should lead us to assist those men (rather than oppose them) in the acquisition of every knowledge which can qualify or aid them to execute those trials skillfully and duly!

Unfortunately, the existing feeling upon the question before us—maintained by a sort of pleasing reliance which we are apt to have upon the infallibility of our own arrangements, without reference to the utter impossibility of executing them—goes directly to the contrary effect. It is our pleasure to insist upon men's possessing knowledge, without ever having had the means of acquiring it; and we accept, with all the good humour in the world, the assurance—as, in truth, in common justice we ought to do, for it is all that can be offered to us—that our demand has been complied with: not considering that we have no means of ascertaining that that assurance is true; and totally regardless of the consequences which hang over us, in case, by any accident, it should turn out that it is not. The whole arrangement of the supply of subjects to the schools of anatomy, as it at present exists, is full of danger (as it is of disgust and offence) to the community. The trade of procuring bodies for this service is one of considerable hazard. From the punishment which attaches to it in case of detection, and the necessity of certain connexions and circumstances of local knowledge (not readily acquired) to pursue it with success, the number of agents engaged in the calling is always very small; and, by a curious illustration of the effect, in every market, of a "demand" exceeding the "supply," the price of "subjects," for some years past has reached a height which forms a most serious and dangerous tax upon medical education. Owing to the competition among the surgeons, while supplies have been scanty, and the combination of the Resurrection Men, who hold the trade in their own hands, and have no alarm as to the "law" being resorted to in any case against them, the price of subjects, has increased, in the course of the last fifteen years, from four or five, or at most six guineas each, to fifteen, eighteen, twenty! And not long since, even as much as five and twenty guineas was given—and on those terms they are still obtained with difficulty. Our object here is to assert a principle rather than enter into details: but efforts have been made several times, by the medical people to get rid of this extortion, without success. On one occasion (a few years since) the experiment of bringing a new party in was tried, supported by strong patronage, to oppose the existing dealers. The experience and local knowledge, however, of the latter were too strong to be overcome; and after a contest, in which the fact of their pursuing an illegal traffic, exposed the surgeons to the most serious and distressing annoyance—the affair ended in the providing party obtaining rather better terms than they had before. Then one of the first effects likely to be consequent upon this needless

and enormous tax upon the study of anatomy—is it not likely to be a disposition on the part of those who are engaged in that study, to neglect the most important branch of it—dissection?—or at least to engage in it no farther than is absolutely required by the forms of their profession? The student in medicine is seldom rich. The direct reverse, on the contrary, is generally the fact: the young men educated for that profession are, five in six of them, hard put to it to make their way in the ordinary course, far less able to bear any imposition, or call for large or unlooked for expenditure. Does it not almost inevitably follow then, that a man who has to pay twenty guineas for a subject (which might perfectly well be supplied to him for twenty shillings) will often be induced—how often will he not be compelled—to content himself with making one experiment, where it would be infinitely for the advantage of the public that he should make two? Such a man starts in “practice”—(a green painted door, and a brass knocker upon it, make a “surgeon” of him)—after an examination, which assures very little in the way of ability. The lives of those who happen to trust him are equally, hazarded, whether he avoids undertaking measures which ought to be taken, because he knows he is incompetent to perform them, or in the pressure of emergency, and the impossibility of even decently escaping, from the trial attempts to execute them, and fails. If fortune favours him, he goes to work in ignorance—and succeeds. Or he may even fail, and yet an obvious result covers his blunder. If he makes a slip that is detected, but capable of being bolstered, the disposition of the profession—perhaps from fellow feeling, or from a sense of collateral interest—is generally if possible to bring him off. And, perhaps, in the end, he really becomes an excellent surgeon; having erred at first, not from want of talent or understanding, but from want of the necessary knowledge; and having, with the help of time, and some abatement of the population, acquired that information in the course of his practice, which he ought to have possessed before he entered into it.

Then the course by which the members of the medical profession propose to get rid of this dangerous temptation to neglect and ignorance, and to secure a competent supply of subjects, for anatomical study is a simple one: and one which persons—however strong their aversion may be to interference with the question—are at least bound to consider before they reject it. Nothing is more certain—this fact ought never to be lost sight of—than that there must be a sacrifice somewhere. If the law, as it stands, were regarded, the sacrifice would be a dreadful one: it would be that of the lives of individuals out of number, almost in every class of society. Under the existing practice of breaking and negating the law, there is still a sacrifice, and a heavy one. A trade of direct and unequivocal theft is organized under the patronage of a large and respectable body of persons, and indirectly, we might almost say openly, countenanced by the legislature. Bodies are procured for the use of the surgeons, though at large cost and in insufficient number; under circumstances highly offensive to public decorum, and painful to the feelings of individuals. And, even subject to all these drawbacks, the system is unequal to the objects for which it is designed.

To remedy these various evils then—it is suggested by the medical profession, that the country should give up, for the purposes of anatomical inquiry, the bodies of whom?—Not “of those persons who die in poor houses or hospitals”—this is a demand which, unless under



the most peremptory circumstances, we should be disposed to resist ;—but "the bodies of those individuals who, after death in hospitals or poor houses, shall be *unclaimed*, either by friends or relatives, and who consequently remain a charge upon the public for burial.

We request our readers to look coolly and steadily at the real effect of this proposition. It levies no tax upon those members of the community whose necessities compel them to resort to the parish for relief, or to avail themselves, in sickness, of the shelter and medical treatment of hospitals. These institutions are no less establishments of policy than of benevolence, and we fully agree that there ought to be no check thrown in the way of their operation. But the plan proposed casts no liability (necessarily) upon those persons who accept the assistance of public charity. The individuals who die in such receptacles—as elsewhere—are free to be delivered to their friends, if they have such, who will discharge the expense of their interment. The whole amount of what is proposed is simply this—that those bodies for which, after death, in public establishments, there is *no claimant*, instead of being made an additional charge to the funds of the hospital or of the parish for interment, shall—if necessity requires it—be converted to a purpose which can in no way damnify the parties, and which may be called one of paramount necessity, rather than of public utility ! We feel how difficult it is, up to a certain point, to get rid of these opinions which have dwelt long by us, although perhaps originally adopted less from the result of inquiry than in compliance with custom ; but we certainly perceive no force in the objection, that a law like that proposed would be one of general benefit, at the cost of the poor and the defenceless. At the utmost, it is but saying to the wholly destitute—that which is proclaimed in very few countries of the world—"The public is content to maintain you, and afford you the best possible ministers and medical treatment as long as you live—but, with life, its assistance ceases." The patient recovers, and he quits the hospital. He dies, and his relatives remove him from it. Nothing in either of these cases is demanded—no liability has been incurred—by any assistance rendered to the living man. All that is said is, that—where a great national object is concerned in the coming to such a resolution—the public, which finds a body dead and unclaimed, refuses to incur the charge of its interment.

A second objection, almost weaker than the first, that has been set up against this arrangement is—"That the body treated in the way proposed is denied the benefit of Christian burial." We think it impossible well to imagine an argument more weak and futile, as well as more invidious, than this. How many hundred thousand Englishmen, during the late war, found—and fairly, because the common good demanded it—their graves, without the ceremony of Christian burial—how often without any burial at all ? And these men, not persons dependent upon, or owing any debt after death, heaven knows, to the public ; but men of every rank—from the private soldier to the general officer—who merited the best recollections, and the warmest gratitude of their country.

The real fact for consideration on this subject, as on every other, is, not what we could desire, but that which the general advantage demands : and it is only necessary to be able to divest ourselves of those prejudices which habit has given strength to, and perhaps in weak minds rendered almost sacred, to perceive that the course here recommended is as well calculated to serve the interests of public feeling and decorum, as to

advance the interests of science. Indeed that—looking to what is done under the existing practice—the decencies of society are no less concerned than its security in supporting it. The real objection to dissection is—however the necessary subjects for it may be procured, whether by the means of theft or otherwise—that the feelings of surviving relatives are sometimes violated and afflicted by it. No man of even ordinary intellect shrinks from the thought of being anatomised himself—the senseless mass can suffer nothing—but two-thirds of the people feel great horror at the thought of any slight being shewn to the remains of their relatives. It is the knowledge here of the fact, therefore, that makes the evil: it can be nothing else. And it is the knowledge coming at a particular time too—immediately, or briefly, after a domestic loss: no man would be much distressed at finding that his great-grandfather, who died thirty years before he was born, had been anatomised; although he might be very much shocked at hearing that the same accident had recently occurred in the case of a father, or a brother. Then it is clear that the present system, by which bodies are procured for anatomical examination, is calculated to produce all this mischief in a very excessive and needless degree. A church yard is found to have been broken into. Some graves are found to have been emptied, and others disturbed. A whole parish is flung into alarm and confusion: inquiries of a very unpleasant description take place: and a certain number of persons are placed in the painful condition of ascertaining that their relatives—recently deceased—have been removed; they search—threaten—apply to the law—and end in finding that there is no possibility of recovering them. Now here a real, and a needless wrong is committed, and often a wrong attended by circumstances more painful and displeasing than those which we have described. And that whole wrong is absolutely got rid of by the proposal which we are now attempting to support; for the only injury is to the feelings of the surviving relatives; and the first provision of the new project is, that “no bodies can be made applicable, except in cases where no friends or relatives appear who are anxious to prevent such a disposition.”

Upon every consideration, therefore, connected with the interests of public decorum, we are quite sure that the plan proposed would be incomparably better than the practice at present in existence. Far less of that scandal which arises out of even speaking upon or discussing particular subjects would be created by it. It would be easy to appoint such regulations as should give the right to every member of the College of Surgeons, to obtain, in due course, his chance of such subjects as the new law should place at public disposal. A certain sum should be paid for every body furnished, in order to ensure the correct disposal of such supply; and this sum ought not, as it strikes us, to be less than from two to three pounds, that the facility of obtaining materials might never lead to any needless wastefulness or abuse. All the circumstances connected with the transport or removal of such remains would then be conducted with carefulness and decency—surely they should rather be so under legal regulation, than under the guidance of the ruffians who now control them? In twelve months—the system once only discussed and regulated—the whole matter would go on in perfect silence: and we should be spared all those disgusting accounts of “graves broken open,” of “corpses found in sacks and hampers,” others “seized in carts upon the public roads—in hackney-coaches,” &c. &c.; with

various other modifications of the horrible, which at present appear almost every week in the newspapers, to the great delight of the readers, accounts of boxing-matches and executions, and the considerable disparagement of public decency and humanity.

If a change, however, like this is desirable, upon one point we may venture to speak with perfect confidence—it is a change which can only be accomplished by legislation. We entirely agree in principle with those who would avoid legislation upon the question—because they would avoid publicity: but we differ from them a little as to fact—the publicity of the question—that very publicity which some highly respectable parties so strongly deprecate—is already a source of general complaint. And it is an evil very likely to increase, if some distinct measures be not taken on the subject. Almost every assize or session now furnishes some case connected with the existing system. Whatever the law itself may be desirous to do, it is clear that the inferior agents of the law can be clad with no authority—and they can exercise no choice but a corrupt one—to allow such offences to elude their notice. The resistance of the people at large, too, to the system of violating graves, is increasing. New precautions are taken: watches are set, and securities invented: and the very first effect of every measure which really tends to give fresh security, must be fresh discovery and fresh publicity. At this moment a parliamentary committee is sitting to devise means (if possible) of checking the mass of crime that exists in the country: if any advantage in the way of police regulation results from the labours of that committee, one necessary effect of it must be to check (in common with other offences) the extent, already inadequate, in which subjects are procured? A decided objection also applies itself, in our opinion, to any thing like a tacit admission of the project before us—a sort of question which has been asked—"as the surgeons of hospitals have the unclaimed bodies which remain, and those establishments already in their power, why might they not make use of them without any direct enactment to that effect?" One immediate objection to this plan, and a very strong one, is, that it would give a monopoly of subjects—very mischievously and unfairly—to the particular surgeons connected with such establishments: but a second, and still stronger, is, that it would constantly expose those persons to the threats or informations of the inferior agents employed about them: out of all which a vast deal of discussion and publicity would be from time to time arising, which one plain discussion, followed by a simple enactment, authorising the practice, might avoid.

For the rest—for this article must come to a conclusion, and it is already extended considerably beyond its intended limits—the course now proposed appears to be the only one by which very serious evils can be prevented. That the supply of subjects for the purposes of dissection is insufficient, as it exists at present, stands beyond a doubt. It is a supply obtained in the very worst way; and subject to more than one casualty, which we shall not pause here to discuss, which would speedily put a stop to it altogether;\* but, as it exists, besides being

\* A case occurred about three months since (it was noticed at the time, we believe, in our Magazine), in which a person in London paid a sum of money to recover the body of his wife, which had been taken from some church-yard by a "resurrection man," and of which he accidentally discovered the possessor. It should be understood that the body was not in the hands of any surgeon: in such a case it would (according to the universal understanding of the profession) have been given up instantly; but it was



inconvenient, and needlessly offensive to feeling, it is too expensive, and too scanty, for the important purposes of medical information. Now those persons who are disposed to look at the plan proposed as levelled unfairly at the interests or feelings of the lower orders, will do well to recollect that the consequences of any want of medical information are sure to fall, and to fall almost exclusively, upon the poor. We cannot alter the natural, and immutable course, in civilized society, of human affairs. There will always be—under any conceivable extent of restriction—a given quantity of medical skill and information, acquired by expensive study, the result of actual practice; but that skill and information will not—nor cannot, where its amount is limited—fall to the lot of the lower orders. The best medical aid will be devoted—as the best of every talent and every commodity is—to the use of those who can afford to pay the highest price for it; and the care of the poorer classes must fall to those who have then practical skill and experience still to acquire, and whom, until they have acquired it (no matter in what manner or at what expense), the higher orders will refuse to employ. The policy then, surely, in this case, more than in any other, from the importance of the interest at stake, favourable to the poorer people, is to make the talent or commodity which they want, as *cheap* and as attainable as possible. Of every thing—no matter what it is—which is scarce, the share of the lower orders must always be small. If linen shirts could only be produced at five guineas a-piece, labouring artizans would be compelled to go without them: and, if the means of acquiring high medical skill be rendered expensive or difficult of attainment, those persons in society who are to choose last, will have the benefit of that skill only in a mean and inferior degree.

With such persons—if any such exist—as think a result like this, preferable to the prosecution of anatomical study at the expense of the dead subject, or imagine that by any other course than actual operation upon the human frame, alive or dead, anatomical skill can be obtained—with such persons it would be waste of time to enter into discussion. The conundrum of reliance upon such knowledge as can be obtained by drawings or mechanical preparations, is absurd. Such devices can afford but a scanty and insufficient information, even where abundant time may be allowed for deliberation, and where we can repair an error, if one has been committed. The duty of the surgeon gives him the benefit of none of these easements or advantages. He has an act to perform, which he must execute—and execute, skilfully—on the instant, or ruin his own reputation, and destroy the patient who entrusts him. He is called upon at a time when the delay of a moment—the mere

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ascertained, before any dissection took place, to be in the hands of a particular thief, who had stolen it. The sum demanded in this instance happened to be small; if we recollect right, not more than seven or eight pounds; but it is evident that such a system, once established, might be made the vehicle of extortion in the most outrageous degree. There are many cases in which, under such circumstances, persons would pay five hundred pounds without hesitation. If this practice were to be attempted frequently—and there can be little doubt that, where money is to be got by it, it will some day or other be attempted—the necessary result would be such a course of penalties on the part of the legislature, as would amount to a prohibition upon the stealing of subjects pretty nearly altogether. We give this case upon the authority of a newspaper; but there is no reason that we are aware of, for doubting its veracity; and one fact is certain—the thing is capable of being done. It is as easy to get up a scheme of composition for the recovery of a dead body, as of a banker's parcel.

pause for reflection—probably would render his aid of no avail. Whether he operates unskilfully, or forbears to operate at all (at the certain loss of his character and future livelihood) from a sense of incompetency, the result to the sufferer is equally fatal. We call upon any man who witnessed the nature of the duties entrusted to the youngest surgeons—to mere hospital assistants—during the last war, to say whether an act of greater public atrocity (or insanity) can be conceived, than any attempt to limit the means of acquiring knowledge to the students in physic or anatomy?

That a question should ever have arisen as to the fitness of supplying persons who are to be so deeply entrusted with the best sources of information, will probably be counted by future generations as one of the strange spots of darkness amid a horizon of light, surprising in the present times; but that the same question should continue to exist for three years—if those who are pleased to entertain it were fooled to the top of their bent, we have no hesitation in pronouncing impossible. The only toleration of the prohibitory law as to enquiry for an hour, rests upon the fact that that law is openly and grossly violated. If the means of anatomical study (however now cramped) were only really restricted for twelve months, as the law declares they shall be, the whole country would be seen coming forward, from the peer to the peasant, with one voice, and insisting upon the grant of facilities—no matter at whose expense—a hundred times greater than those which are now demanded. In conclusion, we may just take leave to observe, that it is difficult to understand any great outcry as to the practice of dissection of the dead subject, when the incomparably more dreadful resort (although exercised on the brute creation) is silently acquiesced in of the dissection of the living. We take no objection to the bad; we cannot afford to do it: we must trust to the consciences of professors for adopting it only for purposes of unquestionable utility. But we should have little respect for the feelings of that man, who would not freely give up his own body—or even that of his relative—to the anatomist, after death, if by that course the experiment upon one single dog (alive) could be prevented.

20th April, 1828.

## SINGULAR RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN FRANCE.

THE French have at last fairly confessed their sense of inferiority to us, by that most unequivocal of all evidences—the open habit of imitation. The Anglo-mania is in fact universal among them. English manners, opinions, and modes of feeling are gaining ground in all departments of French society; and even that strong hold of the prejudices and predilections of a Catholic people—their established modes of inculcating and enforcing their religious principles and precepts—is (*mirabile dictu!*) giving way before the example of certain *English* modes of arriving at the same ends. Briefly, in addition to all the other *isms* of the day in France—all of them (but one) borrowed from the English—such as ultraism, liberalism, royalism, ministerialism, journalism, absolutism, and the rest—they have lately been cultivating that (with us) most flourishing and effective of them all—*evangelism*; and with this sole difference from that which is at present so prevalent among us in certain classes of society; namely, that in England evangelism is, generally speaking, opposed to the interests of the established mode of worship; whereas, in France, it is brought in aid of those interests, and patronized and protected by the constituted authorities accordingly. Of course, the matter is managed very differently in the two countries; since, in both cases, it is in the hands of persons who well know the genius and habits of the people they seek to influence, and are well skilled and little scrupulous in adapting their means to their ends. But there are as striking similarities in either case as there are striking differences. In writing the description which we are about to present to our readers, we are aware of the somewhat dangerous ground on which we tread. But as our wishes and intentions are not to contravene the opinions, still less to offend the feelings, of any class of persons whatever, we shall rely confidently on those intentions in keeping us from so doing. Moreover, we shall, to the same end, strictly confine ourselves to a bare and literal relation of that which we have just seen and heard, leaving commentaries and conclusions to those whom they may concern:—especially as the scene which we have to describe is of a nature at once so curious and novel, that nothing we could add in the way of reflection would be likely to increase its interest in the eyes of English readers.

Before proceeding to describe the religious ceremony we have just witnessed, it is necessary to premise, in reference to what has been said above, that there at present exists in this kingdom, not a sect, but a society of *religieux*, calling themselves missionaries, who go about at fixed periods to all the great towns and cities, preaching those particular doctrines and precepts of the Catholic faith, on which it is the present policy of the priesthood to lay the greatest stress; and, at every one of the places where the pecuniary proceeds of their mission will enable them to do so, planting (as they phrase it) a cross, in commemoration of their visit. These missionaries furnish (with one point excepted) the true pendant to our Methodists—differing from the rest of their holy brethren precisely as the above-named sect differs from the members of the church of England as by law established. They evince the same fiery and uncontrollable zeal—the same humble and humbling opinions



as to the nature of man, and the same fearful ones as to that of his Maker—the same pious horror of all that is known by the name of pleasure, and the same holy love for and yearning after the things that are “not of this world”—finally, the same straightforward, fearless, and familiar (not to say insolent and vulgar) mode of enforcing their opinions, and exciting the feelings that they would wish to result from them. In short, they have (whether by a holy instinct or a judicious imitation, I cannot pretend to say) hit upon the exact secret so successfully practised by their fellow-labourers in England, of rousing the fears and exalting the hopes of their auditors; and, accordingly, even the walls of the Rotunda in Blackfriars’-road never echoed with more fearful anathemas and fruitful promises than have lately astonished the hitherto peaceful aisles of all the parish churches in this town, *twice every day* for the last six weeks; and all of which have been listened to, day after day, during all that time, by crowds such as the above-named Rotunda never boasted even in the days of its early glory. Further let us add, that the outward and visible effects of all this have been such as might well excite the pious envy of the patriarch of Hatton Garden himself. Balls have ceased in the town as utterly as if the Pope had issued a bull against them;—a *soirée* is looked upon as an open sin against the religion of the state;—the fair, which commenced a few days ago, is almost deserted;—and it is a literal and an unprecedented fact, that in a French town of five-and-twenty thousand inhabitants, you might have walked for hours together, during the whole three days of the Carnival, without seeing a single *mask*! Assuredly, Sterne was quite right in insisting that, if the French have a fault, they are a thought too *serious*!

In order to place the reader under the most favourable circumstances for witnessing (in imagination) the singular ceremony which occupied all eyes and thoughts in the town of ———, in France, on the first Monday of the Carnival, we would ask him, first, to fancy himself near the great closed doors of a gothic cathedral, out of which the procession issues to take its course through the principal streets of the city. But, before the procession appears, let him look down the fine spacious street at the upper extremity of which he is standing, and observe the (so called) *decorations* of the houses:—for, on the occasion of every religious procession of any very particular nature, in a Catholic town, the inhabitants of every house in the streets through which it passes are compelled (if not absolutely by *law*, at least by the law of public opinion) to put forth some outward and visible sign of the reverence they pay to the ceremony of the day. On *this* occasion, you would suppose that all the rags and rolls of brown holland in the department had been put in requisition—so profusely are they fluttering and festooned about from every window, and on the intermediate spaces of every wall. When we say “rags and rolls of brown holland,” we would be understood literally—these forming the staple of the exhibition. Where these are deficient, their place is supplied by sheets, fragments of fringed bed or window draperies, pocket-handkerchiefs fastened on sticks to represent flags, and here and there wreaths of artificial flowers, that would seem to have served the purposes of May-day in England till they were no longer deemed worthy of that honour. At the distance also of about every two or three hundred yards, you will observe triumphal arches stretching across the street, beneath the symbolical shade of every one of which the cross is destined to halt in its progress—it being of immense size and

weight, and its bearers consequently requiring to rest from their burthen every five or ten minutes. These arches are more or less curious and *recherchés* in their ornaments and devices, according to the zeal and devotion of the party who happens to be favoured, by the relative position of his house, with the honour of erecting them. On the apex of each there is a cross, and on each the words "*Vive la Croix!*" are inscribed in one or more places.

One thing more should be looked upon previous to the commencement of the procession—namely, the grand object of its attraction, the cross itself. This is placed in the open air, in the centre of the cathedral close, where we have supposed the spectator to be standing to witness the procession. The cross itself is temporary, and merely for the use of the day. The figure which is lying on it is of colossal size, and extremely well executed—so well, indeed, that it is difficult to look upon it without feelings which must not be referred to in this place. The cross and its burthen rests in an inclined position, upon a sort of cradle or frame-work, consisting of a vast number of pieces, very like the frame-work of a ship about to be launched. There is a sort of imaginary temple formed round the whole, by the erection of four lofty detached pillars, one at each corner of a square space, each wrapped up in white calico, and wreathed round, spirally, with bundles of coloured paper, to represent flowers.

It should seem, from all this, that it is a mistake to suppose the French people have no imagination. On the contrary, it is obvious that they can imagine any one thing into any other, at the pleasure of those who cater for their religious appetites. To them, these four fragile pillars form a religious temple, at least as sacred and as impressive as the noble pile of gothic architecture, in the presence of which they have sprung up since the last night, and will disappear before the next.

Let us now turn at once to the procession. At a certain signal from within, the great doors of the cathedral yawn open slowly, and there issues forth a somewhat discordant din of voices, chaunting a canticle. The next moment, this is followed by the head of the procession itself, which consists of all the little children belonging to the various parish schools of the place. Lest our imaginary spectator should look for anything like uniformity of appearance in this throng of perhaps a thousand boys, and as many girls, he must be told that the French philanthropists think they do quite enough in ornamenting the *minds* of their little *protégés*; the beautifying of their *bodies* is left to the discretion of those whom it more nearly concerns. The consequence is, that a charity-school here presents an appearance as motley, and almost as meagre, as Falstaff's ragged regiment did. There is, however, a sort of approach to uniformity given to the appearance of these little vagabonds, by each holding in its hand a flag, made out of half a sheet of dirty writing paper, pasted upon a twig of willow, with a bit of darker coloured paper cut into a cross, and pasted upon the middle of it. They also wear each a little gilt crucifix round their neck, tied by a bit of red or blue ribbon. As they leave the door of the cathedral, they form themselves into two double files; and each file takes an opposite side of the street, leaving the middle vacant. In this middle space walks at intervals a priest, or some other official person, to direct, and keep in due order and decorum, the movements of the little rabble. Immediately after the parish schools, come a company of two hundred "*virgins*, clothed in white raiment," and wearing on their unbonnetted heads white lace veils. Each of these also bears a flag, similar in size and form to those carried by the little

children, but formed of sky-blue satin paper, or silk, with a cross of white ribbon sewn upon the middle, and the words "*Vive la Croix!*" worked or written along the upper portion. These young persons are the daughters of the most respectable inhabitants of the town; and they are, for the most part, of that *uncertain* age, between childhood and womanhood, which, it must be confessed, is a very interesting period in the life of a *French* female in particular: so that it would be difficult, indeed, to meet with a spectator on whom *this* part of the procession would not be, more or less, effective; and the more so, on account of its entire novelty. In fact, it is the novelty of this whole ceremony which has procured for it the *éclat* that has universally attended it—the novelty, added to the extraordinary *personal* interest that is excited towards it, by nearly all the respectable inhabitants of the various towns where it has taken place being invited to take an active part in it, either in their own persons, or in those of their children or relatives. Think of the *battemens de cœur* that must grow out of, and for ever be connected with, a ceremony in which five hundred young French girls, and perhaps four times as many youths, take a public part! Of a truth, these French missionaries understand their *métier* even better, if possible, than our own;—or, at any rate, their religious and national habits give a scope to them which ours do not. But we are forgetting our self-prescribed limits, and keeping the procession standing still into the bargain. Not that, by this latter means, we shall impair the *vraisemblance* of our description; for it is proper to mention that the nature of the arrangements, and particularly the necessity for frequent restings with the cross, cause repeated general haltings of the whole body of the procession. But this produced no awkwardness or halting in the general effect; because one or other of the divisions of the processions are continually chaunting the canticles appointed for the occasion.

Taking our imaginary spectator back to the point from which we had for a moment removed him, he will observe that each of the virgins in white whom he has just been looking upon (all Protestant as he is) with so lively an interest, bears a book in her hand, on which her eyes are for the most part modestly cast down, and only lifted up briefly, at brief intervals, to judge of the effect that her pious hymns and piquant looks are producing upon the by-standers. This second division of the procession also, like the first, divides itself into two double files on gaining the open street, and leaves the centre space free for the directors, and for other individuals who walk singly at intervals, bearing the banners of various saints. These painted banners are the only objects which contribute to call to mind the ordinary religious processions of a Catholic country. The body of young girls in white is followed by as many matrons in black, each bearing a flag in one hand, and a hymn-book in the other, and chaunting, at intervals, as the others cease. Or rather let us confess, that the due arrangement, as to the periods of each division ceasing and renewing their chaunts respectively, appears to have been in a great degree neglected; and the consequence is, that two divisions, close to each other, are singing at the same moment, but in different tunes and keys—to the no small detriment of musical harmony! After the troop of matrons in black, comes a second division of white ones, each veiled, and bearing a little flag and a book, like the former. It must not be forgotten to observe, that, in both these *white* divisions, about half the number of the youthful aspirants composing them have thought it becoming (in *one* sense of the word at least) to interpolate into their attire



certain coloured items—such as fichus, ribbons, cinctures, &c.—which, however they may add to the attractions of the individuals respectively, interfere not a little with what was, no doubt, intended to be the purity and uniformity of the general effect. The reverend directors of the ceremony were grievously mistaken as to the female character, if they were much disappointed in this particular. They might confidently reckon upon persuading their youthful followers to dress their *souls* according to the ideas of their spiritual guides; but they were scarcely so unreasonable as to expect any very implicit obedience as to the attire of their *bodies*. Following the second white division, comes a company of nuns, about thirty in number, belonging to one of the religious houses of the place. Their attire is of black stuff, and their *coiffure*, a huge cap of starched white calico, with enormous wings hanging stiffly half way down their arms. Next comes a body of men, consisting of the members of some particular class of the mechanics, artizans, or others, of the town or immediate suburbs; for you are to understand that it is expected, on these occasions, and almost announced, that whoever is, in the remotest degree, interested in preserving the countenance and good opinion of the public authorities of the place, including the clergy, &c. will do well to attend and assist at this ceremony—not only in his own person, but in that of every man, woman, and child over whom he may exercise any control or influence: and those who neglect the hints spread abroad on these occasions may reckon upon being *marked* persons for the future. But the French are not the persons to neglect what is expected of them under circumstances of this nature—especially as they have had good reason to know that, during the last four or five years, the most indispensable as well as the most effective evidence of eligibility for any public place, office, or employment whatsoever, has been a due performance of the outward forms and offices of the national religion.

It is unnecessary to dwell in detail on the next portion of the procession, farther than to say that it consists of different bodies of the male inhabitants of the place, divided into companies, according to their respective callings, &c.—each individual bearing a little paper flag, with a cross above and upon it, and ornamented with ribbons, &c., according to the taste of the fabricator. Perhaps these various companies include not much less than half the grown up male inhabitants of the place: for all business is put a stop to for the day; and all the shops, *ateliers*, &c. are closed and deserted. Among the various companies may be distinguished the pupils and professors of the Royal College, the *employés* of all the various public establishments, the advocates of the courts, the officers of the regiment stationed in the place, &c. &c.

We have now reached the most curious part of the ceremony. The procession halts—all eyes are turned towards the crucifix, which has hitherto been lying, unapproached, in the centre of the cathedral close—and a young priest, whose duty it is to direct this portion of the procession, makes signs to a body of about a hundred and twenty young men, who approach the cradle on which the cross is lying, and each takes his place at that particular point of the framework beneath which he is to walk as a bearer of the whole fabric. After a brief pause, and a glance at his superiors to see if all is ready, the young priest now places himself in front of the little army which he has been appointed to command, and exclaims to them in a voice of thunder, "*Attention!*" In an instant, each individual of the body has stooped down, and placed his shoulder beneath that point of the framework to which his strength is to be

addressed; and all is again silent.—Another pause, and the pious commanding officer issues his second order, "*Portez Croix!*" At this word, the fabric vibrates for a moment with the force that has been applied to all parts of it, and is the next moment still again. Again the priest gives the word, "*Elevez Croix!*" In an instant the whole rises as if endued with life, and the figure appears in the air above the heads of the surrounding multitude. In a moment more, the last order is given—"*Marchez! pas ordinaire!*"—and the huge fabric moves onward, and takes its place in the procession, amid the roll and rattle of drums, the blare of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the whole brilliant harmony of a full military band! A body of the missionaries themselves precede the crucifix, and it is followed by other priests and dignitaries, in the centre of whom, preceded by the golden crosier, walks Monseigneur the bishop of the diocese—before whom nearly all the spectators who line the street kneel down upon the bare wet stones as he passes, while he blesses them by elevating the two first fingers of his right hand, and moving his mitred head from side to side. The procession is closed by a portion of the authorities of the town, and by companies of other persons: and thus it proceeds at a slow pace through all the principal streets—standing still at intervals, while the cross-bearers rest beneath the various triumphal arches that have been erected for that purpose, and at every one of which the music ceases, while, at a certain signal from a priest, the whole people cry, with one voice, "*Vive la Croix!—Vive la Croix!!—Vive la Croix!!!*"

Thus far of the procession. But we have still much to see and hear; and, for this purpose, we must take our station in an open, oblong space, called *La Petite Place*, at one extremity of which is a public fountain. Here a reunion of the whole procession will take place, with the view of listening to a discourse pronounced by the chief resident priest, and seeing the whole proceeding confirmed and blessed by the bishop. For this purpose, a kind of altar and rostrum have been erected at the upper end of the place, the draperies and ornamental hangings of which (consisting of innumerable half-dirty white bed and window curtains) cover nearly the whole side of the square. Here, then, after having traversed the principal streets of the town, the different companies, &c., of which the procession consists gradually arrive in the order in which they set out, and are arranged in preconcerted groups by the officiating priests; the cross being placed in the centre of the whole, so as to be visible from every part of the square. All being ready, and the rostrum (consisting of an old easy chair) being removed to the foot of the cross, the principal mounts it, and, resting one hand on the sacred symbols, pronounces a discourse, the subject matter of which is, a brief glance at the history of the cross, and the effects it has produced on man and society. There is nothing remarkable about this discourse, but its close: *that*, however, is of a nature which, whatever might be its effects on its actual hearers, we shall scarcely be able to refer to without the risk of overstepping that decorum which the character of our national habits and feelings has thrown round the subject in question. But as that which we have to report includes by far the most characteristic portion of the day's exhibition, we must not leave it untold. Decency, however, no less than truth, requires that we should leave the words that we have to relate untranslated. In fact, to turn them into the parallel phrases of our own language would be more than our pens dare perform. Thus, then, the reverend orator concluded his brief discourse—the words in French being reported lite-

rally, the rest in substance merely:—"And now, my brethren, having seen what the cross has done for us, shall we refuse, in our turn, to do something for the cross? Is there one among this great assembly who will not join his voice with mine in the cry I am about to utter?" Then pausing for a moment, he suddenly spreads forth his arms upon the air, and screams out, with all the strength (or rather all the feebleness) of his aged voice, "*VIVE LA CROIX!*" Immediately, the cry is repeated in thunder by the whole assembled multitude, and the very walls of the houses seem to tremble and echo with it. This having been repeated *three times* at the same signal, the orator continues:—"Need I proclaim another cry, that must be at this moment in your hearts and upon your tongues?" Then, with the same signaling gestures as before, he cries, "*VIVE JESUS CHRIST!*" This, like the last, is repeated three times; and then, at the instigation of the officiating priest, and for reasons similar to those urged in the other cases, it is followed by several more, each repeated with similar vehemence and unanimity—namely, "*Vive la Foi!*"—"Vive le Roi!"—"Vive le Monseigneur!" (the bishop)—and "*Vivent les Missionnaires!*"

*Vivats*, addressed to, and repeated by, a great popular assembly in the open air, are, with us, attended by associations of such a nature that we have scarcely dared even to write some of the above (and one in particular) for the perusal of our readers; still less, therefore, do we dare trust ourselves to make any observations upon the manner in which they were employed on the occasion in question, and the motives and objects of so employing them. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a brief glance at the conclusion of this most strange, and strangely conducted, ceremony. As soon as the giving forth, and repetition of these watch words was finished, the priest descended from the chair, and the bishop himself took his place there, and addressed a few words to the people; and then the crucifix was elevated as before, to the same words of command, and borne off (preceded by military music!) to the spot where it was to be finally placed:—the great non-official body of the procession being previously dismissed at a given signal, as a regiment of soldiers are after a field-day. There was something so literally shocking to Protestant associations in the conclusion of this ceremony, that we shall merely add a few words, so as not to leave our general description incomplete. In short, the spectacle differed little, in mere external effect, from the actual historical proceeding of which it presented a type! The figure of the Saviour was so well executed, that it bore that horrid resemblance to actual life which so painfully distinguishes waxwork from sculpture, and which, in fact, sculpture itself would bear, if it were painted to imitate life. This, added to the hauling of the naked figure up to the cross by ropes and pulleys\*—the fixing and literally nailing it in its place there—and the look and attire of the workmen employed in this mechanical part of the operation;—all this produced an effect on the spectator not either easy or fit to be described, but which cannot well be forgotten by any one of them; an effect, too, which we cannot conceive to have been other than opposite to that which was looked for by the reverend contrivers of the ceremony;—unless, indeed, they can prove an exception, in their particular case, to that truest and most comprehensive of all moral maxims, which inculcates that "*EXTREMES MEET!*"

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## UPS AND DOWNS OF LONDON.

" The man that lays himself lowly in the mire,  
Can never fear a fall ; he to whom pleasure  
Has ever been a stranger, feels not pain :  
If you would taste of misery, go, be happy—  
'Tis that which sharpens up your appetite ;  
And joy's the stock that bears the keenest woe,  
If shame or folly shall graft woe upon it."

WHEN Lima was in the hands of the Spaniards, and used by the court of Madrid as a sort of stall for the fattening of any beast of burden to that court, for which enough of provender could not be found in the mother country, the description given of it by the intelligent emir of the natives was, " the heaven of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of jackasses." What London may be to women, or to jackasses, since the *ci-devant* member for Galway took them (the jackasses only), under the mantle of his love, it might not be very easy to say ; but to men it may be any, or, in succession, all, of the three reported states of Peru.

When one is in prosperity, has plenty to do and to spend, it is difficult to conceive that the cup of pleasure could be more full and sweet than it is in London. The endless succession of novelty, changing and brightening at every step, keeps the mind and the senses in a state of constant and sharpened activity, and saves one from the lassitude and negative pain of that semi-death to which one is doomed in the country. Well might *Dame Quickly*, a lady who knew the world—or, if she did not, Shakspear did for her, and that was perhaps better—well might she predict the end of the joyous and enjoying Falstaff, when " a babbled o' green fields ;" for, truly, as compared with London, they offer no enjoyment for man ; and the only rational thing that he has to do with a green field is to eat the mutton that is fattened upon it. Groves, and glades, and lakes, and waterfalls, and mountains, and rocks, and abbeys (when they are in ruins), with a glimpse of the sea between two headlands, having skiffs in the zephyr, or gallant ships in the tempest, are all very pretty things to be said, or sung, or more especially painted ; that is, if the saying, or the song, or the picture will repay you for the labour and privation of getting at it ; but really they have no companionship, no pleasure, no life in them, to him who has tasted the glorious chalice of metropolitan enjoyment. There is no companionship for man in woods, wilds, or waters. They smile not to your smile ; they answer not to your inquiry ; and, if you tell them the tale of your joy or your woe, they do not sympathize, but mock, or repeat your words, in the same cold tone of indifference or derision as the dull echo of a charnel-house. What should an active and rational man care for them ? Wood ! why the very first idea that it suggests is that of a gallows. Water !—bah ! Give me the sparkler and the bee's-wing. No liquids for me but those that " ascend me into the brain," that " lap me in Elysium," till all the brilliancy of a London dining-room, and all the beaming visages around me, be tripled and quadrupled. Empty me every rill and runnel, and let them mingle in champagne ; then the sound of their gurgling would be celestial. Pump me the brine out of the sea ; then let its yeasty ridges roll port and claret ; and a—fig for shipwreck. The music of



the groves! Psha! owls and hurdy-gurdies! Stephens, and Caradori, and Paton, and Vestris—these are the nightingales for me! Much meets the ear, and more—aye, far more is meant. And then the glorious roll of the orchestra, to call you to life again, after you have died in rapture at the songs!—

“Cum tuba depresso graviter sub murmure mugit,  
Et reboant raucum, retrocita cornua bombum.”

Who that could engage these things would care a single straw for the gabble of jays, or the chatter of chaffinches, or even the cold streams, with all the hissing and hideousness of their swans and geese?—

“Vallibus et cygni gelidis orti ex Heliconis

Cum liquidum tollunt lugubri voce querelam.”

“Lugubrious and querulous,” indeed! I had rather hear the death-bell—“gong! gong!”—from morning till night, and from night till morning. Then for the loves of the landward solitudes—those sweetnesses of the soul which run so glibly from the tongue, and fall so enchantingly on the ear of those who know nothing about the reality of them—why, what are they? In as far as they concern the “*apteræ bipedes*,” as the learned would call them—the two-footed things without wings—and truly they are without wings, either of feathers or of fancy—they are Hob bargaining for a clean shirt, and Dolly for—the title of an honest woman. Who that has a soul in him would care three straws, or the half of one straw, for the billet-doux which the bee carries from the male ash to the female; the leers and loving looks of a couple of jacks, or gudgeons, or red mullets; or the sighs and soft sayings of a brace of tender eels in the ooze of a stagnant puddle? Put a hook in the jaws of the rascals; never mind how the thing with which you bait that hook may wriggle—it is but a worm, a grub, or a minnow, and has no business to feel pain. Put a hook in the jaws of the rascals; drag them out; bring them to London; send them to school at Bleadon’s, or to the professor in the *proper* London University in St. James’s Street, till they be fit for appearing in genteel company; and then they may be worth the courting—but not till then.

As for the country generally, or any where, why, what is it? An honest Scotchman describes it all when he describes his own—“unco’ gude to cumm oot o’.” It is nothing but the *fruges* which the town is *consumere natus*. A beast is but a beast any where, and so is a vegetable but a vegetable. But the clod—the *apterous biped*—is merely an adjective to vegetables and beasts—or rather he is a copulative conjunction, connecting, in one instance, the potatoes and turnips of this year with those of the next; and, in another instance, making

“Former beeves shake hoofs with latter,  
And those that were before, come after.”

He puts not a drop into the bowl of pleasure; and if the rolls and butter and rump-steaks, and ‘sparagus, would continue to come to town all the same, *excidunto* the clod, and there is so much the more added to the productive clay of the land.

The loneliness, the life, the love, and all the fine things of the country, exist only in the poet’s eye, or the painter’s brush: when they are in the former, truly it is

—“in a fine frenzy rolling:”

and when the latter gives it you as a study "*from nature*," at Somerset House, or in Suffolk-street, he says truth—it is *from nature*—far from it—and therefore it pleases. You admire the ultramarine, and the amber, and the bistre, and the king's yellow; and you do so, because you (fancy you) see the country, and (in fact) do not smell it. Even the sight, without the odour, could not delight you, if there were nothing in the show-room but what had been produced by the brush. Calcott, or Collins, or Constable (it is curious that the names of so many country-copyists should commence with *C*) might beat Capability himself. Ward might leave Phalaris twenty generations behind, in the matter of brazen bulls; but, if it were not for the living pictures—the something more than mere eye-servants that move there—rats and mice might hold undivided sway—at least for me. When Major Heels (or what is it you call him?) galloped eighteen hundred miles across the country, *Los Pampas*, under the southern cross, and burst out into heroics at the sight of the sun setting over the Cordillera of the Andes, that was a fine answer which he got from the Cornish miner. "What can be more delightful than that?" said the Major, leaning forward on the pommel of his saddle, and gaping wide at the great lump of cold rock.—"Them things as wears aprons," replied the miner; and the Major galloped on, without another word. Take "them things as wears aprons" away from the exhibition, and even Lawrence himself might go to St. James's Park, and play at ducks-and-drakes with his palette upon the newly-twisted Serpentine.

The eye that always welcomes you with a gleam of intellectual light, the lips which ever wear a smile, the hand that is ever ready with its equivalent—these, these—so long as you can give the *quid pro quo*—are the genuine sources of pleasure. And where are these to be found in such perfection, uniformity, or abundance as in London? Who ever heard of a man being balked of his wish there, so long as he could put money in his purse? Who that has health and a heavy wallet need trouble himself about private friendships and obligations there? The world is around you—Europe, Africa, America, Asia, in all their people, and in all their productions; and when you have journeyed from Brixton to Hampstead, and from Bow to Brentford, you have seen as much, and enjoyed ten times more, than if you had circum-tramped and circum-navigated the globe, and crossed the line of your cincture upon fifty meridians. Peep into the hells or the Stock Exchange, and there you have

"Th' Anthropophagi, that each other eat."

Look in at the Mansion House or Guildhall, and there you will find plenty of the

"Men, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

Go into the courts of law, and you will find plenty of

"Antres vast."

Get your estate fairly into Chancery, and you will soon find it

"A desert idle."

Read the news of the day, and your hair will stand on end at the tale

"Of moving accidents, by flood and field."

Try the strength of the penal code, and "tip the Charley to a hush," and you may make

"Hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

Run in debt to your tailor, and you have every chance

"Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery."

Join the "rulers" of the land; and, after a little more than

"The moon and half, that Nature makes a hare in,"  
you may make sure

"Of your redemption thence;"—

and, if you do all these things, and do them well, you may have no small cause to boast of

"The 'portance of your travel's history."

And, then, though enjoyment were twenty Desdemonas, and you should come out as black as fifty Othellos, the deuce is in it if you do not win her; and if you smother her with the bolster for the wheedling of any Iago, either of care or compunction, why you are ten times more of a ninny than the huffy Moor, and ought at once to drown yourself, like a rat or a puppy.

Be but in a condition to command, and a mood to enjoy, and the services of a whole million of people are at your beck and welcome. Ransack your memory, rack your invention, for an object with which to be gratified, and it is only

"Cupito ut habes—et habes."

Yes I say, course over every land; sail over every sea; be frozen with Parry, roasted with Clapperton, or, more dreadful than all, "eaten by fleas at Stony Stratford;" be a traveller who has more glory than name;—go up in balloons—down in diving-bells; fly over the Alps, or tunnel it under the Atlantic;—why, what do you get by that? Pain—sheer, unmingled pain—without an atom of pleasure; and if you are a wise man, and your pulse, as that of every man really wise should do, beats to the tune of "*Carpe diem*," you had better take the counsel which that sage Ulysses, Sheridan, gave to his son, when he was to descend the coal-pit just for the sake of saying that he had been there—"Say that you have been there, Tom; but stay here, and enjoy yourself."

You have the choice of a million of human beings for your company, and ten thousand millions of things for your possession; and so there can be no satiation or ennui, though you should live to the age of Methusaleh, and be every day as fickle as the wind. No matter for your rank, your talents, your education, or your habits. Be you saint or sinner, sage or sot—hold you this opinion, that opinion, or no opinion at all—your place and your counterpart are both in London; and the beauty of all is, that, grant but the one postulate—give the one thing "needful"—and nobody will dare, or even try, to elbow you out of your place. Name but the name of that which you would call government; the world is at your feet, and all its inhabitants are your slaves. It is impossible, however, to mention all the elements of this enjoyment, or to name the states and forms in which it is found. If you would throw the whole of human happiness and enjoyment, the encyclopædia of



human bliss, into the alembic, and draw from it a quintessence which could be named by a single word, that word would be—LONDON.

“The next world,” said the good Catholic at the confessional, “would be very delightful if it were all heaven;” and so would London, if you could always make sure of enjoying it: but as the dish which is being carried to the rich man’s dinner does not appease the hunger of the poor man, who stands shivering in the street, while his own bowels are eating him up; and as the fountain, which pours forth its living stream so copiously and so constantly, tends not in one jot to cool the burning lip of the captive who eyes it through the gratings of his cell, at the farther end of the court: so neither do all the enjoyments of London tend to remove the pang from the bosom of him to whom they are inaccessible. No: these are the very circumstances which deepen the anguish, or rather which make it anguish at all. There is no real measure of pleasure and pain, except in those cases which involve a physical change in the body. The agony of the mind is produced by differences; and he who is “like all the rest” does not, on account of what it may be in which he is like them, complain. The Indian in his cabin of leaves, or the Esquimaux in his house of ice, does not envy the inmates of the mansions in Grosvenor-square, or St. James’s—their splendid apartments, their gaudy furniture, and their soft couches: neither does he long for turtle and venison, punch royal, and iced pines; but is well contented if his labour, in breaking the thick ice of the arctic main, is rewarded by that choicest dainty of his land—a seal steak, fried in train-oil. In like manner, the Venus of Southern Africa never dreams of brilliants, while she decks herself in her zone of guts; the “dog-ribbed” Minerva heeds not a rush all your purple, and crimson, and tassels of silk and fine gold, when she puts on her baldrick, adorned with the teeth of those fallen heroes of the hostile tribe which she numbers as the triumphs of her lance or tomahawk; and the blushing bride of the land mentioned by the traveller, cares not a jot for a special licence, a bishop to put on the ring, or even a jointure; nor does she feel her sense of decorum in the least affected, or the black of her glossy cheek blanched even the tithe of a shade, though, as the traveller avers (and he must know best), the sacred unction in the ceremony—that which is to oil and sweeten the hinges of the holy state—be none other than *red oil*.

In itself, the human mind is the most contented and accommodating thing that can be; and barring absolute pain and disease, there is never any thing the matter with us, if we be “neighbour-like,” and “not worse than we have been.” Nay, even though we be not altogether like our neighbours, we feel no pain, if inferiority has always been our condition; neither are we broken down by change, if that change come sufficiently slow. But you can never have elevations without depressions; and, wherever there are the means of climbing, there is the chance of falling. Hence there are in London more reverses, and they come more rapidly, than in any other place. The man who had turtle and champagne last year, may contrive this year to subsist, without much grumbling, upon bread and water; but if the transition be made in a day, or in the portion of time between one meal and another, it will be agony to him. The man who was clothed in splendour may bear a covering of rags; but he will do so only if he comes to them by degrees: and he who enjoyed the luxury and the amusements of society cannot at once

shut himself up in a cold and comfortless apartment, without one to soothe or speak to him, without a feeling of very painful privation and destitution. It is this rapidity of transition which forms the *amari aliquid*, which may at any time, and which does at many times, bubble up in the very centre of the fountain of London bliss, and turns the whole *erevhile* scene of wealth, and enjoyment, and glee, and gladness around into something more tormentingly desolate than the *steppe* of Issem, or the sands of Nubia.

That very isolation which forms the charm of London life to the fortunate, is the barb in the javelin of woe which makes it to hang, tugging and lacerating at the heart, with all its iron woe. When every moment fills its cup, we can concentrate our whole powers and feelings upon it. Experience calls not to us from the past; and suspicion does not growl from behind the undrawn curtain of the future. We are like the bee upon the parterre: we sip the honey of one flower; and then, heedless any more of that, we hum away to another. Our enjoyments are all detached and perfect in themselves; and they never pall, because they are not bound to us in a chain of succession which we cannot break. Every man whom we meet upon an equality—and of that the power of paying is the only measure—is our friend for the time, and whenever we tire of him we turn to another. He feels this no desertion; for, whenever it suits his purpose, he does the same by us: and thus we are happy with the million, without the trouble or the thought of caring a single straw for one of its members.

When, however, the reverse comes—and there are more points from which it can come than in any other place—we drop down to the very hell of mental suffering; while the million out of which we have dropt rolls with its wonted motion over us, as heedless of us or our fate as the Thames is of a pebble in the ooze of its bed.

When one is alone in a desert, even though one should be suffering the greatest privation, the case is not utterly desperate to the mind: there is still hope—hope that you shall escape, return again to the haunts and the society of men, and turn even your present sufferings into a source of pleasure, by making them excite the sympathy or command the admiration of those to whom you recount your adventures. If you are destitute among a few men, it is because they do not mind what you can do; or, if you be oppressed or swindled by the one villain of the hamlet, you find some consolation in thinking that you would have been better if there had been another man to advise you. If, in short, pain or sorrow of any kind come through one part of the world, you always derive a species of consolation from thinking that the balm is worth the other part. This diminishes the pressure of our misery, in the first instance, and wins us from it in the end. If that part of the world which we have not tried, and in which we therefore hope there is relief for us, will not come to us, we form the resolution of going in quest of it. This is of itself a new occupation; and if the mind be occupied with any thing, of which it has not drained all the experience, it cannot be wholly and utterly miserable. Hope was the only good in the fatal box of Pandora, in which there were so many ills; but he who finds it will, be the ills ever so many, feel that it is more than a match for them all. It was not in the peril and hardship of his many battles that the Macedonian conqueror felt mercy; it was not when those lands which, in the madness of his ambition, he had meted out for conquest, were yet separated from him

by long tracks of difficult country, and guarded by armed men, who might render the object of his ambition not difficult merely, but altogether impossible, that he felt a twinge of despair, and set himself down to fret and weep: it was when the conquest, the only thing about it in which he took pleasure, was complete. The fable may be false, as applicable to the individual; but the moral is true of human nature. The wise king of Israel did not take up his Ecclesiastes in the course of his labour, or because he had been ignorant of pleasure: it was because he had known and tasted that he felt sorrow; it was the *omnia vanitas* that poisoned the contemplation.

Just so with a dropt man in London. All is around him, and all is vanity; and, therefore, to him hope is *clear gone*. He is in the very centre of the world of man's creation—that world in which it may, without impiety, be said that man is mightier than his Maker—inasmuch as he and his works hide and eclipse every thing else. The very *acmé* of human possession and enjoyment, is every where around him; the excess of pleasure and luxury is about him on every side; all seem to have enough and to spare; but they do not spare it—nay, they do not even spare so much time or pause so long in the career of enjoyment, as to let the *abandonné* tell them that he is destitute or miserable. Under such circumstances, it requires no guilt within, no anguish of a criminal nature, or even any thing of which the man can reproach himself on the score of simple folly, to give him all the torment of the damned. He does not need to have been cheated on the Stock Exchange, or plundered in any of the other hells; neither is it at all requisite that he should have followed any of those courses of waste and profligacy which bring their own punishment, with much sorrow to the party concerned, but with a feeling of retributive justice, rather than of regret, to every body else. His conduct may have been the most regular and virtuous, and his schemes—even the one that proved fatal to him—laid with all the prudence that human nature could muster; and yet the utter desolation and misery may be such as, elsewhere, could not be found.

Indeed, this is a case in which innocence and virtue do not bring their ordinary consolations; but rather heap upon their unfortunate possessor suffering, from which the guilty and the unthinking are exempted. When suffering comes upon a man, and he is left under its pressure without notice and without hope, what avails it that the fault is not his? In a merely temporal point of view, the pleasure of the *mens conscia recti* is not an ultimate pleasure; it is only so when there is a hope that it will lead to something better; and when there is no such hope, the mind—and a pure mind is always more easily and more deeply affected than a guilty one—is left to dwell more exclusively, and therefore more painfully, upon its own misery. In the depth of desolation and desertion—such as that which a man, friendless, pennyless, and without prospect or hope feels in London—the feeling of the state itself is more agonizing than that of the way in which it was brought about, be that what it may. Let remorse be ever so bitter, there is always a possibility of hope about it; or, if there be not the hope of amendment, there is the hardening of desperation, which, for the time that it lasts, takes off a good deal of the agony.

Accordingly, we find that those who break down under the burden of life are not those who are deep in crime, but those who are deep in misery—not those who have wronged the world, but those who have



dropt out of it: and, who, had they been in any place where the inhabitants were so few that they, all unfortunate as they were, could have made a known and countable portion of society, would have acted in a very different manner.

The fate of those unfortunate persons—and, from the acute feelings which they evince, they are far from being the least valuable part of society—claims an attention that has never been bestowed, and which it would be very difficult to bestow upon it. The steps of mental agony, through which they must pass ere they come to that desperate resolution, which, alone, and without any one to say that there is heroism in it, declares that “death is better than life,” would form a most singular chapter in the history of human nature. To get at the history of them, however, is the difficulty. They are in a region which the wing of the imagination cannot reach; they partake of the awful obscurity of that land to which the sufferer escapes with the secret of them in his bosom, and whence he can neither return nor send a messenger. When an act of this kind is done at the moment that it is resolved on, in a paroxysm of passion, there may be less of mental anguish in it than in many states out of which the mind can recover. But, in very many of those cases that are brought before the public—after it is impossible to derive from them any information by which one would be enabled to diminish their number—there is a calmness of mind—a gradual progress and repining—which shew that the alternative has been one of thought, and deliberation, and choice;—confessed an evil, but a lighter evil than that which was avoided. From this, one is able to see that there is a philosophy in the progress of that of which the end is madness; and that, without any immediate impulse of the more violent passions, there may be a still, silent, and secret bitterness of life, compared with which, death shall, to the calm contemplation of the party, seem a blessing.

Any one who chooses to look at the accounts—bungling, unskilfully, and unphilosophically as they are drawn up—of coroners’ inquests, will find that of those suicides which do not appear to have been preceded by derangement, or caused by the momentary impulse of ungovernable passion, the number is a much greater fraction of the whole in London than in smaller societies; and this goes far to prove that they are produced by that unseen and grinding woe, which overtakes those who are dropt out of their places in the London crowd, and which has nothing in it to rouse the passions to that extent at which they become, as it were, an opiate to the pain of self-destruction.

It is perhaps well that we are not able to look into this dismal working of human nature; and yet, could it be seen and told, the tale might have some influence in restraining folly, and teaching caution. We heed it not, however; but hurry on from occupation to occupation, and from pleasure to pleasure; and when the news of the catastrophe comes, we merely read it in a gossiping way, as part of the history of yesterday, and forget it ere the morning. If we thought of it a little, we might not be the worse—the case may be our own.

Imagine a human being—it may be of the warmest heart, and the most fine and kindly feelings—who has lived, as thousands in London live, *in* society, but not *of* it; who has regularly met his men of business or profession, professionally, his acquaintance at his places of entertainment; who has found the day occupied, life flowing sweetly, and had no need, and therefore no desire, to form any connexion upon which

he could lean in case of accident. Imagine this,—and then that, by one fatal step, of the fatality of which he could have no knowledge (and there are many such, any one of which would be sufficient); and think what must be his feelings, if he shall, one would almost say *unfortunately*, have strength of mind to bear the first shock. If he goes abroad, he instinctively shuns those with whom he talked business, or laughed amusement; the activity and apparent success and happiness of other people only serve as contrasts to deepen his misery, or as arrows to pierce him to the heart; and the one burning thought that he once was as them, but is not now, and never shall be again, consumes him. Then, though he attempt to escape by foregoing the haunts of men, and seeking the quiet of nature—such as it is in the purlieu of a great city—the anguish is with him still. To him there is no beauty in the landscape, and no balminess in the gale. The memorials of human happiness are scattered every where; but, to him, happiness is a fountain that is dry—a torch, which is extinguished. He may long for one little moment,

—“for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless continuity of shade;”

but the longing is momentary, and leads to despair. He wanders to his apartment—most likely in the house of some person with whom he has never exchanged a word, save in bargaining for terms and making payments, and to whom the least hint at the change of his condition would change vulgarity into cruelty, and neglect into insult. Therefore, he has no alternative but the cold silence of his chamber, which is now to him the world—in its wane, and near its close. He counts over and over the fragments of his store—scanty enough, it may be; and he numbers the days and the hours that he can subsist,—*bundling* also any straws of hope that may still remain, and which cease to be hope the moment that he surveys them. Then he lays down an aching head upon a sleepless pillow, where, during the long and lonely night, though there be no slumber to refresh, he is “scared with dreams, and terrified with visions.”

Even when a man has nothing in his circumstances to give him pain, it is not a very pleasant thing to be compelled to think for a whole night in the dark and alone; but where there is mental and hopeless loneliness in the case, it is dreadful. The mind starts from thought to thought, and, at every change, the gloom deepens. Then comes the fearful thought—a thought which, under such circumstances, even religion is too weak to resist:—annihilation as to this world is felt—absolute annihilation glides before the fancy! Its form is hideous; and the darkness, which hides every thing else, only makes it the more apparent. The curtain of the future will not rise—the stern, the stubborn image “turns the man into nothing;” and the oblivion of destruction is felt. This it is which charms him on to his fate; and, when once it takes hold on the mind, it will not quit till it brings about that fearful accomplishment which the fortunate and the happy think impossible; but to which the wounded in spirit have recourse, as a last and an only deliverance. And, truly, when one thinks of it, not as the wonder of a century or an age, but as a monthly and weekly occurrence, there is in it a mournful set-off against all the pleasures of a mighty city!

MODERN ITALIAN COMEDY: THE PLAYS OF GHERARDO DA  
ROSSI.

THE man whose travel is by necessity confined to books, should read the comedy of those countries which he would wish to visit, almost in preference to any class of their literary productions. With all allowance for that spirit of caricature which forms a fair proportion of dramatic licence—for the deference of writers to critical rules or political apprehensions—and for those odd conventional arrangements which every where, more or less, distinguish the “life” of the theatre from the life of reality—such, for example, as that, in England, which puts every man of forty years old upon the stage into a garb which, for forty years past, no man any where but upon the stage has seen;—still it is hardly possible to read the comic drama of any country, differing considerably in civil and social condition from our own, without finding—apart from the merit of the composition, a considerable charm in the insight which we obtain as to the tastes and morals, as well as into the habits and domestic institutions of its inhabitants. This is a description of entertainment, however, which can only be derived from *reading*: we never can get it, even in a slight degree, from our dramatic exhibitions or performances at home. When we translate, for the theatre, (in England) we go uniformly for our matter to France; because the thoughts and associations of the French people are those which run the most in unison with our own. From the drama of Germany, we take nothing but a few horrors—which tell alike in all countries; from Spain, nothing but the names and dresses; and from Italy—except in the department of music—nothing at all. And all this wisely and expediently; because a drama, the force of which should lay in the exhibition of foreign opinions or manners, whatever interest it might have in the closet, could have none at all—it would not be comprehended—on the stage. At the same time, as the species of information to be gained from such works does possess both interest and value, we shall feel no apology necessary for laying occasionally sketches from the drama of Europe generally before our readers: and we shall begin with the works named at the head of the present article—the comedies of Gherardo da Rossi.

The four volumes of plays, published by Da Rossi, at different times, between the years 1789 and 1798, contain sixteen dramatic pieces (of which fifteen are comedies) of rather unequal merit. The author, who died a few months since at Rome, at the advanced age of seventy-three, announces, in his first volume, that, if the work should be received favourably, other volumes will follow: and the success, though not equal to his hopes, was sufficient to produce that result; for the “other volumes” appeared in due course, as undertaken. Of the dramatic worth of these performances—the relative value of which, as we have already observed, is unequal—it would be difficult for any but an Italian fairly to judge. Comedy is a thing in its nature, if not ephemeral, at least so local, that no translation (and the reading in the original language by a foreigner, though the best species of translation, still is a translation) can afford any very adequate idea of it. We constantly see works of great interest and value in our own language—(an Irish novel of Miss Edgeworth’s, or Lady Morgan’s, for instance)—of which the whole excellence would be lost in any version attempted in a foreign language. And



the very small number of German or Italian works of fancy which ever become popular in England, would of itself be sufficient to leave little doubt that a translation is attended with equal loss and difficulty into our own. The reception of Da Rossi's plays upon the Italian stage, taken upon the whole, was favourable. One or two he speaks of as having failed; and, with the feeling sworn to dramatists in all countries, it invariably appears that it was the actors, or the audience (sometimes both) that were to blame. The titles of the plays are—In the first volume—*Il Secondo Giorno del Matrimonio* (a Day after the Wedding). *Il Cortigiano Honesto, ovvero i Cambiamenti di un Giorno* (The Honest Courtier, or the Changes of a Day). *Il Calzolaio Inglese a Roma* (The English Shoemaker at Rome). And—*La Famiglia dell' Uomo indolente* (The Family of the indolent Man).—The second volume contains—*Le Sorelle Rivali* (The Rival Sisters). *L' Astratto Geloso*—this is a combination not easy to render (The jealous and absent Man). *Il Maestro di Cappella* (The Chapel Master). And—*La Commedia in Villeggiatura* (Private Theatricals).—The third consists of—*Il Podestà di Bicenzo* (The Magistrate of Bicenzo)—this is a melo-dramatic play. *La Prima Sera dell' Opera* (The First Night of the Opera)—again a comedy. *Le Conseguenze di una imprudente Risoluzione* (The Effects of an imprudent Resolution). And—*Il Presuntuoso* (The Insolent Man).—The fourth has three comedies, and an interlude in a single act—*Le Lagrime della Vedova* (Widow's Tears). *L' Ufficio della Posta* (The Post-Office). *Il Soverchiatore* (The Despot). And *La Bottega dell' Caffè nel Festino* (The Refreshment-Room at the Ball).—These are almost all good English titles: affording a second example of the aptness of different men, in thinking on the same subject or for the same purpose, to think in the same way.

The drama, out of all this list, most approaching to that which would be actable put into an English shape, is the second in order in the last volume—*Le Lagrime della Vedova*. Sismondi, in his "Littérature du Midi," notices the comedy, as one of great credit to the dramatic tact of the author; and a tale founded upon the incidents of it, with some additions, and a good deal of alteration of character, appeared, about two years since, in a periodical publication, called the *Parthenon*, under the title of "A Soldier's Fortune." The plot of the play, as it stands in the Italian, turns upon the regret exhibited or feigned by a young widow, the "Baroness Aurelia," for the death of a husband, who was old and unpleasing, and to whom she had been married against her inclination. Notwithstanding these unpromising circumstances, the Baroness exhibits the most poignant distress at the death of her lord; and retires (with a large fortune) to the château of a relative, "the Marquis Anselmo," where she erects, among other works of piety, a shrine to the memory of her husband, in the centre of a walk of cypresses; and waters the rose-trees that surround it, at intervals, with her tears. While matters are in this condition (by a *tour* not ill arranged on the part of the dramatist), a former lover of the lady, "Captain Erminio," having killed the major of his regiment in a duel, and fled for fear of being hanged for the exploit, comes to the château with his confidential servant (both in the disguise of peasants): and they obtain employment as gardeners, knowing nothing of the nobleman into whose family they have come, nor of the Baroness's residence there, nor of the farther fact that the "Baron's" death has left her ladyship at liberty. In the course

of the same morning, it happens, rather unluckily, that a fainting fit, introduced (before the whole family), by the young widow, in the garden, is converted, by the appearance of one of the new servants (the disguised Captain) with cold water, into something very like a swoon in earnest: and a scene ensues of prodigious confusion, threatening every moment to discredit the Baroness's conjugal piety, and expose the disguise of the new domestics; which ends with the lady's recovery from her real alarm or illness, and her precipitate retreat into the château.

Matters are thus left, at the end of the first act, in a very pleasant dramatic perplexity. The "Captain" is delighted to find his mistress a widow, and free; but surprised beyond measure to find her in a strange house. And grieving for her husband too!—and doubts how he had best explain his own appearance before her at such a time, and in such a garb. The "Baroness," on her part, not knowing the true reason of her lover's disguise, concludes that it is assumed entirely on her account, and that the knowledge of her widowhood and residence has brought him to the château. On deliberation, however, and when the real state of the affair becomes known, the lady's regard for her reputation overcomes all other considerations. She resolves firmly to listen to no suitor—not even to hear of such a person—in the first year of her widowhood. The lover becomes frantic, but to no purpose: she presses upon him a sum of money to aid his departure in safety; but insists that he shall instantly quit the castle, and orders her own travelling carriage to make a visit elsewhere until he shall be gone.—And thus ends the second act.

A lucky event, however, in the third, saves at once the scruples of the Baroness, and the hopes of the Captain Erminio. As the parties are bidding each other a last adieu in a distant part of the pleasure-grounds, the sound of drums and fifes is heard; and "Trivella," the hero's servant, rushes in to say that a party of military is entering the castle-gates, to examine the neighbourhood, and search for deserters! The ruin of the fugitives now seems certain; as it ought properly to do, in a play, always just before they are going to be made happy for life. The Commandant of the party is already making his rounds, inspecting the passports and papers of persons of all ranks, and strictly examining all strangers who are unprovided with them. Escape is impossible; for the only passage across the frontier is by a ferry, the avenue to which is guarded—and the want of a passport to cross has been the cause why the Captain sought shelter in the château where he stands. In this dilemma—a moment lost being certain death—the Baroness's waiting-maid (who of course is in love with the Captain's valet) recollects that "the robes of state" of the late "Baron" (he was a judge) are in a cabinet at hand, and the passport with which the family was travelling, at the time of his death, in a pocket-book by them. The lady, afflicting as the resource is, rather than see her lover perish, consents that he shall be assisted with this disguise. But, after a first step, there is no safety. Scarcely is the Captain attired as a judge, than the visiting Major appears. He examines the passport delivered, and finds that the name of the Baroness appears in it, with those of all the suite. The questions then necessary to be put, officially, leave the lady no choice but to answer the question—whether she is the wife of the party (the *soi-disant* judge) who holds the passport) or to destroy the whole plot, and deliver the Captain up to death. Of course, she must answer it in the affirmative: and the result is—fate has been against the lady's widowhood—the lovers fly together.

This is the story of the widow of Ephesus; but it is pleasantly and elegantly told; and a variety is given to the main interest by the secondary or subservient characters introduced. The chief of these are—"the Marquis Anselmo," a nobleman who dabbles in science; "Signor Orazio," a mountebank projector: and "the Marchioness Clarissa," the wife of the Marquis Anselmo, and cousin by marriage to the Baroness; who, having the experience of an old husband herself, doubts the reality—that is, the probability—of her lady relative's grief. The plot, moreover, is neatly worked out. Many of the situations are striking; the action bustling; and the dialogue generally sprightly, and sometimes humorous. In the end—to make all matters fortunate—it appears that the officer who commands the foraging party—not he who makes the examination, but his leader—is the very colonel whom Signor Erminio fled for killing, and who was wounded only, and has recovered; and thus nothing is wanting to the general felicity. On the whole, the construction and development of the drama—as viewed with reference to the purposes of any theatre—has considerable merit: but as a species of version of it has already appeared in print, we refer the curious to that source, in preference to giving extracts.

The *Secondo Giorno del Matrimonio*; the *Sorelle Rivali*; and the *Famiglia dell' Uomo indolente*, are curious, rather from the picture they exhibit of Italian taste and feeling, than from any striking dramatic or poetic merit that can be commended in them. The title of the second piece—"The Rival Sisters"—explains its interest: but the "rivalry" is of a very odd description. One of the sisters, who is already married, is in love with the gentleman who wishes to marry the other. The "Family of the indolent Man" exhibits another character of a woman not stigmatized as a great deal worse than many ladies of her acquaintance, rivalling her own daughter in an amour; pawning the property out of her husband's house; caballing with servants to borrow money, &c. &c. But the "Day after the Wedding," which turns upon a different kind of matrimonial interest from our English drama of the same name, will afford the best example of the freedom with which Signor da Rossi is accustomed to treat his countrywomen.

The story is that of a silly college student, who has married privately without the consent of his guardians or relations. The name of this gallant (who is a youth of fortune) is Giacinto; and the play opens with a visit from one of his former tutors, "Signor Ernesto," who, being informed of his marriage, calls on the day after it has taken place. The scene lies in the house of the bride's sister, where the wedding has been celebrated; and, after a conversation with the servant who admits him, by which Signor Ernesto's doubts as to the policy of his pupil's alliance are considerably strengthened, the latter in person makes his appearance, coming directly from his wife's chamber. He seems to be considerably an ass; but expresses great pleasure at the visit of his *quondam* preceptor.

*Giacinto.* Ha, Signor Ernesto! Well returned. I rejoice to see you.—  
(Embracing.)

*Ernesto.* Many thanks: but it is I rather who ought to give you joy, since I find you married in my absence?

*Gia.* One moment, with your leave (to the Servant, who waits). Oh, Trivella! I want you—I must send you to —.



*Triv. (carelessly).* I can't go any where now. I have my business to do.  
*(Aside, and exit.)* I must be going away to the Count, or it will be late, and I shan't find him at home.

*Gia. (looking after Trivella).* He must be out of temper this morning, I think: for, in general, he is respectful enough. But, Signor Ernesto! Pray come hither to me. Tell the truth now—were you not surprised to hear that I was married? I managed my affairs well, I think. You, none of you, knew any thing about it. You did not even suspect me. I was cunning enough, you see, my good friend, to deceive you.

*Ern.* I hope it will be me that you have deceived—and not yourself. But I certainly was surprised to find the matter concluded so suddenly. Was there time to adjust every thing? Were the settlements and pecuniary affairs all arranged as they should be?

*Giac.* Oh, all! You can't imagine what liberal people I had to deal with. There was no occasion even to put pen to paper. Every thing the Countess [*his wife's sister*] desired, I consented to; and every thing that I desired, she was ready to admit at once.

*Ern.* Humph! If it has been properly taken care of, your wife's father left her a tolerable fortune. I think it was as much as six thousand ducats. Has the Countess settled with you at all about that?

*Gia.* Why—in the haste of our marriage—we were all in a hurry—that account was not exactly made out. But I understand it is all quite right: the Countess Beatrice has the money in her possession. But these are trifles! You can't imagine what a fortunate fellow I am! The most adorable wife!—the most beautiful, and yet the most gentle! There was a certain Count—a subaltern officer—who thought he had some pretensions: but the moment I appeared—. But—you—I dare say you don't mean it; but—you don't seem to enter into my good fortune entirely.

*Ern.* Oh—entirely! Pardon me: the case is quite clear. I am only anxious to know when you are to get away into the country.

*Giac.* Why—I can't say that exactly. I suppose in about a month, or so.

*Ern.* Listen to me. I would counsel you to get away, if possible, immediately. Because, depend upon this—it will be a sacrifice to your wife whenever she goes. And she will bear that sacrifice better in the first week of your marriage than if you leave it till afterwards.

*Giac.* Ah, my dear friend! But you have no idea how kind and docile my Eugenia is! She is condescension itself. But come—come along—I must introduce you. Nay, I insist on it—(*Drawing him towards the bottom of the stage*).

As he is dragging Ernesto off, the Countess Beatrice enters from another chamber, meeting them:—

*C. Beat.* Heyday! Why, what is all this? Where are you both going, gentlemen?

*Giac.* I am going to introduce my friend here to my wife—(*Still pressing Ernesto*).

*C. Beat.* Introduce? Why, are you mad? Your wife is at her toilet. In short—Introduce? She is engaged. I wonder you should think of such a thing!

*Ern. (coolly).* Signora Beatrice no doubt is right. And I beg to be understood that the proposition by no means originated with me. Good morning, Giacinto.—(*Exit.*)

*C. Beat.* Giacinto! you must not think of introducing people to your wife in this way—without consulting me. And such a visitor, too!—a lawyer! If it had been a gallant, indeed, we might have said something. But a lawyer!—But come—what do you do, staying in one place here for ever, like a cabbage? Why don't you go out? Come, go—go out. We shall have visitors here presently; and you must not be at home.

*Giac.* But my wife is not going out this morning; and I stay at home to keep her company.

*C. Beat.* Pooh, pooh! Nonsense! She will have company enough without you. Come! Why, you would not begin to be troublesome only on the second day of your marriage, would you? Go out; go out!

*Giac.* But I don't know where to go; I have got no acquaintance.

*C. Beat.* Oh, walk about the city.

*Giac.* But I don't know the way.

*C. Beat.* Oh, well—go into the gardens, then. Go somewhere.

*Giac.* But I have got such a cold!

*C. Beat.* Oh—hot or cold, you can't stay at home here under every body's feet. So go out at once, before you put me out of patience.

*Giac.* Well, well—I will. But don't be angry, sister-in-law. You don't seem to be so good-humoured, I think, as you used to be.—(Exit.)

The excellent Countess Beatrice has spent her sister's fortune, and palmed her upon Giacinto without a penny. She is still dissatisfied, however, that her sister has not a title as well as a husband; and favours the unlawful pretensions of the "certain Count," who was postponed when the wealthy plebeian made his appearance. This lady's own personal husband now appears in the play; and seems to fare as ill as the *nouveau marié* is likely to do. The "Count Ottavio" is here the *Jerry Sneak* of the English drama; but our English aristocratic habits would not permit us to lay fatuity so high.

*C. Ott.* (entering). Wife!

*C. Beat.* Wife! You can say "Countess," can't you—if you try, Signor Asino?

*C. Ott.* Many pardons. But—I came to ask, would it be convenient to give me my little pocket-money to-day? Because, to say the truth, I want to buy a little stock of snuff.

*C. Beat.* Snuff, indeed! I have nothing to do, but to find money for your vices.

*C. Ott.* My vices! But snuff is a necessary thing, wife. And, besides—

*C. Beat.* Oh—besides! I'll give you the money when it is convenient. That is not now.

*C. Ott.* Ha!—well! Never mind—never mind. I would not have asked if all my troubles did not come on me at once. I lost twelve *carlini*\* to your good friend, my lord the Marquis, last week, at *primero*; and I paid him when I lost. This week, he lost twenty *carlini* to me; and I can't get him to pay at all.

*C. Beat.* Oh, most abominable man, cease to annoy me!

*C. Ott.* Ha! That's just what the Marquis said, when I asked him for my twenty *carlini*.

*C. Beat.* What! (with anger). And had you really then the presumption to ask his lordship the Marquis for money? Then that is the reason—I was surprised at it—that he has not been here this day or two; he is offended at your impertinence.—Come, Sir! Go this moment.—Go, and beg his pardon.—Go!

*C. Ott.* But—

*C. Beat.* No "buts." Go this instant.

*C. Ott.* But—I have not had my chocolate yet this morning.

*C. Beat.* Chocolate! You shan't have a drop. Indeed, there is none for you. Now Giacinto is married, he must have it, sometimes of a morning, at least for a few days. You shall have it afterwards, week about.

The scarcity of the chocolate here seems ridiculous enough; but the same state of domestic economy occurs constantly through all the plays.

\* A small silver coin of Italy.

People of rank, committing great extravagances, are seen destitute of the mere necessities of life. The "Marquis," however, here saves Count Ottavio the trouble of seeking him. He enters.

*Marq.* Ha! Madame la Comtesse, good morning. Suffer me to hope I have the happiness to find you well!

*C. Beat.* Ah, Monsieur le Marquis! Believe me, I was uneasy on your account beyond measure. My awkward husband, I heard, had given you cause of offence. He had the rudeness to ask you for some trifle won at play! Go, directly, and beg his lordship's pardon, Sir (*to Count Ottavio*)—you uncivil person, do.

*C. Ott. (in confusion.)* Really I—I— A thousand pardons. I—

*Marq.* Pardon, Madam! What injury is there that your bright eyes could not induce me to forget? Any thing—every thing—shall be forgiven to the good Count Ottavio. Come, my friend, embrace me (*embracing the Count by force*)—and let us be friends.

*C. Beat.* How amiable he is—and kind!

*C. Ott.* But—shall I have the twenty *carlini*?

*Marq.* Pshaw! No more about it—say no more. We are friends.

*C. Beat.* Why, you ungrateful creature! don't you hear—his lordship is so good as to pardon you? Return thanks, and go away.

*C. Ott. (muttering).* Many thanks! (*Going*)—Many thanks! (*Aside.*)—No pocket-money! no twenty *carlini*! My poor nose—that must still keep fasting!—(*Exit.*)

By a glimmering of honesty on the part of his wife, and the sturdy interference of the lawyer Ernesto, Signor Giacinto is preserved from the fate which in such a family would naturally seem to await him. But the undisguised viciousness of all the persons of the drama is peculiar. In our English comedy, vice is represented as the exception to the common rule. Here, all the parties of the play, except "Ernesto," are either fools, swindlers, or strumpets: the young wife, Lady Eugenia, being just a single point above the rest in moral feeling. And the coarseness of the details seems curious to the English reader. The Countess Beatrice, keeping her husband without pence to buy snuff, openly turning her new brother-in-law out of the house, to introduce gallants to his wife;—the perfect patience, too, of the husband, Count Ottavio,; and the incident of the wanting the chocolate, because there is only enough for Giacinto, are all highly characteristic. The whole of the gallants of the piece, too, are gamesters, and cheat at play, as a matter of course, whenever opportunity offers. In the *Sorelle Rivali*, the general license goes much farther. A brother, who travels with his married sister, complains to a friend, of the troublesome nature of his task.—"In every city that they come to," he says, "the first day she arrives—almost before she gets out of her carriage—she (his sister, and a married woman) finds a fresh lover." The female character in the *Famiglia dell' Uomo Indolente*—the Lady Giacinta—is still more gross. Neither of these three comedies have much poetic merit. The *dramatis personæ* in all consist chiefly of depraved women, and coarse, intriguing men. The *Sorelle Rivali* has one character, a hypochondriac old man, "Il Conte Asdrubale," worked out with some cleverness: though the jests are of a description which will not bear translating. And an imperious lady, his wife, who affects travelled airs, and does every thing "in the style of France, or England," is not without some force. The valet and waiting woman, are characters in every one of the comedies, from the beginning of the series to the end.



The *Maestro di Cappella*, the *Astratto Geloso*, the *Presuntuoso*, and the *Commedia in Villeggiatura*, are dramas of little originality as to plot or construction, and not sufficiently relieved by wit in the dialogue, to interest the English reader. The chief fault is the scantiness and want of variety of the action. One marked character is nearly all that each play has to live upon; and a regular round of make-weight people—bully soldiers, waiters, valets, and chambermaids, with ladies prized for any fancies rather than their honesty—little more than repetitions of each other—fill up the rest of the piece. "The Chapel Master," is a play rather of serious interest. The hero "Riccardo," is a gentleman reduced in fortune, applying himself to music for a livelihood. He produces an opera, which is unsuccessful; but is recompensed by receiving the hand of a woman of large estate. There is whim in the character of the musical amateur, who is deaf. And the fifth-rate opera singer, who is dissatisfied with his song, and insists on having a better given to him, is sometimes comical. But the play was unfortunate; and this is one of the failures, for which the author, in a preface, blames the actors. The chief character in the *Commedia in Villeggiatura* is a ridiculous poet, who has written one ode, and fancies all the world is reading it. But we shall pass this comedy, as well as the *Astratto Geloso*, and the *Podesta di Bicenno* (a melo-dramatic piece, of respectable talent, but which does not possess any points of striking originality), to come to the *Calzolajo Inglese a Roma*—the third play in the first volume, and one of the liveliest as well as the earliest of our author's productions.

The *Calzolajo Inglese a Roma*, (English shoemaker at Rome), borders sometimes a little upon farce; but the situations are bold and humorous, and the action always lively and full of variety. The general spirit and dialogue furnishes a curious example of what the Italian idea of English manners and character—derived from their experience of English visitors—was forty years ago: and as a nation, though the Englishman, of course, is the butt of the piece, we have no cause to complain of injustice perpetrated against us. The principal personage, the "Shoemaker," is freely and very ludicrously drawn; but all in a temper of candid, and even good-natured ridicule; and, amid all the blunders and extravagances that he is made to commit, perfectly fair play is shewn to the strong points of the national reputation.

The play opens with a scene in an anti-room of a *locanda*, or lodging-house in Rome, where "Panchon," the master of the house, (the hour being morning) waits the rising of an Englishman, who has arrived on the night before. In a few moments "Trivella" appears, who has been sent as a *valet de place*, to the stranger, by an agent, "Signor Rosbif," to whom the latter has letters of credit and introduction. The new comer, by way of jest, we suppose, upon the anti-euphoniousness, in Italian opinion, of English names, is called "Signor Pscctth"—how to assist our readers to any thing like a pronunciation of the title, we don't know, and shall be glad to hear the result of any orthoëpist's efforts, who may attempt it: but the man himself is a rich London shoemaker, who has been in love with a *figurante* at the Anglo-Italian opera; and, in consequence of a quarrel which divided their affections, has gone to Rome at the end of the season to forget her. "Signor Rosbif," who has been recommended to this gentleman as a guide and counsellor, in all matters for necessary knowledge to a stranger, is an Englishman, domiciled in Italy; and the introduction

proceeds from "Mr. Flutt," a Bond-street tailor, a friend and co-labourer in the vineyard of commerce with "Signor Pscsth," who has been fleeced on the same ground before. The Signor arrives to pay his respects, while his pupil, that is to be, is still dressing; and, after the first greetings are over, the objects of both parties go on to be explained.

*Pscsth.* Sit down, and I'll let you into the whole affair. I'm very glad to see you—'pon my word I am—very much indebted to my friend Flutt for the introduction. Why, then, you must know—I suppose he has told you?—that I am a shoemaker in London. But I have plenty of money; and the reason of my travelling is this:—A good many months ago, you must understand, I fell in love, in London, with an opera-dancer—Signora Sandrina Ruspanti—I don't know whether you know her here?

*Ros.* No—we do not.

*Pscsth.* Ah! well, no matter. No: I know you don't know any thing about dancers here. The truth is, she is very handsome—but a sad slut. She put an end to all my habits of economy—made me spend a great deal more money than I could afford! And so I made up my mind to leave her, and took this journey to get her out of my head. I am not sure that I shall do it: for she is very handsome! However—we must try. And so, while I am at Rome, I mean to see every thing—though I don't care a farthing about seeing any thing. I wish to go into all the best company in the city—though I don't care for any company at all. However, one must do as other people do. And so I mean to go to Court—and every where else—all amusements and all societies; as my friends did when they came to Rome—just, you know, not to be worse off than one's neighbours.

*Ros.* Signor, I understand you exactly; and we shall introduce you at once. But one thing is necessary—you must take the title of Milord.

*Pscsth.* A lord, must I? Well—but—I don't like to lie. And where is the use of my being a lord? If I have as much money as a lord, and spend it like a lord, what matters about the name?

*Ros.* Really, without it, you cannot well get into good company. All your friends have done it. Mr. Flutt, who recommended you to me—he did it.

*Pscsth.* Did he? What—Flutt? Oh, I'll do it too then. (*Rises.*)—I beg your pardon—excuse me a moment. Just let me lock my chamber-door.—(*Goes to a door, and locks it.*)

*Ros.* Use no ceremony, pray. But why is that necessary?

*Pscsth.* Because I want my English servant not to go out without my seeing him. I want to catch him sober before he goes out, to tell him to remember that I am a Lord. He is an excellent servant, but always drunk.

*Ros.* Oh, certainly—very good! Then, the affair of the title being agreed on, I will carry you at once to a lady's house, who can introduce you to the highest circles.

*Pscsth.* Very well. But is the lady to be paid any thing that introduces me?

*Ros.* I'll explain to you. Such a lady is not paid with money. But, in the houses of the nobility here, there are almost always some rarities—some statues, or relics of antiquity. If you buy one of these, and pay liberally for it—that is the way in which you will compliment the lady for the trouble she takes.

*Pscsth.* Well! but that is just the same thing to me as if I paid directly.

*Ros.* But it is the custom.—Mr. Flutt did it. And, moreover, he fell in love with the lady into the bargain who introduced him.

*Pscsth.* Ah! I am afraid I can't do that: I think too much of my Sandrina! Ah—the slut—how handsome she is! I wish she were not quite such a baggage!

*Ros.* You will have to get a carriage, too; and a *valet de place*; and you must have a *cicerone*, to shew you the curiosities and antiquities of the place. I shall have the pleasure to wait on you in that last capacity myself.

*Pscsth.* Oh, certainly. And do you serve for payment, or without payment?

*Ross.* Signor, I should blush to think of being paid.

*Pscsth.* Well, that is very liberal.

*Ross.* All I receive is two sequins a day, as a compliment for my attention.

*Pscsth.* Oh! you take a compliment too, instead of payment? Well!—But how much of our English money is two sequins?

*Ros.* About a guinea.

*Pscsth.* A guinea a day! Why, that's as much as I pay six of my best workmen. And did Flutt pay you a guinea a day?

*Ros.* Without doubt.

*Pscsth.* Oh, well—then I will do the same.—And did Flutt have a carriage?

*Ros.* Certainly.

*Pscsth.* Then I will have one, too.—And had Flutt a *valet de place*?

*Ros.* Surely.

*Pscsth.* Then I will have one, too. And so—now that is settled—how can we occupy ourselves this morning? Because I begin to get tired of Rome rather already.

*Ros.* We will go to the lady's house—after you are dressed—where I shall introduce you.

*Pscsth.* Good! Is she young?

*Ros.* Young and handsome. She is the same that introduced Mr. Flutt.

*Pscsth.* Good! I'll get shaved and dressed directly.

*Ros.* Shall I send you a barber?

*Pscsth.* No—my servant shaves me.

*Ros.* But, if he is drunk?

*Pscsth.* The wine goes into his head, if he is; it never touches his hand.—Adieu for the present; and look to every thing. Do all now as you did it for Flutt. I wish to do exactly in all things the same as Flutt.—(Exit.)

After the Englishman has disappeared, Rosbif calls in the lodging-housekeeper and Trivella, and agrees with both as to the share he is to receive of their profits. He then tells them that the stranger is called "Lord Pscsth:" and, after various efforts to pronounce the name [the joke is the compounding it entirely of consonants], they both write it on cards, to practice the utterance at their leisure.

We then come to the *entrée* of Mr. Pscsth into the great world; and the Italian family, who are to manage his introduction, are of course to plunder him (or share the plunder, rather, with Mr. Rosbif) for their pains: but the manner in which all this affair is accomplished exhibits some odd traits of national character. The principal gain is to be made by the sale of antiquities to the stranger. But smaller game is not neglected; and, among other hits, the "Count" who patronizes, finding that a carriage will be hired, proposes privately to furnish his own, and say abroad that he has *lent* it to the English noble. A long argument passes between his lordship and Rosbif, as to the division of the money made by this arrangement; and some amusing scenes arise out of an underplot played by Trivella, the *valet de place*, who desires to have a little more of the pillage than belongs to him, and privately conducts his new master to a low house of entertainment, where he purchases some rubbish at a high price, and is far more entertained than with his genteel acquaintances. The best thing, however, in the piece is the conception of the Englishman's character; the firmness and sturdy tone of which is never let down, even in the most ridiculous positions. The scene of his first visit to the "Count Ernesto's" house (the place where he is to be introduced) is spiritedly treated. He meets an Italian officer, who is



jealous of the Countess's favours, and tries to quarrel with him, but finds little likely to be gained from the encounter. And at once declares falling in love with the lady—although "Flutt" did it—as he thinks her "genteel," but not "handsome." The whole of this scene is very good and characteristic; but that of the second visit strikes us as rather the better; and, as our limits are somewhat bounded, we shall select it for our extract.

[The scenes represents a Saloon in the Count Ernesto's house. Colombina (the Countess's chambermaid) meeting Pscyth and Rosbif, whom Volpino (the valet) precedes, introducing them.]

Vol. This way, gentlemen: this way, if you please.

Ros. Good day, bella giovine! Your lady, the Countess—is she to be seen?

Col. She is dressing.

Pscyth. (looking attentively at Colombina). Your servant, my pretty lass! (Aside to Rosbif)—A good face that girl has, eh?—good fresh complexion?

Col. I am your Excellency's very humble servant.

Ros. (after looking round the room). Oh! that must be the picture! (To Pscyth)—Milord! Milord!—See! Do you take notice? That is it—that is the Correggio!

Pscyth. (not attending, but keeping to Colombina). Do you live in this louse, my darling?

Col. I am her ladyship's chambermaid, at your Excellency's commands.

Pscyth. Upon my word, if it was at my command, you should be the ladyship yourself.

Ros. (touching him). Signor! Signor! Look!—pray do look! Look at that exquisite picture! That is the Correggio!

Pscyth. Humph!—Yes: it is good. But—it did not hang there when I was here this morning.

Ros. (aside to him). It is a work that the Count Ernesto does not always keep in sight. But when strangers are here, the Italians are vain, and like to shew the rarities they possess. That is the reason you see it now.

Pscyth. (not attending). She is a fine girl—that chambermaid!

Ros. Depend on it, that is an acquisition that you ought to make.

Pscyth. Egad! I'll make it with all my heart! But how shall we manage the getting to London?

Ros. Oh, nothing is easier! You will pay a slight exportation duty—not much.

Pscyth. Exportation!—what? Do they charge a duty here in Rome on the exportation of women?

Ros. Women! How, women? I speak of the picture—the Correggio!—A masterpiece!

Pscyth. Oh! the picture? I was meaning the girl. (Still leaving him)—What is your name, my pretty dear, eh?

Col. Colombina, at your honour's service.

Pscyth. Colombina?—a pretty name!\* (To Rosbif)—She has got a handsome foot, too, if her shoes were not badly made!—I'll send you some shoes, my dear, from London.

Col. Very kind of your Excellency.

Ros. But, Signor! listen to me. (Aside to him)—The picture that was the companion to this Correggio, Signor Flutt bought, and gave four hundred sequins for it. He wanted this too: but he could not get it: it is so much more valuable.

Pscyth. Well! I'll take it. But they ought to get the hole in it mended.

\* A rather untranslatable pun occurs here. Pscyth says—"It is the same as Pigeonina."

*Ros.* Bless me, no! That hole is one of the greatest beauties. It was made by a cavalier, who fell in love with that female figure in the picture; and, in despair that it was only a painting, stabbed the canvas.

*Pscsth.* Pshaw! He was an ass! When we fall in love with women, they should be real ones—not paintings.—(*Turns again to Colombina.*) How can it be that you are only a chambermaid, my love?

*Col.* The misfortunes of my family, may it please your Excellency.

*Enter the Countess Eugenia.*

*Eug.* A thousand pardons, my Lord! I am afraid I have made you wait.

*Pscsth.* Not at all. Your ladyship is entitled to command our attention as you please. You have a handsome chambermaid here!

*Eug.* Humph!—Colombina! leave the room.

*Col. (aside).* How envious she is!—Your Excellency's servant. (*Curtsies, and exit.*)

*Pscsth.* A brave girl! And she has a very pretty foot, too! It is a pity her shoes are ill made.

*Ros.* Signora Comtessa! you must be prevailed on to do my Lord here a great favour. He is dying in love with your Correggio. You must absolutely persuade my lord the Count to give it up to him.

*Eug.* Ah! that will be difficult! It is an old picture—painted for one of my lord's ancestors. He won't part with it.

*Pscsth. (aside to Rosbif).* Never mind. If they won't sell it, so much the better, you know.

*Ros. (aside).* But—pardon me—it is the fellow to that which Signor Flutt bought; and, indeed, very superior. Besides—as I told you—buying it will be considered an attention to the family.

*Pscsth.* Well—but if they won't have the attention, you know—what can we do?

*Ros.* Press her—press her.

*Pscsth.* No. Pressing and paying too, I think, is rather too much.

*Ros.* Madam, my Lord here is afraid to importune you:—but you would do him the greatest favour in the world, if you could prevail on the Count to part with this picture.

*Eug.* Certainly: if you desire it, I'll try. But there is no chance of his selling it: he has refused, I know, already, several times, four hundred sequins. If his lordship, here, however, will honour us by accepting it as a gift, perhaps—

*Pscsth.* No: excuse me: I can't take any thing as a gift.

*Ros.* Well, well—but this is a difference that we can accommodate. My Lord here shall take the picture as a gift. And his lordship the Count shall do us the pleasure to accept four hundred sequins—not as a payment—but—to buy sugar-plums for the children.

*Pscsth.* But stop!—(*Aside, to Rosbif.*) Stop, I say—are you mad? Four hundred sequins! Two hundred guineas'-worth of sugar-plums! The poor babes will be poisoned. Give them something less.

*Eug.* Well, well! I do not promise: but I will try what can be done.

*Pscsth.* Humph! Really, if your ladyship does not succeed, it is of no great consequence.

*Eug.* Nay, Milord, when I have said I will try, you may conclude the thing—I believe—as done.

*Pscsth.* But, really—I would not wish to put the Count to any inconvenience.

*Eug.* Oh! no matter—no matter. Rely upon me. There are times, you know, when we wives may obtain almost what we will.

*Pscsth. (aside).* Humph! If you were my wife, you would obtain very little, I can tell you.

*Ros.* Well, then, this matter is settled. And now we may take our ride.—(*Exeunt.*)

An underplot is proceeding all this while, founded upon an intrigue between the Lady Eugenia and the bullying officer, whom we have before mentioned, and whose jealousy leads eventually to the detection of the Englishman's real rank. The best scenes of the play are those which arrange the frauds which are to be put upon the supposed foreign nobleman. During the whole of the scene just extracted, Count Ernesto is listening in an anti-room; and the subsequent quarrel about the division of the four hundred sequins, for which the picture is sold, has considerable merit. The lady says, that it is she who attracts the strangers, and insists upon having two hundred of the sequins out of the four. The Count protests that Rosbif is to have two hundred for his share, and reminds his wife that she may make money enough by taking in the guest at play. They are to carry him to play at a "bank," where a per centage is allowed to "bringers" upon all money won. And, to make the most of the opportunity, the lady is to play in partnership with Signor Psetth, who will then, in gallantry, be compelled to pay all upon every stake that loses, while she will share whenever they happen to be successful. For the ruin, however, of this, and a variety of other equally ingenious projects, it is decreed that Trivella, the *valet de place*, whom Rosbif has compelled to refund the money that he had privately cheated the Englishman of on his own account, in revenge, blows up the whole affair. The new lord ascertains that he is being fooled and plundered on all sides, and likely to return to England, if not a little wiser, at least considerably poorer than he left it. About the same time he receives a letter from his Sandrena, offering to accept an allowance of a hundred guineas a month; and calculating that his expenses on his visit to Rome will exceed five hundred, he finds that it will be a sparing of money, as well as an improvement in the manner of spending it, to close with the proposal. This resolution, of course, leads rapidly to the termination of the play. A concert is given by the "Marchesa Livia," to which Lord Psetth, at the recommendation of the Countess Eugenia, is invited; and he comes, with his friends and his cicerone, Rosbif; a pretty general expectation being excited of considerable plunder. On his entry, however, from some cause or other, his lordship appears sullen rather, and *distract*. He looks grimly; mutters occasionally to himself; and on being asked by some one "why he talks to himself?" answers, that it is "because he wishes to speak to a gentleman." In a moment after, a servant enters and whispers a message. It is, that his horses, for England, are ready at the door! He then rises, and addresses the company, who are expressing their surprize at so short a stay:—

"—Gentlemen, hear me! I came to Rome to travel, because I thought that that which had pleased my countrymen would please me. In this I was mistaken. Another cause why I left London was, because I hoped to forget a lady whom I desired to part from. In this I have also been mistaken. Since I have been in Rome, I have had to utter falsehoods about my rank: to admire a lady [the Countess, who is present] who is elegant; but whom I don't like so well as those whom I have left behind. I have had to observe a thousand things which did not interest me; and afterwards to praise, and, what was worse, to buy, things which pleased me less. Not to speak of being plundered by a Cicerone here—who is an honest man, I dare say, but who has the vice of robbing those who trust him. Now you have heard me, therefore, blame me for going back to London, if you can.—And—good night!"



The Englishman then disappears ; and the whole party, disappointed, fall out among themselves. The "Cavaliere Florido," (the quarrelsome gentleman) proclaims that Pseth is a shoemaker ; and the Marchesa Livia is furious at the introduction of such a person to her house. The Count Ernesto and his lady lay all the blame upon Rosbif, whom, they say, deceived them, and ought to be tossed in a blanket. And Rosbif then, being assailed on all sides, turns round and tells his persecutors plainly, that the fraud, if it is one, is only one which they ought to expect. That real English lords are not such ninnies as to come to Rome to buy cameos or relics ; or to pay thousands of pounds for pictures and statues, not worth a shilling, in order to get into "high society." There are many scenes in this play, and a considerable portion of the plot, which might be adopted, either to the French or the English stage, and become very pleasing and effective.

The *Prima Sera del Opera*, and the *Officio della Posta*, are both plays deriving their chief interest, as far as the English reader is concerned, from the specimens of Italian manners, which they present. The latter, which was presented subsequent to the *Calzolaio Inglese*, contains the character (by name) of "Signor Flutt," who is so constantly referred to, and probably had acquired a certain reputation, in that piece. Flutt, however, was better when he was heard of than when seen. In the latter play, he is merely a Dutch merchant ; shrewd and plodding ; but devoid of that whimsicality which distinguishes his admirer and prototype. The "First Night of the Opera," turns chiefly upon the efforts of two Italian cavaliers (a title which, as it is applied in these comedies, generally, might not very improperly be translated "swindlers") to procure a box for their mistresses on the first night of a new opera ; both being destitute of any means of paying for it. The scene in which this desired accommodation is coaxed out of a young booby citizen ; with the subsequent scene at the supper, which he pays for, where he is cut by all the people whom he is feasting ; both these scenes are graphically and spiritedly imagined. A scene, however, in another play—the last of the published series—a drama, in one act, called *La Bottega del Caffé nel Festino*, strikes us as affording a more novel picture of some Italian peculiarities : and as we can only find room for one extract farther, we shall conclude with a translation from it.

The action passes in a coffee-room—or saloon of refreshments—attached to and communicating with a theatre, in which a masquerade is going on. Seats are arranged in different parts of the apartment, the sides of which are divided into boxes, and the whole gaily lighted ; and there is a "bar" in the back ground, from which a waiter serves refreshments, as the company pass in and out. The first speaking character who enters, in the dress of a female, and masked, is "Giacinto," a silly lad, who is disposed to marry a girl of bad character, named "Rosina ;" and the cavalier who enters, escorting the supposed lady, is "Volpino," Giacinto's valet, who has brought his patron to the masquerade in disguise, that he may be convinced of Madam Rosina's infidelities.

*Gia. (as they enter).* Well ! but don't you see they are not here ? And I knew—I told you—they would not be. You think ill of every body ; you don't know the sort of girl Rosina is.

*Vol.* And you, Signor, don't know the sort of good lady, Mamma Susanna, her worthy mother, is.

*Gia.* Why is it that you always tell me "I don't know?" I am not an infant. I believe. Do you know that I am twenty years of age, and that I have finished my course of studies?

*Vol.* That is true. But there are things in the world which are not to be found in Cicero. The world is a library of itself. And for women—every one of them is a distinct book. You have scarcely read the frontispiece of one volume; and you already fancy yourself a doctor. You are far from that yet.

*Gia.* I'll not stay—I ought not to stay. Here I am, diverting myself at the masquerade; while my poor Rosina is at home, alone, thinking of me. I am shocked at the thought of such infidelity!

*Vol.* If this were all true, I see no infidelity.

*Gia.* It is an infidelity—an infidelity to a "*perfetto amore*."

*Vol.* There is no such thing as "*perfetto amore*"—except that which they sell in the coffee-houses. But still we are too early for our purpose. Sit down for a moment, while I speak to the people in the bar.

Giacinto takes a seat in one of the boxes; and Volpino calls aside Pistacchio (the waiter), who tells him that Rosina is not come to the masquerade, but that doubtless she will be there. He then promises, for a small bribe, to give Volpino notice as soon as she arrives. Volpino returns to his master. And then—Enter "the Marchesa Clarissa," leaning on the arm of her husband, "the Marquis Livio:" both masked—Pistacchio attending to them.

*Pistach.* This way, ladies: this way, gentlemen: this way, if you please. Is there any thing I can do to serve you?—(*Goes to serve various masks who enter.*)

*M. Livio.* Now, then, my dear, here we are in the coffee-room; and you must find somebody here to be a companion to you, or stay by yourself.

*M. Cla.* Why, surely, at all events, you would not leave me alone!

*M. Liv.* Why not? Better alone than with a husband, my dear! You have told me so a hundred times. I did not mind accompanying you as far as here; but, really—I came to the masquerade to divert myself. If I had wanted to be with my wife, I could have staid at home.

*M. Cla.* And is it possible you would be so uncivil?

*M. Liv.* And your *cavalier servente*, Count Spasimo, why is he so uncivil, as not to come and wait upon you?

*M. Cla.* Poor man! You know he has a dreadful head-ache, and could not leave home.

*M. Liv.* Oh! then, you ought to have sympathized—and staid at home, too!

The excellent Marquis here intimates, that, if the Count is ill, she ought to have brought some other lover; and a short dialogue ensues, in which he insists upon being left to himself; which, as we are compelled to condense the text a little (on account of its extent as well as occasional prolixity) we shall omit. The dispute is eventually settled by the entry of another character, "Signor Gerlino,"—a short-sighted, silly, impertinent, sponging, middle-aged gentleman of pleasure, who runs about, chattering to the different masks, poking his head into their faces, and endeavouring to discover his acquaintance. The Marquis desires this gentleman to take charge of his wife for the evening: but the last refuses, on the score that he has only "half a ticket:" he and a friend have taken one between them: and he must go away at midnight, to let the other come in. With some difficulty, he undertakes to attend to the

\* This point is not translatable. The liqueur called "*parfait amour*" in France, and "*perfetto amore*" in Italy, has not acquired any corresponding name in English.

lady, as long as he may stay; and the Marquis is thus liberated. The Marchioness consents in some ill-humour, proposing only to endure Signor Gerlino till she can find some companion more agreeable. They then retire up the stage.

*M. Liv. (coming forward).* This is a most unlucky night for me! What the deuce did I consent to come with my wife at all for! This Signor Gerlino will be planting her upon me again in a little time. I'm not in safety.

*Enter Mamma Susanna [this is the Fat Woman of the play]. She is an old lady, dressed in flaunting apparel, but shabby and very dirty; a rusty domino, or masquerade-cloak, soiled mask and gloves, and old dowdy hat or bonnet.*

*Sus.* Phew!—how hot the room is!—(*Fans herself, as she comes on, with a large fan.*) Sultry hot, indeed!—(*Sits down and calls*)—*Bottega!*\*

*Pistac.* Here, your ladyship.

*Sus.* Did Count Spasimo leave orders, that if I wanted refreshment I should have it?

*Pis.* No orders, Mamma Susanna.

*Sus.* What! has he not been here with my daughter? Why, then that jade is dancing the second country dance, and never thinks of me, who am dying with thirst! But, hark ye, young man! You know me? You can bring me some lemonade, and the Count will pay for it when he comes.

*Pis.* So! (*Aside.*)—I must run and earn my six paoli.† Rosina is coming.—(*Looks round for Volpino.*)—Mamma Susanna, I am very sorry: but my master has ordered me not to serve any thing to-night without the money.

*Sus.* Nothing without money! What a scandal! But the Count shall know it, when he comes with Rosina.

*M. Liv. (to Pistacchio—observing Susanna).* Who is that horrid woman, my friend?

*Pis.* It is "Mamma Susanna," my Lord, at your Excellency's commands. She wants lemonade now, and the Count Spasimo to pay for it, when he comes with her daughter.

*M. Liv. (aside).* The Count Spasimo! Why, this is excellent! My wife believes him at home, with the head-ache. If they should meet, what a scene we shall have! But I shall make use of this opportunity to figure a little with Signora Rosina myself. The deuce is in these girls: it is not one time in ten that we married men have a chance to come near them. However, I see my way now. And so—till the daughter appears—here goes to divert ourselves with the mother!—A good night to you, good lady!—(*Addressing Susanna.*)

*Sus.* A very good night to you, Signor Maschera!‡

*M. Liv.* What have you done with Rosina this evening?

*Sus.* Rosina! I don't understand you, Sir. I don't know any Rosina.

*M. Liv.* Oh, you don't know Rosina—don't you? Well, but what if I know, good Mamma Susanna, who you are? And that you have come here to the masquerade with your daughter? And what if I know that she is here with Count Spasimo, too, and not with Giacinto? Oh! you are playing a pretty game with that poor lad. But I shall tell him of it.

*Sus.* Oh, Lord! But, for charity's sake, now don't! But who are you, Signor, that know us thus, and all our affairs?

*M. Liv.* Oh, no matter who I am. I am going to Giacinto now, and I shall tell him—

*Sus.* But, Signor!—pray! For charity's sake!—for my sake, Signor!

*M. Liv.* Humph! It is rather late in the day to do any thing for your sake, Mamma Susanna. I might do something for your daughter's. But, come!

\* "*Bottega*" is the Italian phrase for calling in a coffee-house. It is equal to the French "*garçon*," or the English "*waiter*."

† This is the bribe promised him by Volpino, for telling when Rosina comes.

‡ The cant address of one mask to another.



Let us see if we can make a bargain. Let me dance a country dance with your daughter, and I promise to be silent.

*Sus.* But, Signor, that cannot be. Because I am a woman of honour; and my daughter has come here to dance with the Count Spasimo.

*M. Liv.* Well! but if I get his consent—what do you say then?

*Sus.* Ah, well—in that case—any thing you please! But—will you do me the favour, in the mean time, to order me a jelly?

*M. Liv.* Oh, with all my heart, Mamma! And I like that style of expression—"Order" me!—instead of saying, "Treat" me. It divides the blow, instead of laying it on all at once.—*Bottega!* a jelly for this good lady.

*Sus.* And, boy—d'ye hear?—biscuits and patties with it.

*Pistac.* Directly, Madam.

*Sus.* And, d'ye hear!—some cakes of gingerbread, bring; and six wafer cakes.

*M. Liv.* Ha! ha! the whole stock of the shop, if you like, Mamma. But you will burst.

*Sus.* (taking the jelly, &c. from the waiter). Oh, burst! But how, Signor, can you say that! Would it not grieve you, if I were to burst?

*M. Liv.* Why—really—not much, Mamma. Because good ladies like you were scarce at one time: but they are plenty now.

*Enter the Count Spasimo, richly dressed, but closely covered up, and masked.—Rosina with him, elegantly attired, and without a mask.*

*Count S.* (laughing to *Rosina*). Ha! ha! Poor Mamma Susanna!—how anxiously she will be expecting us all this while!

*Ros.* Oh, no matter: we had better have danced another dance. But (sees *Susanna*) there is our mother, and eating jellies. (*Aside*)—Who can that mask be that has given them to her? (*Shews herself, coming forward*)—Much good may it do you, mother!

*Sus.* (pocketting the wafers). Ah, Miss! is it you? A pretty time have I waited! I might have died of thirst before you would have recollected me, when you were dancing!

*Ros.* Well! And we come to balls to dance, mother!

*Count S.* *Rosina!*—(*Aside*)—Take care not to call me by my name.

*M. Liv.* (still masked, but mixing in the conversation). At your age, Signora, true. But, at poor Mamma's time of life, you know, we want something more substantial. (*Aside to Susanna*)—Tell your daughter she is to dance with me; while I deal with the Count.—(*Accosts the Count in dumb shew, and takes him aside.*)

*Ros.* Mother, who is that mask?

*Sus.* He is a gentleman, I think—I don't know who. But he wants to dance a dance with you.

*Ros.* Indeed, but he won't.

*Sus.* But, I tell you, he must. In the first place, I think he is a man of rank: there is no knowing what may be got by him. And, besides, he knows Giacinto; and says, if you don't dance with him, he'll tell of our being here with the Count to-night.

*Ros.* Oh, heavens! he must not do that. Giacinto is a booby: but, I think, he may marry me.

*M. Liv.* (coming forward with the Count, to whom he has been talking). It is of no use. I tell you, you are the Count Spasimo. Susanna has confessed it to me.

*Count S.* (*aside*). Curse her tongue!

*M. Liv.* Now, my wife is here. You know the consequence, if she sees you. If you don't let me dance with *Rosina*, I'll call her this moment.

*Count S.* (*aside*). The devil he will! Well, Marquis! provided you keep my secret, I must give her to you. But for one dance only—and you'll bring her back?

*M. Liv.* I am discreet: that satisfies me. (*To Rosina*)—Fair lady! your

friend here is so good as to give you up to me as a partner for the next dance.

Count S. If it does not displease you, Rosina, I do beg you to favour this gentleman: he is a friend of mine. And—

Ros. Oh, I shall obey, certainly.—*(She goes off with the Marquis.)*

Sus. Heigho! Well, you see, Count, what confidence I have in you. That stranger is only a friend of your's, and I trust my daughter with him directly.

Count S. That stranger is the devil, and I wish he had you with all my heart. Why did you discover my name to him?

Sus. Me discover! He knew it all; and I could not convince him otherwise: he would not believe me.—But, dear Signor Count! cannot you order me some little refreshment? For when one loses a night's rest at a place like this, one wants something to sustain one.

Count S. Oh, sustain yourself as much as you will.—*Bottega!*

Pistac. Your Excellency!

Count S. Give this—lady—what she pleases, and I will pay for it. Shall I give you some money now?

Pistac. Impossible, my Lord: quite unnecessary. Since I have the honour to know your lordship.

Count S. The deuce! What, do you know me, too?—and through this mask?

Pistac. It is true, my Lord—the mask—But Mamma Susanna told me who your lordship was.

Count S. Confound her tongue!—Pistacchio! don't you name me to any one!

Pistac. On no account, my Lord.—*(The Count then sits down in a distant part of the room in ill-humour; and the Fête continues:—masks passing in and out.)*

Sus. The Count is in an ill-temper, because he is forced to give up my daughter. Well! that is his affair.—Pistacchio! *(calls.)* Pistacchio!

Pistac. Here am I, Signora Susanna.

Sus. And am I to call twenty times, before I am served?

Pistac. Do be so good, Signora, as to come and sit by the side of the bar. You give me so many journeys.

Sus. I don't choose to sit up there: the festival is not seen from there.

Pistac. But if you knew how conveniently you can sleep there!—and the hour is coming for you to have a nap. A mamma awake three hours after the masque has begun!—I never heard of such a thing! Come—come up to the other end.

Sus. No.

Pistac. Well, now, be good; or I won't give you paper to make pottles, and you shall have to carry home all the sweetmeats crushed and broken.—Come—come.

Sus. Well—as you will. Only carry me a jug of Cyprus wine up to that bench, and some more patties.

Pistac. Ha! there are no patties baked yet.

Sus. Pshaw! Not baked? Then bring me some macaroons.

Pistac. How many dozen?

Sus. Dozen! why you talk as if I was a glutton. Eight or ten dozen will be plenty. But be quick.

*[She sits down in the back of the box next to the bar, and, after eating and drinking enormously, falls asleep with the pastry in her hand.]*

*Giacinto and Volpino come out of their box, and reconnoitre.*

Vol. Well! are you convinced now?

Gia. I'll stab her to the heart!

Vol. Folly! Laugh at the adventure, and have done with her. There her mother sits, asleep! Do you see her?

Gia. And Rosina in this place, and alone!

*Count S. (observing Giacinto).* That is a fine figure of a woman—that mask! If I could get her, I should not mind that cursed Marquis having carried away Rosina?

*Gia.* Volpino! do you observe how that cavalier is watching us? Do you think he knows us?

*Vol.* It is because he does *not* know us: he takes you for a woman. It is the Count Spasimo, one of your mistress's lovers.

*Count S. (still watching Giacinto).* I wish that fellow were away—I'd speak to her.

*Gia.* Volpino! he looks as if he was going to talk to us.

*Vol.* Let him. I'll speak first. If we can get into conversation, we shall hear all Rosina's history.

During this part of the scene, Susanna wakes, from time to time, in her box; and calls for fresh wine and cakes—then goes to sleep eating. Volpino accosts Count Spasimo, by his name; and affects to know him. The Count enters into the frolic, and desires to be introduced to Giacinto, whom he takes to be a woman. Volpino then tells him that the lady is his niece.

*Vol.* Young lady! this gentleman does you the compliment to desire to be introduced to you.

*Count S.* I shall be the happiest man in the world in knowing so fair a form.

*Gia.* You jest, Sir. Besides, I could have but little hope against the lady—Rosina—from whom you just now parted. (*Aside*)—How he will speak of her!

*Count S.* Ah, Rosina! Why you could not think me capable seriously of throwing myself away upon her! Pardon me: young men visit such women for fashion's sake, or to divert themselves for an hour, but never for any thing farther. Indeed, Rosina is going to be married shortly, I believe—to a lad—a very good boy—a simpleton—one named, I think, Giacinto.

*Gia. (aside).* The devil damn him!

*Vol.* Indeed! And have you ever seen this Giacinto.

*Count S.* I think I have seen him in her house. But I'm not sure: because when these citizens come where we men of rank are, they of course are either sent away again—or go into the kitchen—or——

*Gia. (aside).* Volpino! I can't stand this.

*Vol. (aside).* Patience! (*Aloud*)—And this Giacinto, I suppose, is the mask that Rosina is now dancing with?

*Count S.* No, poor boy: no. He is not at the masquerade at all. They made him believe Rosina was not coming. I was just coming in at her door, when I heard the lad go away, wishing her a very good night.—But will you take a turn in the dancing-room?

*Gia. (aside to Volpino).* Let us go—that I may meet this perfidious woman! Oh! if I was at home now, what sonnets could I write against infidelity!

[*The three go off.*]

*Sus. (calling in her sleep).* More patties!

*Pistac. (looking out).* Why, her hands are full of them still!

*Enter Signor Gerlino.*

*Ger.* Praised to the heavens! I have at last found somebody to give the Marchioness Clarissa up to.—*Bottega!* (*A lad presents himself.*)—No, my good child—I don't want you: I want Pistacchio—if he is within.—Ah, Pistacchio!—Good night, good boy!—Do you know me?

*Pistac.* Oh! yes, my Lord: I have often observed your spectacles under the masks.

*Ger.* Aye, well—I want a half glass of lemonade. You don't make quarters of glasses now, do you?

*Pistac.* No, my Lord—nor yet halves: on masquerade nights, nothing but whole glasses. That is my master's order.



*Ger.* Oh, that is very fine, indeed ! I am to overload my stomach to please your master. Who is there can drink a whole lemonade ?

*Pistac.* My Lord, it is my master's order.

*Ger.* Deuce take it ! But, Pistacchio ! go round, and find some one else, can you, who only wants half a glass—and we can divide one ?

*Pistac.* Signor, it is not possible for me to go round, asking who wants half a glass of lemonade.

*Ger.* Well, well—then we will settle it another way. I am going out of the hall directly, and a friend of mine is to come in. I can drink my half of the whole glass of lemonade now ; and when he comes, you can give him the other half.

*Pistac.* It is not possible.

*Ger.* Why, what difference can it make, whether you sell the two halves, or a whole ?

*Pistac.* My Lord, it is the orders of the house.

*Ger.* Well, I will not have a whole glass : I shall go without first.

Gerlino then quits the subject of lemonade, and asks a long string of questions from Pistacchio, as to the names and titles of several of the company. The latter at length breaks away by force, leaving him seated in one of the chairs. Then—enter the Marquis Livio, and Rosina, but upon ill terms : the latter now masked.

*M. Liv.* Well, well, let us find your companion, and I shall resign you to him directly. I scarcely expected to have found so little encouragement from you.

*Ros.* If I knew who you were, perhaps you might have found more.—But the Count Spasimo is not here !

*M. Liv.* (*looking round*). So it appears !

*Ros.* Then let us go and seek him.

*M. Liv.* No : pardon me. I have fulfilled my promise. I have brought you back here ; and I shall now wish you good evening.

*Ros.* But you will not leave me alone !

*M. Liv.* By no means. See—(*pointing to Susanna*)—here is your mother.—(*He goes off.*)

*Ros.* (*alone*). Insolent man ! The Count is not here.—I must call my mother.

*Ger.* (*observing*). The Marquis has left that lady alone.

*Ros.* I am ashamed to call her—she is asleep.

*Ger.* (*approaching*). Fair lady, do you look for any one ?

*Ros.* Oh, Signor Gerlino, I thank you. Don't you know me ? I recollect you very well. Will you have the goodness to wake that lady yonder ? It is my mother. Tell her to come to me here.

*Ger.* Certainly. (*Going to Susanna*)—Signora ! Signora !—She does not hear : I must shake her a little.—(*Shakes her.*)

*Sus.* (*still asleep*). More patties !

*Ger.* Get up, Signora ! Your daughter—Rosina—wants you.

*Sus.* (*half asleep*). If Rosina wants them, here are four.—(*Giving some macaroons to Gerlino.*) I can't spare any more.

*Ger.* (*putting the patties into his pocket*). They come rather equivocally : but we must not refuse good things.—But, Signora ! (*to Susanna*)—Get up ! Your daughter wants you ! Get up !

*Sus.* (*still asleep*). If my daughter wants any thing, let her ask the Count for it.

*Ger.* Ask who—who ? (*Aside*)—Oh ! now I shall know who it is that Rosina came here with.—Ask who ?

*Sus.* Ask the Count Spasimo, who is with her.

*Ger.* Count Spasimo ! Excellent ! Why, the Marchioness Clarissa, whom I have been taking care of, believes him sick in bed. What a scene there will be ! And my half-ticket is almost out ! I shall not be able to stay to see it.

Our limits already exceeded, compels us to break off here ; and a great part of the dialogue we have already been under the necessity of condensing. But the scene from this point runs on with the rapidity, and almost with the intricacy of a scene in pantomime, to the end of the interlude. Gerlino continues trying, in vain, to wake Susannah, who keeps replying to what he says, in her sleep, and constantly exclaiming—"More Patties," while the crowd of masks who pass by, stop to laugh ; and Rosina exclaims—"The whole room is looking at her ! I shall die with shame !" In a few moments, the Count Spasimo enters, with Giacinto, under his arm, whom he still takes to be a woman ; and Rosina charges him with perfidy and ill manners for quitting her. Volpino, by joining in the conversation, contrives to speak of her attachment for Giacinto ; whom she directly reviles, saying, that he is her dupe only, and that she detests him ; and never meant any thing more than to marry him. On this, Giacinto loses patience, and discovers himself, overwhelming her with reproaches and surprising all the company, and most, the Count Spasimo ; who finds that the supposed woman is a man. At the same moment, the Marchioness Clarissa comes in, and seeing the Count, flies upon him. He runs off : she follows ; and the Marquis Livio hastens after them, to prevent his wife from exposing herself in public. In the mean while, Susannah wakes, half tipsy. The general affair gets buzzed round the room, and the ladies find themselves in some danger of being affronted. Being then in utter distress, and unable to find any other protection, they are compelled to beg Signor Gerlin to see them home ; who assents. As they are going off (making already but a bad retreat) Mamma Susanna's pottles of sweetmeats and cakes break, and fall about the room. And the curtain drops upon this last unlucky accident, amid the laughter of the crowd, and cries of "More Patties !"

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#### THE ADVENTURER'S STORY.

'Tis a melancholy thing for those who possess any romance of character, to find how little of the savage is now remaining to us. Men very generally wear skirts to their coats, and brigands, pirates, bandit chiefs, and others of the same interesting species, are growing very tame. 'Gad ! it was a satisfaction to be pilfered in those days, when a tall horseman in black, struck with the appearance of your travelling carriage, insinuated a pale aristocratic hand, and declared as he was a gentleman, that your purse was all he desired. But this, after all, was but a silly mode of entertainment, compared with the horrible delights of an all but murder in Italy, or the Black Forest. Singular the sweetness of being torn from your family, thumped on the head by genuine desperadoes, gagged, blindfolded, handcuffed, or what not, and after a fortnight of bread and water, giving up half your patrimony as a ransom. Ye mountains of Abruzzi, and ye dear villains, who were wont to murder so beautifully, though I have never myself been slain, nor robbed of aught but two bad pocket handkerchiefs, somewhere near Covent Garden.—Oh ! sabres, scymitars, caves, and all other bloody places !—Oh ! money and lives lost.—Oh ! daughters ravished !—Oh ! eternal ruin !—What rapturous visions do these holy ideas excite !

Such have been the exclamations of some amongst the giddy rout, who rush from merry England for excitement abroad. I grieve for the

professor of these tenets, that police laws, like snuffers, have cleared away so many thieves;—it is distressing to think, that even Lord Cochrane should have taken arms against the pirates, and that so few adventures being to be had now-a-days, foreign land is no longer desirable, as a genteel means of procuring them. From my heart I believe, that sundry patches of our own metropolis are as hopeful a soil for such a produce as any between Dan and Beersheba. Looking over a map, you may see dark unenclosed parts, where men seem to grow up in a rugged and wild state, and odd things waddling about, perform unknown vocations in garb so compound, that men and women are indistinguishable, and dogs, cats, monkeys, and little Christians grow up together like kin creatures.

This is not much to the purpose.—I had a friend, who, with knapsack on back, launched himself from England, to forget, if possible, the vile common places of his native land. He was a man of singular temper—perhaps I should call him rather *too* heteroclite, but that his crotchets were generally harmless. Yet the being a continual exception to the common rule of humanity, made his companions rather more like so many dittos of each other than was agreeable,—for their little deviations and small eccentricities, seemed very ordinary by the side of his exceeding crookedness.

We left Falmouth together in a Mediterranean packet.—France was dull, and land-travelling insipid, unless the road happened to be unfrequented.—But a first voyage is a sad tamer of your wild spirits. And when poor Roberts appeared on deck after his noviciate of sickness, it was strange to hear him babble of his relations, and wonder how far it might be to Gibraltar.

“And,” said he, “I should like to know how Napoleon looked in a gale of wind? Was he faint of heart think you, when these desperate lurches,—here’s one,—take care Ned—take care!—I thought we had been down!—Eh? they call *that* a sea, don’t they?—these hanged sailors are never satisfied but with a hurricane. But I was asking just now, whether Alexander,—no, whether Napoleon was likely to suffer much from this torture, which I can’t help thinking.”

Here was a pause, during which all the features of his face seemed to undergo a change of position;—his lips quivered, but uttered nought.

“What can’t you help thinking, Roberts?”

“Eh?—Think? was I thinking?—what can it matter,—to-morrow Ned, to-morrow we’ll talk all about it;—better weather then,—I hope to-morrow”—

And so saying, he tottered down the ladder to his hospital berth below.

All this was forgotten on the morning of our arrival at Cadiz. I had just made my appearance on deck, when he came up to me rubbing his hands, with a real chuckle. “At last, Ned; at last.—Just look around you, my boy; did you ever see such a bay? Yonder’s St. Mary’s, and that’s Chiclona, and this large white town on the shore is Cadiz itself, and those dark hills, are called—let’s see—St. Mary’s—Chiclana.—No hang it!—I’ve forgotten their name. But never mind; look at these ships—scarcely two of a nation, ye see. That odd little thing with the raking masts is a brig of war from Brazil. They are just saluting her. She’s the first that ever was saluted. Then see a Sardinian cruiser, and the Barbary flag. Oh! but I haven’t yet introduced you to my friend.” And he pointed to the harbour pilot, who had just come on



board,—a dark ill-favoured dog, scowling beneath a flat round hat, ornamented with tags and tassels.

"There's a man for you;" cried my Cicerone, "he does not understand a word of English, I promise you. Isn't there *rogue* written on his countenance? I only wish I could converse with him a little." And with that he darted off to the Spaniard, and commenced a strange parley, wherein all his knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French was employed. This was only interrupted by the arrival of the shore-boat, in which we were soon conveyed to land. Roberts was in ecstasies. He thought the quay the masterpiece of human labour;—the gateway—gods! a triumphal arch for Jupiter himself. Then the various people in their national costumes: the priest bowing to the salutations of the mob; the venders of fruit at their little stalls; the military in French uniforms! 'Twas almost too much for him. He was not to be moved from the Plaza San Antonio, and in the first church that we visited, we established an intelligence with a "girl at her devotions," that rendered him quite untractable.

We had agreed to assemble, after our rambles, at an English inn, kept by one Wall, a fellow countryman. There was provided a repast, seemingly all dainties, after our sea privations, and with true relish was it discussed. But one of our party failed in the agreement; Roberts had not arrived. The captain began to be nervous; where to seek him, or with what success, he could not guess, and in less than an hour he must set sail for Gibraltar. Well! the time passed on, and we were almost in despair, when in rushed our mislaid friend; breathless, and, according to Sternhold and Hopkins, "flying all abroad." He took a chair, put out his hand towards me, and addressed the packet master:—

"Captain, I must leave you. Not for long, perhaps,—but leave you I must."

"What freak now, Roberts?" I asked.

"Ah! Ned, does that question come from you? Why, 'tis a freak in which I think you'll join me.—I am going to Gibraltar by land!"

"By land, Roberts?"

"Aye, my boy,—on a mule. I have engaged two, one for a guide;—a third can be hired in a minute, if you'll come,—will you?"

"By no means; and surely my good fellow"

"Hush, now, no waste of breath—they are waiting for me. All I have to say is—once more and lastly,—can you refuse this glorious expedition over the hills in a new country, and so avoid that hanged tossing about at sea?"

"And how shall you like the easy motion of your mule, think you?"

"I care not."

"And the language—have you an interpreter?"

"Pooh! who wants one? Not I—I want nothing of the sort; but I did expect that you, Ned, would have liked my scheme; I thought you were just the man. But never mind; give me your hand, old fellow, we shall meet at Gib., and I'll tell you all about it."

He was off in a moment; but the hour for our meeting was not so soon as he then arranged it to be.

A long while after this occurrence, I was sitting in a coffee-room at Venice with an old friend; and, for aught I know, talking of this very person and these same events, when a tall man, with light coloured mustachoes, and a red Albanian cap, entered the apartment. He was giving directions to the waiter, in French; and when at length he sate down at

the common table with ourselves, it was not at first evident that his sunburnt visage was that of my eccentric crony, Roberts. Such, however, was the case. To recognise him was not easy, but his eyes had no sooner fallen on me, than he exclaimed with all his former heartiness, "What, my good friend, Ned, are you here? Well! the very last person! And you too, Harvey? This is a pleasure! I fancied I was come to a land of strangers, and I am greeted by two of the best fellows I ever knew." And so saying, he grasped us heartily by the hand, with a force that might almost have seemed unfriendly.

"I am not the same youth, you see, as when you left me."

"Pardon me," said I, "when you left us."

"Aye, aye, it was so; well, never mind that; I have since then seen strange things."

"And what became of you after you trotted away from Cadiz?"

"Why, why—I tell you what, Ned, about that we'll say nothing;—perhaps 'twas a foolish affair—but 'tis past; and now for other matters."

"But my dear Roberts—"

"No, Ned—I entreat you, as you love me, not a syllable about it."

And the matter has remained a mystery unto this day. Anon, we came to the subsequent adventures of the hero. The Chroniclers of that period may perhaps tell some of his valiant deeds; his perils by water and flood; his gay enterprises and happy achievements. But for me, poor tale-teller as I am, such a memorial is too weighty. He had been roving up and down the East, a complete knight-errant, and with much success, if to be injured, and beaten, and maltreated, in all moods, have in them aught that may seem satisfactory. How he descanted upon the Black Flag of the Archipelago, and the freebooters of the Morea! What marvellous 'scapes of annihilation had he undergone! My pulses beat more fiercely than is their wont, as I remind me of his long disasters amongst Jews and Heathens, 'Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' These were recounted in suitably long discourse, and I began to consider him prolix, just at the point when Harvey had set him down as a gasconader. But still he proceeded in wordy toil, and not a bit seemed anxious to abate, when one of his hearers showed first symptoms of impatience.

"Roberts," said he; "I beg pardon for interrupting you; but was not your ardour subdued by these everlasting trials of it?"

"Not in the least, my boy, as you shall hear."

"Nay, but one other word first;—are you still willing to encounter these mishaps, as we should call them, even though you have had such a life of them?"

"Why, yes," replied the other, "if any present themselves."

"Humph!" drawled out Harvey, and sate patiently till the budget was exhausted, and we parted for the night.

On the following morning, as we were sitting together after breakfast, a small dirty piece of paper, folded up in a most careful fashion, was delivered to Roberts. The superscription, written in bold, strong characters, was French; and the contents were expressed in the same language, fortunately for Roberts, who as yet knew scarcely a word of Italian. He read it, twisted his moustache, re-read it, smiled, stared, and swallowed at a draught a boiling cup of coffee. Then, mute as the grave, he handed the despatch to me, which ran as follows:—"Sir—We have heard of you, no matter how, down the Adriatic. To-morrow night a deed is to be done, which requires such gallants as yourself. Our numbers are incomplete. If you will join us in this enterprise, a gondola

with three men will be at the stairs of St. Marco, at the hour of the Riti-vata; embark in it, and try your valour.—SPALATRO."

I looked at him, and he at me. I did not counsel, for he was not the person to benefit from ghostly comfort, and perhaps in this instance I disappointed him.

"What do you purpose doing?"

"Go—go; I *must* go. They have smelt me out even here; that hanged affair at Smyrna made me so notorious. And what can it be, think you?—a pirate—smuggler, or mere land-slayer? I care not—go I must."

And go he did.

On the following night he marched to the place of rendezvous, with his moustache more than ordinarily cocked up at the corners, in the semblance of a curl. He had been all the morning studying a volume of "Familiar Conversations;" and to confirm his spirit, a heavy flask had been stored with cordials. It was a raw night, and not a star twinkled as he got into the gondola, manned by the unusual complement of three men. For a short time a solemn silence prevailed: but as the canal widened, and gradually merged into the open water, Roberts's anxiety could be no longer restrained.

"Is there any gentleman here named Spalatro?"

One of the three answered, in bad French, that "the Captain was not with them."

"Where shall we meet him?"

"I may not say."

"What undertaking has he on hand to-night—can you tell me that?"

"Not I," was the brief reply; and the uncourteous subaltern gazed back on the canal from the stern of the boat, where he had taken his position.

This sort of mystery, however, was just as it should be; and Roberts hummed the tag end of "Row, brothers, row." But the sons of Venice are minstrels by inheritance, and the cue being now given, his companions at their oars lacked no vehemence of lungs as each trolled forth a favourite ditty:—

"Ninetta Caretta  
Se assai piu ben fatta,  
Ma st' altra e piu matta  
Scaldada da amor."

And the sweet warbler gave place to his fellows, who in shrill falsetto pipes squeaked forth the remnant:—

"El' omo xe' un tomo  
Lo istizza lo impizza  
Le Donne che stuzzega  
La punta del cuor."

This was all very amusing to poor Roberts, who not comprehending a syllable, of course deemed the burthen to be of wars and tumults; but when the Primo Senore, with replenished windpipe, chimed into the chorus,

"El' omo xe' un tomo," &c.

Mine hero considered this bellowing somewhat indiscreet, if not unbecoming, in men so circumstanced. But his little plans of reform fell to the ground, for no question could elicit a polysyllabic answer from Spalatro's representative; and surely if to be taciturn were to be seemly, he played his part to perfection.

They rowed onward, occasionally talking to each other in a low tone,



then bursting forth with some new canzonets, though seldom without a taste of "Ninette Caretta." All this while Spalatro's deputy, sate in moody abstraction, nothing dashed. He spoke not, he sang not, but singular suppressed sounds, like bubbles at the mouth of a fountain, were half distinguished by his new companion in arms, as playing upon his lips, and only imprisoned by force of pocket-handkerchief. It was very cold, and poor Roberts felt as though the enterprise lost somewhat for want of better society. He could not learn in what direction they were steering, nor at what distance was the desired spot, nor the nature of the affair; in short he was becoming melancholic. The lights of Venice, still reflected on the water, half seduced him from his love of romance, and a little ennui tempted him to dose. But the minister of Spalatro forbade the latter effort, by tapping the defective enthusiast on the skull, as though he wished to know who might be at home. And with this rebuke for his sluggishness, he mumbled some gibberish, as it seemed to the gondoliers, who thereupon struck up the following words:

"El gusto del boccolo  
Ga Nina vezzosa  
Ma quel della rosa  
Ga Betta per me,  
El naso sul boccolo."

"Hang the brocoli! When the devil shall we get to the end of this very long voyage?" here piteously exclaimed Roberts, tired of the song, tired of his occupation, tired of his thoughts.

"Eh! Sir?" replied the other, "our voyage, for the present, is terminated." And hereupon giving directions to the boatmen, the gondola was run along a little neck of land, so low on the water as to have previously escaped notice. He got out, presenting his hand to Roberts, who followed him without delay. They advanced a few steps, when the other, in a quick decided tone, thus addressed him:—"I must here leave you. Wait patiently till the arrival of the captain or my own return. Be vigilant." He turned away, and almost instantly the splash of oars was audible, and the voices of the gondoliers were soon assuring the desolate hero, that

"El naso sul boccolo  
Nol gode mai tanto,  
Me quando l' e spanto  
El bon ghe senti."

"Fol-de-riddle-li-do," grumbled out my friend; when he found himself alone. Determined, however, not to be outdone by a brace of lubberly Venetians. "Strange place," thought he, "strange people—devilish strange place! Is it the continent, or an island?" How could he determine? It was dark as pitch,—nothing to guide or comfort him. The last notes of the merry boatmen died away in the distance, and he began to consider himself ill-treated. His first idea was to survey the territory. But the ground was so swampy and uneven as to offer a very insecure footing, and a rash step brought him down with a prodigious cadence. He was half soused in water, and after extrication his better judgment condemned the idea of geographising without a lantern. He tried astronomy: but the heavenly bodies were gone, like decent bodies, to their slumbers, and as he gazed around about for a stray *roué* of a luminary, his cheek was saluted by a heavy drop of rain, the precursor of a severe shower. Was there no shelter—no alternative? Must he stand there like a scare-crow, to be laughed at by the elements? A second migratory movement was as unsuccessful as the first. He grew

fidgetty and cross. "Hang this Spalatro!" cried he aloud; but the echo of his own voice was rather too loud and sudden to be comfortable. So he spoke no more openly.

"Hang this Spalatro!" thought he to himself, "he's a bad general, however he may answer as a captain. Who could think of enlisting an amateur like myself, and teaching his gratuitous services with such indifference? Why didn't I discover the arrangements of the night before I sate myself down as an audience to those two mad ballad-singers?—There they go, or something like them. I can see the lamp—Heavens! at what a distance! But stop—surely I see something glimmering not far off—Can it be a light on shore here?"—

And turning round, he attempted to approach the quarter whence a faint gleam seemed to sparkle; but he found that the land was intersected by currents of water, more or less deep and wide, and frequent was the immersion which his lower man encountered in this chase. Still he seemed to advance, and, in a sanguine spirit, nothing begrudged the toil and travel: when, lo! the beacon disappeared! He was again in utter darkness, numbed with cold, hopeless, and out of humour. He sate down upon a comparatively firm plot of ground, and with the courage of despair halloed towards the faithless luminary. There was no immediate answer; but as he sate ruminating on his forlorn condition, with no disposition to uplift his voice again, a sudden flash of intense light glared full on his face, with such force as to compel him for a moment to avert his head. But this also, like the more distant apparition, passed away. He had not recovered a steady strength of vision, before it was gone, and his nerves were no longer what they had been. Was it a wraith, a devil, or an earth-born monster? He feared each in succession, and as he heard an indistinct splashing of water at no great distance, his courage utterly forsook him, and he imagined that it was, like Cerberus, all the "three gentlemen at once." The cold and faint-heartedness which now quickly stole upon him, made each particular limb mercurial. He began to blaspheme; but oaths became him not in his dejection. He strove to whistle: but the chattering of his teeth, reminded him of Judas's bones, rattled about at Easter, in Catholic ceremonials. His voice waxed feeble; he knew not what manner of man he was; and, gazing wildly around him, he deemed himself an inhabitant of Chaos. Poor fellow!—he forgot his flask;—no wonder he had forgotten himself!

It seemed to him that an eternity had elapsed in this pleasant manner, when the sound of human voices caught his ear. He listened with all his senses, and could presently distinguish a mongrel noise with which he fancied himself familiar. It became more and more distinct, and at last he could for a certainty recognise the

"El naso sul boccolo."

"God bless the brocoli!" shouted the distressful man, straining every faculty to become the better conscious of the approaching ship of promise. And, certes, it did approach, and without long delay, was moored beside the projecting bit of land, whereon stood the newly animated Roberts, like Pygmalion's statue, "timidly expanding into life."

"Quick, quick, Sir, no loitering," cried the saturnine Lieutenant; "we must away, or your excellency will lose promotion."

"Where is Signor Spalatro?"

"Oh! he's far enough off; but we'll overtake him, if you will but move. Are you coming?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I shall be well content to go anywhere,

but if I have a preference for one place beyond another, it certainly, at this moment, is for Venice."

"For Venice?" ejaculated the freebooter.

"For Venice," sneakingly faltered the martyr.

"Sir, 'tis impossible! You have done nothing as yet, and I shall miss my bounty, if I fail to bring my aid.—'Tis impossible!"

"But, good Monsieur, I am quite useless as a coadjutor in my present state, whatever your employment may be;" whined Roberts.

"Then stay where you are.—Antonio!" cried he, to one of the boatmen,—and in a few words of Italian, seemed to give directions for pushing off; when farther progress was stayed, by the supplicatory appeal of the miserable amateur.

"Good Sir, excellent Monsieur, as I live, you shall not repent it; I'll make intercession with Spalatro."

"It cannot be."

"I'll give you an equivalent for your loss."

"'Tis not enough."

"I'll give you more—aye, any thing you demand."

"Will you, though?" sleekly demanded the other; and a negotiation was immediately opened. The deliberation which followed was not long protracted, when the terms were to be settled by one of the parties only, and accordingly the sum of fifty Talari was agreed upon as the price of his reconveyance, and the satisfied lieutenant was to call at mid-day on the following morning.

They returned in mute pomp, and Roberts shrunk to bed.

Early the next day, I invaded his room for the purpose of hearing the events of the important night, and was sitting with him, when Harvey and a friend were announced; they came in, and the unknown visitor was introduced as a Captain Montgomery. A little desultory conversation ensued, in which the captain took no part, till at last, during a pause—one indeed of many caused, by an unaccountable awkwardness in our friend Roberts—the stranger opened his mouth for the first time with these singular words:—

"I have taken the liberty of calling on you, for the fifty Talari, according to covenant."

"The devil!" shrieked Roberts. "You?"

"If you please, unless you prefer to merit a release by another trial of the Marshes of Lerida."

"You?—How do you happen to know?"

"Only as the lieutenant of my captain, here, Spalatro;" pointing to Harvey; "who wisely kept out of the way, and a plague on him for his prudence."

"Surely this is a mistake."

"Well, then, Mr. Roberts—shall I give you the whole cantata of Ninetta Caretta?" And he commenced the song.

"No—for goodness' sake" cried poor Roberts.

"Will you scamper with me over the marshes, in pursuit of our boy's decoy lamp?"

"In pity, my dear fellow!"

"Or shall the lad flash his dark lantern in your eyes again?" But Roberts had said his say;—he sate in turbulent reflection amidst roars of hearty laughter at the result of the freak; and before they had subsided, he made an utter renunciation of Knight-errantry, and declared his abhorrence of all thieves and vagabonds. He kept his word, and has been a rational fellow ever since.

OVAH.



## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Proceedings of the Expedition to Explore the Northern Coast of Africa, from Tripoli to Derna, in the Years 1821-22, by Captain Beechey and his Brother; 1823.*

—This is no book for the dippers into tours, and the skimmers of circulating libraries. It is calculated solely to gratify the scholar—the contemplator of the olden times, to whom the whole northern coast of Africa is familiar, as successively peopled by Greeks, and Romans, and Vandals, and Moors, and who has long wished for authentic accounts of the actual state of the scene—to know what relics are left to accredit the records of history, to illustrate the career of the arts, and to aid him in interpreting, or, perhaps, in correcting the older geographers and historians.

The expedition was undertaken under the auspices and at the expense of the government, with what political view, or with what hope of national benefit, it may be difficult to guess; but the possession of accurate knowledge is at all times desirable, because none can know how soon, nor to what extent, it may be turned to account; and, at all events, there are numbers whose convenience deserves to be attended to, to whom the reports will prove highly acceptable, and the cost in the ocean of our numerous expenses is but a drop. Captain Smyth had surveyed a portion of the coast in 1817, and he and the consul at Tripoli, Colonel Warrington, had so far conciliated the good will of the Bashaw of Tripoli, that every facility was frankly offered for continuing the survey along the extensive line of coast within his dominions. On Captain Smyth's representations, an expedition by land was planned, to act simultaneously with him, and, by this double means, ascertain to a greater degree of accuracy the bearings of the coast. Captain Beechey was accordingly appointed for this purpose; and, what is alone important, in a literary point of view, his brother, Mr. Beechey, of the Royal Academy, was also appointed, to examine and report upon the antiquities of the coast.

The volume before us is the result of this examination—the survey extending from Tripoli to Derna, the extremes of the Bashaw's territories, he himself residing at Tripoli, and his eldest son—some years ago in active rebellion against him—at Derna.

Of scarcely any part of the habitable world have we had less information in modern times. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, Leo Africanus gave some general accounts of it, which seem, however, to have been hastily got up, and rarely bear the close scrutiny to which Mr. Beechey subjected them; and very shortly before the Beecheys set out, a book was published at Genoa, by a Dr. Della Cella,

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who had accompanied the Bashaw in his expedition against his rebellious son, giving a very lively sketch of what he saw, but which his opportunities scarcely permitted him to describe very accurately. Though undoubtedly Della Cella shews a little of the coxcomb, and is much too ready to cut the knot where he cannot untie it, Mr. Beechey is, we think, too severe—occasionally carping, and even almost determined to depreciate all he says. We do not mean to say Della Cella has not given a handle, by hazardous assertions, to justify some general suspicion—especially, when at Tucheira, he infers, from the multitude of inscriptions visible on the ruins, that the very annals of the city might be gathered from them—and which, on closer inspection, prove to be nothing but names rudely carved by idlers—but still an eagerness is shewn by the writer to detect and expose, and by implication, to make his own panegyric, which was quite superfluous, and somewhat unworthy of his sober character. Besides, his business was to state what he himself saw—he had nothing to do with Della Cella.

The personal narrative of the party, though given with great particularity, is of very little interest; it is marked by no variety—no perils, except once in a quicksand—no impediments worth speaking of. They travelled under the special and known protection of the Bashaw, and were conducted by the shekh of Syrt, and delivered over by him to the shekh of Barca. Some attempts to alarm and impose, on the part of the shekh and his Arabs, were baffled and defeated by the resolution of the party, who seem to have taken a pretty accurate measure of the character of their guides. The country was every where in a state of perfect tranquillity—occupied generally by Bedouin Arabs, who every where shewed a disposition to be hospitable to the utmost of their power. The population was every where thin—a few villages—with a few mud huts—particularly through the whole sweep of the gulf of the greater Syrtis; and even Bengazi, the seat of a Bey, not containing more than 2 or 3,000. One solitary palm-tree was seen through a range of 400 miles. The expedition started from Tripoli in November 1821, travelling without intermission till they reached Bengazi, when the rains compelled them to stop for a time, and, in the following July, when arrived at the extremity of the Bashaw's power, they received a communication from England, with orders to suspend their operations and return. Captain Smyth informed them he had completed the survey from Derna to Alexandria. The whole of these nine months was indefatigably occupied by the Beecheys in laying down the line of the

coast—examining the ruins—taking plans wherever they admitted it—and they have produced enough to shew they made the best use of their time and opportunities.

From Tripoli to Mesurata, it can scarcely be said that any one spot, with all the care and labour spent in research, has been identified with the position assigned in the accounts of the ancients—except *Leptis Magna*, now called *Lebida*, the place from which came the columns now lying in the court of the British Museum. From that point, which may be considered as the western entrance of the gulf, to *Muktar*, at the very bottom of it, nothing whatever can be ascertained; and, indeed, through this portion ruins are rare, and what there are, are probably of comparatively modern origin; but from the bottom of the gulf up to *Bengazi*, the eastern entrance of it, and onward to the east, along the coast of *Cyrenaica* and the ancient *Pentapolis*, to *Derna*, ruins are more numerous—more important—and more successfully ascertained; and of some, particularly *Tucheira*, *Ptolemeta*, and *Cyrene*, the authors were able to detect and exhibit something like plans of the original cities. But, generally, the hand of destruction has been actively at work—almost every thing is levelled with the ground—and if any thing is to be found, it must be dug for. The party, too, had the mortification of witnessing the destruction of more than one beautiful fragment of sculpture, by the wantonness of the children, and the spite of an Arab, who could not get the price he wanted.

Mr. Beechey has spared no labour, and nothing can exceed the fairness with which he has stated the discrepancies between *Herodotus* and the old geographers, and actual appearances. The discussions are some of them intolerably wearisome—for instance, the etymology of *Tripoli*, the ancient admeasurements of the *Syrtis*, the sources of the *Cinyphus*—the *Hills of the Graces*—the *laser* and *laserpitium*, to which he recurs we know not how many times; but one thing we are glad to learn—what the *laserpitium*, or *silphium*, as the Greeks call it, is like—it is, it seems, like celery, root and stem, particularly boiled or stewed. With respect to all these matters, and many more, what was necessary to be said, might with advantage have been brought within a smaller compass—but any thing, doubtless, is better than precipitation in criticism.

Mr. Beechey has very little leaning, we observe, towards wonders. Speaking of the sweeping and whelming sands of Africa, he says—

We are not inclined to attribute quite so much to the overwhelming properties of sand, as many other travellers have done; and we do not think that the danger of being actually buried, will appear, on consideration, to be altogether so great to those who are crossing sandy deserts, as wri-

ters of high respectability have asserted. The sand which encounters a body in motion, would pass it, we should imagine, without accumulation; and the quantity which might even be heaped upon sleepers could scarcely be more than they might easily shake off in waking. We shudder at the dreadful accounts which have been recorded of whole caravans and whole armies destroyed by these formidable waves of the desert; and when our pity is strongly excited by such relations, we are seldom inclined to analyze them very deeply. But a little reflection would probably convince us that many of them are greatly exaggerated—some, because the writers believed what they related, and some because they wished their readers to believe what they might not be quite convinced of themselves.—In fact, we think it probable that they who have perished in deserts, from the time of the *Psylla* and *Cambyses* to the present, have died, as is usual, before they were buried, either from violence, or thirst, or exhaustion.

#### Again, speaking of the Greater *Syrtis*—

The idea entertained by the ancients of its soil, is not confirmed by inspection. *Cato* is described, by *Strabo*, as having marched his army across the *Syrtis* through deep and burning sands; and *Lucan* has given so exaggerated an account of the same march, as to make his description almost wholly poetical. *Sallust*, also, in his account of the *Philæni*, describes the level and sandy plain, in which these monuments were erected, without either river or mountain by which they might be distinguished. But there is no sandy plain of this description in the bottom of the *Syrtis*; and although there is no river, there are certainly mountains, of hills of solid stone, of from 400 to 600 feet in height, may be entitled to that distinction.—Again, if it be true that *Cato* marched his army over the sand hills, it was certainly no very good proof of the patriot's generalship, for, with the exception of one place, where the passage is occasionally impeded by marshy ground, reaching close up to the foot of the sand hills on the beach, there could have been no occasion for crossing the sand at all, since the country to the southward of it is clear, &c.

#### *The Man of Ton, a Satire; 1828.*—

This satire, if the term be not a misnomer, is at least equal to any production, professedly satirical, which has appeared of late. It is the tale of a young man of fortune—an only son—humoured and petted by a foolish mother—passing through *Eton* and *Cambridge* with all the honours of an idle man—plucked at *Newmarket*—fleece at *Epsom*—pigeoned at *Crockford's*, and betrayed into post-obits by a *Fidus Achates* who had kindly undertaken to initiate him into the esoteric mysteries of the fashionable world. This profligate course breaks the old father's heart, and the post-obits, *Melton*, a mistress, and a dog-cook, break up the estate into atoms, and disperse it to the four winds of heaven. Absenteeism becomes imperative; and just as he is contemplating an immediate flirting, a lady, between whom and himself some intense flirtation had been for some time going on,

taking a tour in Kensington Gardens, half determined to quit a careless husband, encounters him, and they forthwith fly together. The injured husband, accompanied by the hero's treacherous friend, pursues them into Switzerland, and demands satisfaction. The parties meet—when, fired with indignation, the hero solicits a previous shot at the traitor—is permitted—hits him—kills him—and then offers to receive the husband's fire. This is somewhat generously declined—and the hero hastens to his mistress—to announce his own safety, and her husband's forgiveness. He finds her dead—by an over dose of laudanum—and he himself loses his senses for ever.

The versification of the piece is of a good school; it is easy, direct, and flowing; the conceptions occasionally shew vigour of thought, and the execution is not at all inferior. Here and there, too, are touches of pathos and sparks of imagination, that seem to indicate sources of wealth more valuable than any that actually appear.

#### Describing Achates—

He was, in truth, a man—much mixed of hue,  
Fix'd to no creed, to no allegiance true;  
Grasping he was—all enterprise for pelf,  
And sworn at any rate to serve himself;  
Yet rash, and wanting caution in the chase,  
With more of speed than bottom in the race,  
Half of his wisdom makes a better man,  
And half his caution lays a safer plan.  
In early youth a coxcomb and a dupe;  
Mature, he finds, to conquer he must stoop;  
And with a crafty disappointed mind,  
He vow'd eternal warfare with mankind.  
Strange, bootless passion! can such monsters  
be,

To trample on the youthful destiny?  
To lure, like Comus, to th' enchanted cave,  
The trusting victim that he means to save, &c.

#### Another tone—

'Tis sweet to glide upon lake Thun, and leave  
The world behind, upon a summer's eve!  
Solemn and green, unfathomably deep,  
The glassy waters kiss the pine-clad steep.  
The gathering goats about the chalet throng,  
Lured by the call—obedient to the song.  
Rude is the bark, and slender is her side;  
But safe in innocence the shepherds glide.  
'Tis sweet to skim along the silver shore,  
And list the chant that marks the dashing oar—  
To pass the crag—and watch the glittering  
spire, &c.

#### A third—

They met! they met! Nor hath more fatal  
been  
The spark that bursts upon the magazine;  
The world's ill usage stung his angry breast,  
And a rash husband had o'erthrown her rest:  
Each sought for sympathy, each found a friend,  
And both their natures in one essence blend.  
Words had been cold, and language all too  
poor;  
But the big tear—the sigh—the look said more.

All things to come seem'd dress'd in gayest  
light,

And all behind impenetrable night—  
And then a first and agonizing kiss,  
Confirmed and ratified their hopes of bliss.  
Oh, hear her not, fond youth! I warn too late!  
Seal'd is your doom, and fix'd the course of  
fate.

She calls it not a sacrifice—with thee  
Too blest Selina shares thy beggary.

*Robson's Picturesque Views of English Cities*; 1828.—This series of engravings embraces the whole of our twenty-six cities, and consists of thirty-two plates—Canterbury, York, Durham, London, Lincoln, and Norwich, being each represented by two views. In all of them the Cathedral is the conspicuous figure; and the first object of the painter, Mr. Robson, was of course rather the picturesqueness of the scene than the extent or the dignity of the city. Generally, the taste of the artist in the selection of his points of view, is decidedly good; and we question if, with two or three exceptions, more favourable ones could by possibility have been found. To this favourite object, however, as little as possible has been sacrificed to truth and accuracy; but, every body knows, distinctness of delineation is incompatible with the principles of landscape. In the distance, buildings must be seen in masses, and any attempt at detail would only misrepresent. Things must be taken, as they appear at the artist's point of view.

To give variety and effect, advantage has been taken of the changing incidents of sun-shine and cloud—of haze and gloom—of storms and rainbows—of the lights of morning, noon, and evening, and the silvery and contrasting tone of moonlight. This very happy conception has been felicitously executed; and the consequence is, that Westminster by moonlight, Chichester in a storm, Wells and York in gloom, and Lichfield, and Worcester, and London from Waterloo-bridge, in the glare of the noon sun, are among the most pleasing of the set. Though really specimens of the highest existing state of the art, the engravings are unequal—the inequality, however, is chiefly observable in two or three of the earlier ones. Canterbury has been singularly unhappy. The north view, as an engraving, is comparatively ill finished, and the east one is not among the best. In one, the west tower, a conspicuous object in the cathedral, is almost lost from the carelessness of the engraver, and the other gives a very inadequate conception of that magnificent building; and neither of them a favourable, or indeed any notion of the ancient city itself. More than one point within a mile of the city would have given a more complete, and even a more picturesque view than either of the present ones. Oxford again, notwithstanding the peeping forth of five or six towers and steeples, has much too insignificant a look; but the posi-



tion of the city scarcely furnishes a tolerable spot; and ample compensation is made by the beautiful representation of Durham, York, Worcester, and Hereford.

This very handsome set of engravings corresponds with Mr. Britton's Cathedral Antiquities, who is indeed the undertaker of the publication. He was struck by the beauty of the drawings, and ventured £2,000 on the engravings, in spite of the gloomy forebodings, in spite of the gloomy forebodings that nobody now-a-days patronizes "embellished works." We should hope these forebodings will not be realized; and indeed we have little doubt that the patronage of the town of Hull will not be the *only* place in the kingdom to excite Mr. Britton's "surprise and thanks."

*Journal of a Residence and Tour in the Republic of Mexico, in the year 1826, by Captain G. F. Lyon, R.N.; 1828.*—So little is really known in this country of the interior of Mexico, that we may be thankful for the little intelligence that Captain Lyon's limited opportunities permitted him to give. His visit was one of business—he travelled as the agent or commissioner of the Real del Monte and Bolanos Mining Companies—his time was not his own, and, of course, the survey of the country and its productions, or the character and condition of society, were matters of secondary importance—though with Captain Lyon's well known activity, such things were not likely to escape altogether his passing but shrewd observation.

The narrative is strictly a personal one, and consists merely or mainly of the incidents that occurred from day to day—many of which, concerning, as they do, eating, drinking, and sleeping, are very little calculated to awaken attention. These things must be had; and when an adventurer returns alive, we conclude he *has* had them to a certain extent, and for any deficiency an ordinary reader is likely to care very little. He landed in the district of Tampico, and lost no time in proceeding to Veta Grande, the ultimate point of his destination—making his way, partly in canoes, up the Punaco, but for the most part on mules, by San Juan, San Luis Potosi, to Zacatecas, in the neighbourhood of which were the company's mines, and where for two months he was fixed, superintending the operations of the workmen. From this point he returned by the way of Bolanos, where there were more mines to survey—through Guadalupe—Mexico—Real del Monte—mines again—to Vera Cruz—his tour and residence occupying eight months.

This tour lay thus through the northern provinces—through regions occupied for the most part by Indians—with little or no accommodation for travellers, and the little there was of the most filthy description, and full of vermin of all sorts—the scene, except the high road from Vera Cruz to Mexico, almost one continued wilderness. Captain

Lyon piques himself, evidently, on not being very nice—we remember some dainty proofs in his intercourse with the Esquimaux—and he offers it as an axiom to the traveller, that "whatever feeds or covers the people among whom he travels, will unquestionably nourish and shelter himself; and on this principle he will find no difficulties in earthen floors, mud huts, tordillas (something vastly inferior to oat-cake, we believe), or ropes of beef." This, of course, is said a little at random, and in Captain Lyon's hap-hazard style—making no allowance for difference of temperament, and forgetting that though new habits *may* be generated, there is a chance, if they are of the violent kind, of dying in the training. Up the river Punaco, the monotony of his tour was broken by the spectacle of numerous and formidable looking alligators, and the amusement of shooting and wounding them, and on land, by occasionally encountering rattle-snakes, and being surprized, in bivouacking on the plains, by showers and storms, coming down, not in drops, or in pitchforks, but in sheets and cataracts of fluid—with a narrow escape from drowning. By going also a little out of his line of march, he passed through Tampico, San Juan, and San Luis Potosi, and shared the festivities and hospitalities of those refined and superior creole towns. In the mornings, the ladies present themselves in an easy dishabille—without stays, simply in a chemise, tied round the waist with a string, and a cigar in their mouths; and at Tampico, at a ball of some splendour, the room was lined with a troop of these charmers, in full dress, but still stayless and gloveless, and a cigar between their ruby lips.

When settled for a time at the mines near Veta Grande, he had opportunities of riding about a few miles in different directions, and visited the college of our Lady of Guadalupe—an institution founded expressly for the conversion of the Indians of Texas, California, and other northern tribes. About half the brothers are still constantly absent on these pious errands. They are represented as indefatigable, and enduring great hardships, especially in the remoter districts, where, however, communities of some thousands are under their *spiritual* guidance, and probably more. Of Christianity, however, according to Captain Lyon's report, little more than the name is taught—all is adapted and made to square with the old religion of the country—the habits, prejudices, and perhaps capacities of the natives. At home, the padres, who reside there by turns, undergo a life of perpetual mortification and little rest—constant prayers and meagre diet, with a daily self-flagellation of a full hour's continuance; but Captain Lyon was received by the superiors with great attention—passed an agreeable evening, partook of a good supper, and had a clean bed in a separate cell. Pro-

bably things are not so bad as the rules of the establishment indicate. They plainly partake of the hospitalities shewn to visitors. He found a library of 11,000 volumes, bound in parchment—chiefly, of course, devotional. He inquired in vain for old Mexican MS. and objects of antiquity; and his inquiries about these matters, indeed, wherever he went, produced very little fruits. Now and then he met with an idol, or a piece of one—still unmetamorphosed, unappropriated we mean, to the Catholic worship—which he zealously copied into his sketch book—which sketch book has, we believe, since been published.

Every where he represents the state of religion as most degrading—below the most degraded of Catholic countries. Foreigners are all supposed to be Jews, and universally invested *with tails*; and one proof to them is, that our stirrups being placed more forward on the saddles than is the custom of the country, is to allow of our stooping a little, so as to prevent any unpleasant friction from the saddle. Captain Lyon was himself introduced to some nuns, by a friend, as, of course, a Jew, and adorned with a tail, which, becoming the subject of conversation, one of the young ladies very shrewdly inquired if the tail did not drop off *upon conversion*.

While he was at the mines, two men fell down a shaft; one was killed on the spot, but the other lingered a day or two. Captain Lyon was present at the drawing up, in a net, of the one still alive, but he was not allowed to examine the wounds till a priest, who was in attendance, had confessed him—it being a law, that if a man be found even stabbed and bleeding in the street, no one must venture to attempt to staunch the blood, till the *alcalde* has seen him, and the *padre* taken his confession.

Of the political state of the country—the object of greatest interest relative to Mexico—Captain Lyon furnishes no information whatever—nor utters a word about the state of parties, or of the leading characters. To be sure, his stay both at Mexico and Guadalupe—the chief seats of political activity—was too brief to give him much opportunity for acquiring information to be relied upon, and he has therefore done wisely in abstaining. All this will be amply supplied by Mr. Ward's forthcoming book. But Captain Lyon has some general observations on the people of Mexico, which may not be unacceptable, and the substance of which is this—

The Creoles, or descendants of Europeans, are the most eminent persons in New Spain—the first caste. These, with the exception of such as are engaged in active commerce, are an indolent, overbearing, haughty race—keeping the poor despised Indian in ignorance, and regarding him with profound contempt. With some few exceptions, Captain Lyon considers them as the

least estimable people in the country; but he anticipates material and speedy improvements—especially from the influx of foreigners—the establishment of schools—and above all, the polishing of the ladies, which process he thinks is advancing rapidly—many of our countrymen, it seems, having married young ladies of the highest family, thus facilitating the introduction of European manners. Cigars are fast going out of fashion; and some ladies—we think Captain Lyon asserts—have already been seen with gloves, and something like an approach to a pair of stays.

The *Rancheros*, or *Vaqueros*, are a mixed race of Creole and Indian. These are, he says, the yeomen of the country—live on extensive cattle plains, or in cultivated but remote districts—content with their cabins of mud and sticks—lively, brave, good-tempered—profoundly ignorant, and indifferent about every thing but their immediate business. In the revolutionary wars, they have too frequently been changed from quiet husbandmen into barbarous and blood-thirsty soldiers—but time will remedy this—and they will retain their peaceful pursuits, with the *advantage* of more experience and acquaintance with other scenes.

The *Arrieros*, or *Muleteers*, are an offshoot from the *Rancheros*. This is a hardy race—rarely sleeping under a roof, whether traversing the burning low lands, or the cold and misty elevated regions of the great *Cordillera*, but lie down among their packages, screened from the rains by coarse sacking, while the mules are turned loose to graze. They are proverbially honest, and Captain Lyon's great favourites—he always found them civil, obliging, and cheerful. They are more acute, too, than any other class of Mexico, and have a liberality of feeling very rare, he says, in New Spain—all which he attributes—probably with good reason—to their intercourse with a greater variety of people.

The lowest, and last, are the Indians—the mild, enduring, and despised Indians—a people capable of receiving the best impressions—grave and serious—and when excited and guided by the priests, in the late revolutionary wars, shewed a degree of courage and devotedness rarely equalled. They reside chiefly in the remoter parts—cultivating the fruits of the earth, or, assembled in small villages, making cloth, and pottery, and rearing poultry for the markets. They are unmixed with Spanish blood, and few of them know any thing of the Spanish language. In the towns they are always seen in groups, nor does Captain Lyon remember ever to have seen a pure Indian walking with a white. They are of a deep dingy brown—ugly and ungraceful—docile, though ill taught—but look up with peculiar veneration to their priests, who, as has been before hinted, have so accommodated matters, that the ancient religion of Mexico

and the Christian very seldom clash. Their numbers are said to be diminishing; but Captain Lyon finds nothing to support the opinion. They are unmolested—are the gardeners of the country—supply the towns with vegetables and fruits, which require no severity of labour—live quietly and frugally—and, of course, unless some specific cause be stated, depopulation seems improbable.

Notwithstanding all that we have heard of emancipation in these states—and of the laws that have certainly been sanctioned by the legislature—there are still, it seems, slaves at Vera Cruz.

*Dunwich, a Tale of the Splendid City, by James Bird; 1828.*—To the readers of the current poetry of the day, Mr. Bird's is a familiar name, and whatever laurels his former efforts may have won him, he will lose none by the present. Amidst much that is common, and much of the sea and the sky, and the morn and the eve, and more that is laboured and strained, and even extravagant, there is also much to admire—some that will seize and absorb. The incidents are few and striking, and the language full of animation and warmth—flowing, eloquent, and sometimes even splendid.

The tale is of the reign of Henry III., and the scene the once splendid city of Dunwich, which, according to Stowe, "had in ancient time, brazen gates, 52 churches, chapels, religious houses, and hospitals—a king's palace, a bishop's seat, a mayor's mansion, and a mint"—all which magnificence has sunk before the encroachments of the sea, and nothing but a few mouldering relics are left, which still, however, "plead haughtily for glories gone."

Mowbray is leagued with the Earl of Leicester, and enamoured of Bertha, the daughter of a baron distinguished for his loyalty. In an interview with the lady, he is surprised by the father, and, out of consideration for the daughter, offers no resistance, but suffers himself to be thrown into a dungeon—from the dungeon he escapes, and Bertha, unconscious of the escape, steals herself to the dungeon, and while searching for the hero, finds the key, by an unlucky mistake, turned upon her, and herself thus left to perish by the most unromantic of deaths, starvation. The rebel forces soon beleaguer the town, and Mowbray, impatient to get a glimpse of his mistress, scales the city walls in the night, passes by the side of the dungeon tower, and overhears the dying groans and invocations of the imprisoned Bertha. She is of course quickly rescued, and delivered up to the wondering father, who had supposed her fled with the lover. To oblige the lady, Mowbray withdraws from the war, and is heard of no more, till one tremendous stormy night, when the sea rose, and rushed upon the town, and levelled the towers, in one of which was the hapless Bertha—while struggling with the

whelming tide, Mowbray is seen advancing near, and he of course seizes her, buffets bravely the waves, and reaches the shore, and again delivers her up, apparently lifeless, to her despairing father—all ends happily.

The poet must himself justify our favourable opinion by a part of a song—

The Sun is at rest in his sapphire bower,  
The star of the eve sets her watch in the sky,  
Sweet odour steals forth from the jessamine flower,

And the nightingale sings from her harbour on high;

The zephyr sighs over the tremulous willow,  
The breeze gaily sports with the crest of the billow;

Oh! I love the wide sea, and the dash of its foam,  
'Tis the gem of the world—'tis the charm of my home.

From valley and hill the dark shadows are stealing,

As bright o'er the wave rolls the beautiful moon,  
Her splendour, her power, and her glory revealing,

With millions of stars, studded bright, for her zone!

Soft, soft on the ear falls the flow of the river,  
That stays in its long-winding pilgrimage never,  
Till, kissed by the ocean, embraced in its foam,  
The waves are its kindred—the sea is its home!

#### A line or two upon the ocean—

Beats there a heart which hath not felt its core  
Ache with a wild delight, when first the roar  
Of ocean's spirit met the startled ear?

Beats there a heart so torpid, and so drear,  
That hath not felt the lightning of its blood  
Flash vivid joy, when first the rolling flood  
Met the charmed eye in all its restless strife,  
At once the wonder, and the type of life!

Thou trackless, dark, and fathomless, and wide  
Eternal world of waters!—ceaseless tide  
Of power magnificent! unmeasured space,  
Where storm and tempest claim their dwelling place!

Thy depths are limitless—thy billow's sound  
Is nature's giant voice—thy gulph profound  
Her shrine of mystery, wherein she keeps  
Her hidden treasures—in thy caverned deeps  
Is stored the wealth of nations, and thy waves  
Have been—are now—and will be, dreary graves  
For countless millions—&c.

#### Again—when the dungeon door is closed upon Bertha—

Oh! that dreadful moment, fraught with terror,  
gave

Fears, that fore-doom'd her to a timeless grave!  
In dumb despair she trembling stood—the hue  
Of death was on her cheek—cold clammy dew  
Came o'er her brow—and every limb with fear  
Shook, like the asp-leaf, frailest of the year;  
Then rose the thought of dreary night—and day—  
Long, lingering horror—anguish—lone decay—  
Heart-burning thirst—the tongue of fire—the flame

Of wasting hunger—still the same—the same—



The hopeless longing for the soft pure air—  
The bed of earth—the flesh-worm crawling there—  
The choking gasp—the short and fluttering  
breath—

The last sad hour of life—the first of death—  
Another night!—and still no succour nigh,  
No ray of hope—no solace—but to die! &c.

*Salathiel, 3 vols.* 1828.—Salathiel, is the 'Wandering Jew'—a mighty and mysterious personage, for the origin of whose singular story we might now search in vain, but which has been exhibited over and over again, built sometimes on wild reports, or the silliest blunders, and sometimes wholly on imagination; the substance of all which, however, is, that for some offence or other against the Saviour of the World, he was condemned—without that last refuge of the miserable—the hope of death, to wander for ages upon earth, till the being he had offended, and whose murderer he had been, returned to triumph and for judgment. On this legend Mr. Croly has seized—apparently with the intention of surveying some of the momentous events that have marked the regions of christendom, and influenced destinies of men. The story is entitled "of the past, the present, and the future;" and, therefore, when the mighty grasp of the writer has compassed the past, he will extend it to the present; and, with the mass of experience thus before him, investing him with a degree of prescience—if like causes produce like effects—he will speculate with some prospect of success on the future. The portion now presented to us is limited to the period which comes fairly within the wanderer's *natural* life, and embraces his family story, together with the stubborn resistance of the Jews to the omnipotence of the Romans, the capture of Jerusalem, and the destruction of the temple; and we know no one of the present day, now that Maturin is gone, so well able, from his professional studies, from his full acquaintance with the history and peculiarities of the Jews, the vigour of his understanding, the activity of his fancy, and the fertility and solemnity of his language, to give effect to a set of circumstances, which have in them so much of the extraordinary, and which so often touch upon the romantic.

The basis of the story is studiously wrapt in obscurity. Salathiel is represented as the priest, most conspicuous in urging on the maddening multitude to demand the crucifixion of Christ, by whom he was marked, and addressed in the words—*tarry thou till I come*—words, which shot conviction thrillingly into his bosom, that it was his destiny never to die, but to be subject to an endless succession of calamity, and be cut off from the common charities of domestic connection. The latter part of his conviction did not, however, immediately take place in all its severity. He has a wife, and two daughters, all most amiable, most lovely, most accomplished—besides a son, whom he loses in childhood, but afterwards,

under circumstances sufficiently extraordinary, recovers. He is himself a man of distinction in Naphtali, and by succession the prince of his tribe. By temperament he is ardent, active, and ambitious; and, by circumstances, especially the desperation of his peculiar destiny, impatient of repose, and ever in imperative need of something to drown his torturing recollections. To the fatal crime he had committed, he was led, not from malignity of spirit, but by the vehemence of prejudices; and those prejudices were not a whit shaken by what might have been expected to follow, but which did not—a conviction of the divinity, or, at least, of the divine commission of the being he had been most instrumental in destroying. He continued a Jew, passionately devoted to the faith of his fathers, and resolutely bent on vindicating the independence of his country. By a fiery and irrepressible zeal was he impelled to encounter the Romans, to defeat their presumptuous hopes, and restore again the lost splendour of Israel.

At first, the deep consciousness of his crime, and the sense of its immeasurable punishment, overwhelm him; he abandons the priesthood, and quits Jerusalem with his family. In the tumults of the elements which followed upon the crucifixion, when the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent, he was struck to the ground, and with him his wife and child; and, in a state of insensibility, he was conveyed, no longer to the residence of the priests in the Hill country of Hebron, but to the north, where his family connexions lay, and where, eventually, on the return of the jubilee, his alienated property reverted to him. Here, in a state of inaction, and retirement, he continued for some years, when, at last, he resolved at the passover, to go again towards Jerusalem; but, on his arrival, he refuses to enter; and wandering along the brook Kedron, till he reaches the shores of the Dead Sea, he encounters an extraordinary person, who, after exhibiting, in the style of a conjurer, some feats of activity and strength, declares himself to be Antiochus Epiphanes—one of the evil spirits of the dead, who were permitted, from time to time, to revisit the 'glimpses of the moon,' and by whom Judea had been, for some years previously, unusually haunted. Playing the part of a second Satan, Antiochus snatches up Salathiel, and, with the speed of an eagle, carries him upwards to a point, from which he overlooks Jerusalem, and beholds the tower of Antonia, then in the power of the Romans, wrapt in flames. Left suddenly by Antiochus, he rushes, sword in hand, to take part in the bloody and the burning strife; he rallies, leads, and triumphs; the Romans are routed and expelled, and Jerusalem is cleared of every idolatrous foot; and Salathiel has the satisfaction of rescuing Eleazar, his own brother, the originator of the attack, and of checking, somewhat, the rage and superfluous cruelty of the Jews.

Conspicuous as he had been in the con-

flict, he was welcomed as a leader in the Jewish councils, and his compelling urgency to resist the Romans to the utterance, prevailed over the dastardly, or rather treacherous suggestions of other counsellors. Forces, it was resolved, should be raised on all sides, and he and Eleazar accordingly withdrew to the north, the seat of their influence, to assemble their friends and retainers. But, on his arrival, an event had occurred which turned him from his purpose; his wife and daughters had been forcibly carried off by robbers; and he roams for a time in sorrow and distraction over the hills of Lebanon, and at last, on the coasts of Cilicia, while gazing upon a wreck, he sees a struggling object, and, plunging into the waves, brings to the shore his own long-lost Miriam.

Time had now been lost, and the project of revolt was suspended; but returning to his home, new troubles quickly arose. Jabal, the son of Eleazar, proposes to marry his cousin, Salathiel's elder daughter; but she had given her affections to Constantius, a Greek, the captain of the vessel in which the family had been wrecked; and, though the most dutiful of children, she proves, of course, in such a case, restive. The father, of course, also, is obstinate—he is enraged at the presumption of an idolatrous Greek, and at the perverseness and degeneracy of a daughter of Abraham, and insists upon her marrying her cousin, according to the good old custom of Jewish families. There is but one alternative for the young lady—flight—and fly she does; and an active search is set on foot by the indignant father, in vain. In the eagerness of pursuit, he determines even to demand satisfaction of the Roman government, in whose service Constantius had been; but, in the meanwhile, he is betrayed, and charged by the governor, Florus, with an act of treason, and forthwith despatched to Rome to appear before Nero. To Rome he accordingly goes, and, while there, the universal conflagration of the eternal city takes place, and there he recognizes his runaway daughter, just as she is sinking in the flames, amid a pile of ruins, too late to save her. For this general destruction satisfaction must be taken, and the Christians were to be the victims. Among other criminals, Salathiel receives a pardon, on condition of giving information against the Christians, and by some chance or other he has the opportunity of giving the requisite information against a considerable party. At the execution of these unhappy people, in the amphitheatre, he is compelled to be present, and, to his amazement, discovers in the person of his first victim, Constantius, the husband of his daughter, both of whom had for some time been converts to Christianity. Exhausted, at length, by his terrible conflict with a raging lion, Constantius sinks to the earth; and while Salathiel, in an agony of remorse, is in the act of leaping into the

arena, appears again, flinging herself upon the prostrate form of her husband. Shouts of admiration follow from the assembled multitude; and even Nero, in obedience to the popular feeling, is compelled to pardon them.

Returned, at length, again, to his home, accompanied by his daughter and her husband, Salathiel resumes the design of rescuing Judea. Constantius heads a party in the attack upon Masada, a fortress built by Herod, and then the principal magazine of arms belonging to the Romans. Salathiel follows; and in threading the defiles of the mountains, rouses a whole host of lions, and witnesses a most tremendous encounter between them and some squadrons of Roman cavalry. Ultimately the attack on Masada succeeds, and the whole country is instantly up in arms. Speedily was Salathiel at the head of 100,000 men, and forthwith he marches to raise the siege of Jerusalem; but, while exulting in the immediate prospect of entering the capital in triumph, and of being welcomed as the paramount chief of the nation, a voice, which he instantly recognizes, rings in his ears—'thou shalt never enter Jerusalem but in sorrow.' Still he advances, encounters the Romans, defeats them with dreadful slaughter, in sight of Jerusalem, and pursues the relics to the walls of Bethhoron, within which they had taken refuge. In the assault of this place he was beaten down, and losing his senses, awoke in a dungeon in Jerusalem—the effect of treachery.

In this dungeon he lies two years, when he is at length rescued by the exertions of their repentant Jabal, who had been made the instrument of Salathiel's enemies—the Roman faction. Scarcely, and with the most imminent perils, escaped from the dungeon, he falls into the hands of pirates, and, in company with them, encounters a Roman fleet. In the engagement he falls, or is thrown overboard—scrambles up the sides of a trireme—gets singly on board of her—she takes fire—is driven onward before the wind—precipitated into a whirlpool, and is thrown up again; and again Salathiel miraculously gets to land. Hastening forwards now to Masada, his course is arrested by robbers of the desert; but again he escapes; and, after a succession of surprising adventures, and hair-breadth perils—too numerous for us to trace—he finally reaches Jerusalem in time to assist in repelling the last and successful efforts of the army of Titus. But in vain were all exertions to calm and conciliate the conflicting factions within, or to repel the overwhelming force from without. "Titus advanced from day to day—the city was captured, the temple on fire, the blaze melted the plates of the roof in a golden shower. It calcined the marble floor—it dissipated in vapour the inestimable gems that studded the walls. All who entered lay turned to ashes; but

on this sacred ark the flame had no power. It whirled and swept, in a red orb, round the untouched symbol of the throne of thrones. Still Salathiel lived; but he felt his strength giving way;—the heat withered his sinews—the flame extinguished his sight—he sank upon the threshold; rejoicing that death was inevitable—but once again he heard the words of terror—‘TARRY TILL I COME.’

The work abounds with splendid passages, descriptive of peril and activity, and some of great moral beauty and pathos; but the general effect, it must be allowed, is little interesting; the incidents are uniformly of too exaggerated and marvellous a cast, and complicate too thickly; and the hero, all along, is under a stimulus, which common experience will not measure; and the author, in consequence, bold and powerful as he is, often labours under the impossibility of giving adequate expression to the vehemence and intensity of his conceptions.

*Narrative of an Attempt to reach the North Pole, in 1827, by Captain W. E. Parry; 1828.*—This voyage originated entirely in Captain Parry's representations. The intention was to take a ship to Spitzbergen, and from thence to cross to the Pole by means of machines, convertible into boats or carriages, according as ice, or land, or water might be met with. Captain Parry had been led into a conviction of the practicability of this scheme from the statements of Captain Lutwidge, the associate of Captain Phipps, in the expedition towards the North Pole, in 1773, who describes the ice to the north-eastward, to the distance of ten or twelve leagues, as one continued plain, smooth and unbroken, and bounded only by the horizon. Captain Phipps's chart also represents it, to the north of Seven Islands, as flat and unbroken; and, again, in the same parallel, but more to the west, the main body of the ice is described as lying in a line, nearly east and west, quite solid. Mr. Scoresby, again, more recently, a gentleman connected with the whale fishery, and well acquainted with the arctic regions, bears the same testimony. “I once saw,” says he, “a field (which means a space of ice without apparent limits) so free from any fissure or hummock (a mass above the common level), that had it been free from snow, a coach might have been driven many leagues over it, in a direct line, without obstruction or danger.” To the same purpose was the evidence of numerous whalers. The inference was perhaps hastily made, that similar plains of ice might extend to the Pole, or, at the worst, but little interrupted. But the hopes which Captain Parry had formed, and the plan proposed by him to the Admiralty, were principally founded on the suggestions of Captain Franklin, whose own experience, and that of Captains Buchan and Beechey, had led them to suppose it practicable.

*M.M. New Series.*—VOL. V. No. 29.

The plan was sanctioned by the Admiralty; and two boats, at once light and capacious, were prepared, and in March 1827, Captain Parry started in the Hecla, with his two boats on board. At Hammerfest, on the coast of Lapland, according to his instructions, he called to take in some reindeer—directions had been forwarded to have them in readiness; but these not arriving, some days were lost in procuring them—an officer was obliged to be despatched for them to Alten, a distance of sixty miles. In the interval, snow shoes were obtained for the travelling party, and the men practised walking with them in deep snow, and of course enjoyed the fun. When the reindeer came, a day or two more was spent in learning to drive them; but this required no great skill—they were very docile, and their harness not very complicated. Nothing more was necessary than a collar of skin, and a single trace of the same material, passing between the legs, and attached to the sledge, with a rein like a halter round the neck. When the rein was thrown over on the off side of the animal, he set off at full trot, and stopt short the instant it was thrown back on the near side.

After embarking the deer, with a supply of moss for their food, Captain Parry steered out of Hammerfest for Spitzbergen on the 29th of April. In their passage several whalers were met, who augured ill of the expedition, from the state of the ice being more unfavourable than they had known it for many years. On the 14th of May they passed Magdalena Bay, and began to look for anchorage in Smerenberg harbour, which, unluckily, they found completely blocked up with ice. They had now, however, reached eighty degrees—the highest latitude it had been proposed to carry the ship, and the object was now to find a place to lay her up. The deer were in good order and thriving—they made excellent sailors, and did not seem to mind bad weather, always lying down when there was any sea. The men, too, were in high spirits—and nobody seems to have anticipated the coming difficulties. The search for anchorage was soon, however, checked; they got suddenly entangled in ice, and no little labour was spent in digging and loosening. The wind, too, freshened, and drove them more among the ice—every where broken, huddled, and piled, past all hope of extrication. It consisted mainly of loose pieces, fifteen or twenty yards square, with smaller ones interposed, thrown up, by the recent pressure from the driving wind, into ten thousand shapes, and presenting high and irregular masses at every step. The men compared the scene to a stone mason's yard, “which, indeed,” says Captain Parry, “except in size, it very much resembled.”

With the ship thus fixed, and no hope of getting her into harbour, Captain Parry be-



gan to think of starting for the Pole from this point. The boats were accordingly got out, and an experiment made; but such were the obstructions, that it was soon found a mile a day could not have been accomplished. They must now wait for more favourable circumstances; and, in the meanwhile, arrangements were made for changing the plan. The reindeer were given up, and one boat instead of two, for the provisions, was to be taken, and that to be drawn by the men; and a second attempt was on the point of being made, when the ice, which had been opening with the tide for several days, began to set them more rapidly to the eastward, and the water suddenly shoaled to a very few fathoms. With immense labour it was that the vessel was worked into deep water again, when she was once more closed in at the entrance of Weyde Bay. At length—after sometimes drifting with the ice, sometimes forcing through, at times getting for a mile or two into clear water, at others working through lanes and fissures—in the midst of toil and hopelessness, on the 18th of June, was seen from the crow's nest a low point of land, in what in an old Dutch chart is called Treuenberg Bay; and shelter for the ship was with some confidence anticipated. This was quickly found to be the case, and the next day she was placed out of all danger.

Not a moment was now lost, the boat was got out, and the travelling party started. After running nearly 100 miles they reached the packed ice; and on the 24th commenced their first journey, continuing, without remission, their laborious course, which it is impossible for us to pursue in detail, and of the nature or severity of which no general phrases can give any conception, till the 26th of July, when discovering, that, though toiling to the utmost of their strength, and that strength beginning to fail, they were actually losing more by the southward drifting than gaining by their northward efforts; the design was of necessity abandoned, after reaching 82½ latitude. At the extreme point of their journey, the distance from the Hecla was only 172 miles—"To accomplish this," says Captain Parry, "we had traversed, by our reckoning, 292 miles, of which 100 were performed by water, previously to our entering upon the ice. As we travelled by far the greater part of our distance on the ice three, and not unfrequently five times over, we may safely multiply the length of the road by two and a half (this is probably a misprint for three and a half); so that our whole distance, on a very moderate calculation, amounted to 580 geographical, or 668 statute miles, being nearly sufficient to have reached the Pole in a direct line."

The difficulties in returning were of course still of the same nature, except that their labours were none of them in vain—the drifts working for instead of against

them. On the 17th of August they reached the Hecla, and forthwith set sail for England—Captain Parry reaching the Admiralty on the 29th of September.

Whether this defeat will put a final stop to the farther pursuit of this geographical hobby, we know not—it is not improbable that at other points, on the Greenland side—or Baffin's Bay—the ice might afford a more favourable course—and Captain Parry may have interest enough to get another ship; but really so much is now known of the Arctic seas, that any further inquiry is fit only to gratify the curiosity of a child.

*The Mahommedan System of Theology, &c., by the Rev. W. H. Neale; 1828.*—

For the appearance of this volume many a one may well be puzzled, till he is informed that the 1260 years of the Apocalypse, which, by the most orthodox impugnors of the Catholic Faith, has long been assigned as the limit for papal corruptions, is also the very period assigned for the reign of Mahommedanism. "The holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months"—is considered as applicable solely to Mahommedanism, and fixing the duration of it. A time, two times and a half—three times and a half—three years and a half—1260 days—1260 years—prophetically—that is, in the interpretation of prophecy—all mean the same thing; and if we fix upon the year 606 for the commencement of this eastern apostasy, its consummation—its annihilation—must take place in 1866, which may therefore fall within the lives of many of the present generation, and is, therefore, the author suggests, a fit subject for "prayer," and calculated to quicken and invigorate the efforts that have already been happily begun for the conversion of the east. "The times in which we live," says he, "are favourable to the undertaking. Various obstacles are withdrawn, and the nations of the eastern and western world are drawn into closer contact with each other. Advantage also has been taken, to a certain extent, of the opportunities thus cast in our way, as will appear on reference to the writings of different individuals (Henry Martyn and Dr. Buchanan) from which the most satisfactory conclusions may be deduced." But more may be done, and the strong probability—from the language of prophecy—that they will not be working in vain, must add confidence to the exertions of the feeblest.

The object of the author, then, is to put into the reader's hand a succinct and popular manual of Mahommedanism, as nothing of the kind has been done since Prideaux's, and his is inadequate to the present purpose. This, it must be allowed, Mr. Neale has done justly and clearly—with temper and decorum; and, moreover—what was surely not at all necessary—not even to his specific object—he has contrasted Christi-

anity with Mahomedanism, and taken pains to shew its vast superiority over its rival. The course he takes is to give a summary view of the life of Mahomet, which the reader will find in Gibbon, and the causes which led to his success; and the bare fact of success is shewn to be no proof of divine original. Christianity and Islamism are then compared—and the success of the former is proved to be miraculous, and that of the latter accounted for on the common principles of life, and being itself anticipated by prophecy, will ultimately be subservient to the establishment of truth. Some account is then given of the Koran, with some of its distinguishing tenets, and specimens of its style—its literary character is also discussed, and shewn, on the authority of Arabic writers, to be, after all, no such marvel, as it has injudiciously sometimes been allowed, and as Mahommed, who knew most about it, affirmed. The radical defects of Islamism are then pointed out—it fails in the essential characteristics of a revelation—it has no miracles—no prophecies—is opposed to former dispensations—and has neither any doctrine of redemption, nor any commutation for it—nor any originality. Our own scriptures are then vindicated from the aspersions cast upon them by Mahomedans—especially the charge of corruption; and misrepresentations—manifest ones—are specified, particularly in the History of Christ, as collected from the Koran itself. The incidental blessings conferred by Christianity—none of which accompany Mahomedanism—are then insisted on as presumptive proof of its divinity—such as the improved moral and political, as well as religious, condition of the countries, where Christianity has penetrated—the superior intelligence of Christian countries—the spirit of investigation which distinguishes them, manifestly encouraged by the scriptures—the wider diffusion of benevolence—the softening of national asperities, &c.—some of which, however, must be taken with considerable allowances.

The volume concludes with an interpretation and application of a portion of the Apocalypse to Mahomedanism, to which we have already alluded.

When the light of truth shall penetrate these dark regions, all the efforts of Grand Seignors, Sultans, Bashaws, and Muftis, to extinguish it, will be unavailing. Though various causes may combine to impede its progress, yet its ultimate success is certain and irresistible.

And more to the same purpose, in terms which nobody will of course think of controverting.

The author takes credit to himself, and deserves it, in his life of Mahommed, for correcting the mis-statements, now universally exploded, of former writers—such as—that Mahommed was of obscure origin—the story of the tame pigeon, which whis-

pered the commands of God in his ear—his being subject to epilepsy, and pretending that the attacks of the disorder were illapses of the spirit, and that his mortal part strained to the height—

In that celestial colloquy divine,  
Dazzled and spent, sunk down and sought re-  
pair”

That he had difficulty in persuading his wife to embrace his religion—that he attacked the Meccans merely under pretence of their having broken the treaty—that he forcibly despoiled some orphans of their house to erect a mosque in Medina—that his coffin was suspended by magnets in the air at Mecca, &c.

*Travels in Sicily and the Lipari Islands, in 1824, by a Naval Officer; 1828.*—For any one who wishes for a brief sketch of the actual geographical condition of Sicily, along the coast of it, and of the ruins and records of the olden, splendid days of the island, this will prove a valuable book, and save abundance of labour. The survey was indeed a rapid one—not more than a month being spent on the tour: but then the author had only to look and move—the historical recollections with which the volume abounds, connected with the localities, were gathered before and after—they are elaborately got up, and carefully stated. The author's views, for the most part, are confined to the illustration of the places rather than the people of Sicily—it is the history and events of ages past, and not of the existing government or population of Sicily, with which he is concerned—he writes like a scholar, or an antiquary, or a man of books—such as these things were in days of yore, and not at all like a man engaged in active life, whose thoughts naturally turn more to the present than the past, more to the animate than the inanimate—intent upon the laws, and customs, and principles which influence the character and welfare of living beings, more than upon the ruined and forgotten splendour of by-gone days; though towards the close of the volume, the author has some remarks on the baleful effects of absenteeism on the part of the nobles of Sicily, which will very well illustrate those of Ireland, and shew that he has not quite forgotten his own times.

The author set out from Naples, in a steam-packet, for Palermo—steam-packets are every where now—and in his course passes Capri, which, having visited on some former occasion, he briefly describes, and is exceedingly severe, and even fierce, upon Tiberius; and at some distance contemplates Stromboli, and the flames of its eternal volcano, which still burns an unfailing beacon to the frequenters of the surrounding seas. Arrived at Palermo, he loses no time in looking about him—flying in all directions—trusting resolutely to his own eyes,

in defiance and in scorn of cicerones—and is earnest, and almost solemn, in recommending travellers to see *every thing* within their reach and ken, on the ground, chiefly, that no man knows what suggestions, what ideas, and combinations of ideas, the sight may start into existence, or how useful the most apparently useless may eventually prove; but, above all, that no rival traveller may win a malignant triumph in his assurances that you have overlooked the “most interesting, the most captivating and various.”

Among the antiquities of Palermo, he enumerates the Kubba, now called Castel Reale, and converted into barracks, once the residence of a Moorish chief, but bearing few marks of its original character; and the Zera, another Moorish palace, which has suffered scarcely any change by the lapse of time, or the convulsions of society. The examination of these noble relics confirms the writer in the conclusion he had before formed, that the style of architecture called Gothic is strictly Saracenic—a fact which he endeavours to establish by historical deductions—and which will not by any means be new to the reader. This style, in truth, is a combination of certain peculiarities of every other—the round arch of the Romans—the three columns of the Greeks—the pointed arch, tracery, and open lattice work of the Chinese, Hindoos, and Persians—the spiral pillar and horse-shoe form of the Egyptians—all of which appear in the religious structures of the Saracens—were brought by them into the south of Europe—were adopted by their successors the Goths, and imitated in the north.

From Palermo, the author coasts the shore round the western promontory, the ancient Lilybæum, contemplating every thing in his way, new and old, till he reaches Terra Nova, from whence he strikes across the country to Syracuse, and again starts along the coast, stepping out of his line to look at Etna, till he comes to Messina, where he embarks again in a steam-packet, meaning to return to Palermo, and from thence again to Naples; but, luckily, finding an opportunity at Malazzo to steal a glance at the Lipari Islands, in obedience to his principle of seeing all, he seizes it, and lands on several of them, and, not unpleasantly, takes us over spots, of which as little is known as of many of the islands of the Pacific.

To give the reader a taste of his quality. At Carini, about fifteen miles from Palermo, and four from the sea, after describing the place, he speaks of the river as once flowing through Hyccara, about a mile before it reaches the sea. This unfortunate town was sacked by Nicias in the Peloponnesian war, and scarcely is one stone left upon another to identify the spot. “Such is the destiny of man,” breaks out the author, “such is the evanescent existence of human works, when di-

vine authority decrees their fall.” We must stop a moment. Where is the propriety, we would ask, of this kind of language, which we are every where meeting with among writers, who evidently have no convictions regarding the subject involved in it? All, so far as we can conclude, is under the providence of the creator—the general stability of nature establishes the fact, whatever be the instruments with which it works. The fall of Hyccara is intelligible enough on the principles of human action, and the experience of life, which are the laws of God, and his appointments, and the contemplation of which may enable us sometimes to shun the causes that lead to ruin. But what is the doctrine inculcated by the expressions to which we allude? That experience is of no use to us—that events are occurring according to other laws, or no laws, and which being at least unknown, are not to be calculated upon before hand, nor understood after—when the fact is, that the more we learn, the more intelligible becomes what was before unintelligible. We are not by this remark taking things out of the hands of Providence, but placing them under it—not capriciously talking of Providence on one point, and forgetting it on another. This is not our notion of piety. Hyccara fell by an overwhelming force, and an ill-advised resistance—and her fall exhibits nothing out of the course of experience in that age. But the reader will think we are preaching—

This place, Hyccara, observes the writer, was the birth place of the far-famed Lais, who, yet a child, together with the other prisoners of Nicias, was carried to Catana, where they were sold into slavery by public auction, and the lovely Siel maid became the property of a Corinthian merchant, in after years the wonder and admiration of man, the envy of woman, and the theme of song.

At Trapani, the ancient Drepanum, the author remarks, the coral trade is carried on to a great extent, not only from the fisheries of its own coast, but those of Tunis, for the privilege of which they pay a trifling annual rent to the Bey. However, the competition they are about to experience from England, I imagine, will soon deprive them of those benefits, and at the same time of the means of livelihood to hundreds of poor wretches, who have been their whole lives engaged in the pursuit.

If the writer alludes to the coral companies, he need be under no alarm—they have followed, or will follow, the fate of the rest of the wild speculations of ‘Change Alley.

Among the rocky islets to the south of Trapani, he visited the largest of the group, Columbara, called in ancient days the Isle of Doves, and which Captain Smyth, it seems, describes as the goal established by Æneas for the boat race, “which, I think,” remarks our author, “a steady perusal of the fifth book of the Æneid will undeniably



confute, and clearly prove the rock now called *Mal Consiglio*, to be the one alluded to by the Mantuan bard, in the following beautiful passage"—which we need not quote, and to call which "beautiful" is all stuff—it is a plain prosaic statement of the object for which it was fixed on—to direct the boatman where to turn. But the speculation is absurd. Why suppose Virgil to have had any *one* rock in view? Are rocks so scarce within sight of shore?

At a short distance from Marsala is an immense extent of ancient quarries, from whence the Carthaginians and Romans took their stone for the building and fortifying of Lilybæum—the stone is curious, and merits the attention of the naturalist; it is an extremely porous marine concretion, enclosing in deep strata beds of fine scollop shells, many extremely perfect, and of a species not at present known to exist. We know not what the *naturalist* may say, but what will the geologist say?

At the convent at this Marsala, he visits the long range of catacombs, which furnishes, he adds, the usual exhibition of smoke-dried skeletons of deceased friars, under the convent, and which is kept as cleanly and wholesome as a place of this kind will admit, and affords rather a good specimen of that very singular custom, observed by the monastic fraternities of Sicily, of preserving the deceased partners of their solitude.

On the banks of the Belici he recalls the memorable victory of Timoleon over the Carthaginians, and is suddenly seized with such a fit of enthusiasm, that "he made a libation from the stream to the Corinthian victor, and offered up a prayer that another Timoleon might soon spring up, and again restore industry and happiness under the smiling influence of freedom"—which is really a rhapsody we did not look for, from the usual sober strain of the author. But at Agrakas, is another burst, at the splendour of the voluptuous landscape—the broken and ruined magnificence of antiquity is lost and forgotten in the enjoyment of the scene, made up of artless and uncivilized nature, aided by a genial climate, and the mellowed tints of a southern sky, and combining all that is beautiful both of land and sea, &c.

We have no space to accompany him further—but the volume is full of a certain sort of information, for which one has occasion now and then to refer. His account of the Lipari is by no means one of the least interesting or useful parts of the book—which really deserves a place among books of travels.

*Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London, with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of each Edifice. Vol. II. By J. Britton and A. Pugin; 1828.*—This, like its predecessor, is a very elegant volume; but, though completing the editors'

design, it is very far indeed from completing the number of public or conspicuous buildings. It would be difficult to detect the principle of selection adopted by the very competent undertakers—some are old—most of them new—some no longer in existence, and others only in embryo—while several, in defiance of the title, are really private edifices. The chief value of collections of this kind consists very much in their completeness; they are essentially books of reference, and books of reference that refuse to furnish what we naturally expect to find, will soon be thrown aside. The editors themselves, in their preface, enumerate several omissions—among others, the Screen at Hyde Park Corner (by the way, the figures on the frieze just thrown open, are much too small to be any thing but petty) and the Arch on the opposite side of the road—the late Duke of York's House—Lord Grosvenor's Picture Gallery—Gandy's new Church in North Audley-street—the new Club Houses in St. James's-street—St. Paul's School—the new Post Office—British Museum—the London University—Trinity Church, Mary-le-bone—St. Catherine's Hospital in Regent's-park—Trinity Chapel, and the Unitarian Chapel in Stamford-street—Salter's Hall—the Mint, Excise, &c. &c.; and for not proceeding with these there can be but one cause—want of patronage. With the quantum of "fame" they have acquired, the editors are well content: but fame is not profit. The failure is to be regretted; but there is no forcing these things down people's throats. The fashion, however, prevails and spreads of covering drawing-room tables with prints and embellished works, and these must have variety and successions; and such is the imitative and aspiring spirit of the day, that the demand for shew and objects of display is sure to multiply—it will only be for the sellers to look after payment.

The engravings are merely outlines, with just shading enough to show projections; but the effect is very good, and quite adequate for common purposes. Among the more conspicuous objects are Carlton House, Somerset House, the Bank, India House, Law Courts, Nash's Gallery, new Hall of Christ's Hospital, Belgrave Square, the Bridges, and Drury Lane Rotunda. The descriptions, which are both historical and descriptive, are chiefly written by Messrs. Britton, Brayley, Moffat, and Leeds, in the usual style of topographic writing. The account of the *Colosseum* is by J. B. and T. H. and is as fine a specimen of puffery and balderdash as we have seen this twelvemonth. This Colosseum—our country friends must not confound the word with Coliseum—is the imposing building now erecting for the exhibition of Mr. Horner's Panorama of London and its Environs, as visible, when the smoke permits, from the top of St. Paul's, and will be thrown open,

it is said, in the course of the season. The proprietors are coupling the panoramic exhibition with some extraordinary out-of-door scenes, which we endeavoured to comprehend in the account given by J. B. and T. H., but failed, or our readers should have had the benefit of the attempt.

*George Godfrey.* 3 vols. 12mo. ; 1828.

—For some time it was an even chance with us whether we could get on—repulsed as we were by the air of levity, which seemed to mock at all realities—the quaint, abrupt, and uneasy phraseology, which obviously mistook the *outré* for the piquant—and the determination to be smart and humorous, even if it must be at the expense of all respect for common feelings and decorums, hallowed by custom. These things revolted us, but persevering—a duty our office imposes on us—we were soon amply repaid by the growing spirit of the narrative; and the introduction of scenes, new to the *novel* sphere, described with vivacity and *intelligence*, arrested our attention, and fixed it to the end. It will be called, we suppose, a satire, because it exhibits scenes and characters that have recently had their prototypes in the living world; and the personality, if such it is worth calling, is so completely undisguised, that every body will at once apply it.

George Godfrey's story begins with his childhood. The father dies early, and the mother is left in very indifferent circumstances, with one boy, whom she indulges to excess, and makes him, of course, capricious and self-willed. Though long inconsolable, the widow is at length comforted by a marriage with the family apothecary, who, finding her property proving at last nothing at all, treats her with neglect, and the boy with severity—but cures him of his humours. He accordingly gets a sort of rambling and irregular education, which fits him for neither one thing nor another; nor are any steps taken to qualify him for gaining his own livelihood. By dint of carrying medicines to the patients, he by degrees makes acquaintance, and eventually gets an offer of employment from an auctioneer, who overhears some loyal sentiments of his, which, corresponding exactly with his own stock-jobbing interests, excites his admiration, and prompts him to make the offer. But while on the point of entering upon his new office, he has the good luck to protect a young lady, separated from her duenna in a crowd, and in the service is roughly handled by a sprig of nobility and his friend—handed over to a constable, and brought up before the police. His lordship's story is of course listened to with all courtesy and deference by the chief of the bench; and George, in a torn coat, covered with mud, and none to back him, in spite of an eloquent defence—interrupted at every sentence—is ordered to find bail, which is on the spot offered by a gentleman,

who afterwards proves to be the guardian of the young lady he had recently protected. He accompanies the gentleman home, is treated with a new suit, and a degree of intercourse follows, which leads to important results.

He now joins the auctioneer, and officiates as assistant clerk. The character of the auctioneer is shewn up at great length—and will probably be recognized by some, though we know nothing of him. An opportunity is thus given of exhibiting the tricks of the profession—the manœuvres for promoting sales—the prompting and placing mock bidders, &c. In the course of his duty, he attends the sale of some property belonging to a Mr. Haversham, who had been, some years before, tried for the supposed murder of his wife, but acquitted; and who, in disgust, secluded himself within his own walls, and amused his solitude by building a lofty tower—the former proprietor of Fonthill, in short, scarcely disguised, except that his eccentricities and seclusion are ascribed to other causes. Godfrey and his brother clerk resolve to get a glimpse of the “murderer in his den.” They succeed in getting into the priory gardens—are seized—conducted to the house—receive a sharp lecture from the owner—and a magnificent supper—and are then dismissed.

Returning to town, Godfrey's employer finds him new occupation. The auctioneer, as has been hinted, was a jobber in the funds, and upon some occasion losing large sums by the neglect or the treachery of his broker, he resolves to employ Godfrey to watch the turns of the market, and by thus giving his broker timely notice of his wishes, to leave him without excuse. The Stock Exchange, and Capel-court, and all the blackguardism and rascality of these dens of trickery and infamy, are well shewn up. Godfrey does his master good service, and quickly discovers the possibility of doing business on his own account. He has neither money nor stock—but neither are indispensable. He makes time bargains, and successfully pockets the differences, till he realizes some thousands by the gradual accumulation of tens and twenties. The temptation is irresistible; he grows confident and adventurous, and loses faster than he gained, till he is left again without a shilling.

From the depths of despair he is pulled up again by a friend, who had experienced the same fluctuations of fortune, and was now as pennyless as himself; but he was of a more reckless cast, and troubled with none of the scruples, which, in spite of the corrupting atmosphere of the Alley, had been a check to Godfrey's career. After some resistance, he joins his friend in starting a joint-stock concern—a Gold, Wine, and Olive Company—to work the mines of Yetromsky and Kuzdloph, and cultivate the sides and summits of the *Pénœus*. An

office is taken; a table and paper and pens provided, and a few chairs; M.P.'s assemble as directors, whose first act is to vote themselves each £200 a year, which is amended by a vote for two guineas each attendance, &c. The scheme answers to admiration—the shares mount to a high premium—and Godfrey, of course, sells his stock. Greece succeeding so well—he and another are despatched by some brother schemers to Greece, to persuade the new government to raise a loan, which gives full occasion for detailing the practices of the contractors, and especially of the patriotic holders of bonds—the poet Ardent, and Skinflint, the M.P., can be mistaken by nobody who reads newspapers.

In Greece, Godfrey meets with Mr. Haversham, the owner of the Priory, who is rambling over the country, accompanied by a Turkish boy, about whom there is a good deal of mystery, and whom he rescues from the barbarous fury of the Greeks, who are ready to butcher every Turk that falls into their hands. An intimacy follows between Godfrey and Mr. Haversham, which is assiduously cultivated on the part of Mr. H., who, though he recognized the auctioneer's clerk, made no sign of recognition. In the meanwhile Godfrey is *honestly* pressing the Greeks to furnish security for the proposed loan; and his employers growing impatient—Godfrey is too scrupulous for them—they despatch a more out and out agent to supersede him; and, on his return, the contributors to the expense of the mission demand restitution. Embarrassments follow, and he resolves, as a dernier resort, to enter the Columbian service; but on his way to the coast, passing the Priory, he proposes to call on Mr. Haversham, whom he had not seen since his return to England. On approaching the gate, he is taken for a poacher, and a charge of small shot being lodged in his neck, he is taken to the Priory, kindly entertained, and is some time in recovering. This accident puts a stop to the Columbian voyage, and Mr. H. invites him to reside with him as his secretary. Here for a time he is perfectly happy—going occasionally to town to call on Adela, the young lady whom he had formerly protected from insult in the streets, and to whom he had by degrees made himself very acceptable. After one of these visits, Mr. H., without explaining his motives, urges him to give up the connexion, and promises him, if he will do so, a permanent appointment of £500 a year—which, after repeated warnings, he finally and peremptorily rejects. In a few days he learns, accidentally, that a lady has been introduced, and the matter he perceives is studiously concealed from him. Circumstances awaken his suspicions that it is Adela herself;—it is she—and overhearing parts of a certain conversation, he suspects his friend of treachery, and flies in disgust

from patron and nymph, and abandons the Priory.

In his eagerness to escape, he forgets his purse, and has in consequence some difficulty in settling travelling expenses, till at Brentford, the inn where he sleeps is broken into in the night, and robbed, and he rushing after the robbers, is himself arrested as one of them. Circumstances are made to tell strongly against him; he is tried, and condemned, and respited only on the very scaffold. His rescue is due entirely to the exertions of Mr. H., who accidentally discovering his miserable condition, leaves no stone unturned to save him. All is explained on the part of Mr. H.—Adela is his own daughter, and instead of himself making love to her, as Godfrey supposed he had overheard, he had actually been pleading for him. The Turkish boy, whom he had rescued from destruction, was Adela herself. The prison scenes are too fully and painfully detailed to give any pleasure; and the breakfast after the execution of some of Godfrey's fellow prisoners, though probably true almost to the letter, is most revolting.

Though reprieved, and Adela avowing her affection, the sentence is only commuted for Botany Bay for life. To Sidney accordingly the miserable man goes—is retained for the government gang—gets after a time released from labour, by paying ten shillings a week, and is entrapped by a pretended friend into a marriage with a most loathsome woman of the town. By the same precious friend—known in the colony, for his personal and moral qualities, by the name of Lean Iniquity—he is tempted to try and escape—to take first to the Bush in order to elude discovery, and then to the coast. Some scenes of considerable power follow with the wretches of the Bush and his companion, and after escaping extremest perils, he falls in with some soldiers, and at last learns that, by the confession of the real housebreakers of Brentford, he is at liberty to return to England. He does return, and proceeds to the Priory, determined, after a long struggle with himself, to conceal his marriage; but scarcely has he arrived, when, to his dismay, he encounters his wife. He now makes a virtue of necessity, and confesses his wretchedness to Mr. H. and Adela. Perplexities thicken. Mr. H. himself is in embarrassment, and apparently at the mercy of a merciless creditor, who insists upon Adela's marrying his son, a young gentleman just arrived from abroad. This son Godfrey discovers to be Lean Iniquity himself, and discloses his story. A final scene is now got up—present, Mr. H. and his daughter, and the creditor and his son, Mr. Lean Iniquity, and the clergyman, to perform the marriage ceremony—behind the curtain are placed by Mr. H. both Godfrey and his charming wife. Fresh discoveries now take place, and the *denouement* is complete—Lean Iniquity's



father proves to have been the cause of all poor Mr. H.'s former troubles, and guilty, moreover, of forgery—Godfrey's wife was already the wife of Lean Iniquity. The officers of justice are at the door to arrest the criminals—but on their consenting to give up all claims—none of which were just—and quit the country, they have a quarter of an hour's law—of which they make the best use. The field is thus left clear for Godfrey—who marries Adela—and becomes heir to Mr. H.'s vast possessions.

*Mary Harland, a Tale of Humble Life*; 1828.—This is an excellent little story, intended to read a moral lesson to young women of humble life, but entirely free from the asperities of religious fanaticism, and the cant of the "tea and tract" school. It is told with great truth and feeling. The steps that lead to wrong are distinctly traced, and its consequences as plainly and indisputably pointed out, without harshness or exaggeration. The story is simply that of an innocent and right-minded girl, virtuously brought up, quitting her parent's roof to better her condition by service in London—prompted chiefly by the representations of a companion of hers—a girl of a lighter and giddier cast, who was thought to have done wonders in this way. She goes first to a place of all work, and her friend soon persuades her she is very much overworked, and, indeed, we think so too—and soon finds her a situation in a family of distinction, where her work is easier, and, at all events, her liberty greater. Her intercourse with her friend becomes now more frequent—she goes with her to the theatre—and takes to gayer dressing, but still not precipitately—she firmly resists what appears to her improper—till, at last, after a short suspension of intercourse, her friend informs her she is married to a gentleman of fortune, who for the present chooses, for family reasons, to conceal his marriage, and begs her to come and live with her as a sort of companion. In her simplicity, she has no distrust of the truth of the story, and considering the offer as a grand lift in life, she readily accedes.

Here, unhappily, she is exposed to the arts of a profligate in high life, and, under the mask of honourable intentions, is eventually seduced by him. Before, however, he is tired of his victim, the poor girl discovers his villany, and instantly, and steadily renounces all further intercourse, and, abandoning all her raised and romantic hopes, in the bitterness of her feelings, but with the resolution of genuine virtue, she turns again to the labour of her hands. With a ruined character, to find a service

was difficult enough. One at last, however, she does find, but so hard and grinding, that few who could help themselves would accept it—when, to complete her misery, she discovers herself to be with child. Her condition is discovered, and she is harshly dismissed. She returns to her family, gives birth to a boy, and, not to be a burden to her parents, she resolves to tramp the country, selling pincushions, till at last she comes to London, sinks deeper and deeper into distresses—accidentally encounters her seducer—is repulsed by him—looses her senses—goes to an hospital—her child is taken by the parish, and she herself, on her recovery, goes into some miserable service. The hapless child is stolen by a chimney sweeper, and, after suffering the most heart rending misery, is rescued by the employer, whom she had faithfully served, and placed again in her hands. In the fulness of her misery, she meets with her first mistress, to whom she tells her story, and is listened to, and, in time, recommended by her to a relation of her own—a slopseller, at Gravesend, a widower, with a family—to take care of his house and children. Here she acquits herself admirably—it is the first opportunity she has had since her fall, and she makes the best use of it. After an ordeal of some years, the mate of a merchantman, a gallant fellow, falls in love with her—she is still young and pretty, and, eventually, after all necessary explanations, marries her, and she lives the remainder of her days in comfort and respectability. By one act of credulity at sixteen or seventeen, brought about by the most insidious schemings of an accomplished scoundrel, she is plunged into a sea of sorrows, and sunk to the very depths of despair for five or six years, and as many more are passed in what may be termed her trial and atonements—through every hour of all that long and weary period does she bravely and resolutely aim at doing what is right—she is guilty of nothing but credulity, and she is visited with inflictions that no crimes of the deepest dye would seem to deserve. The thing is painful to contemplate; but the consequences are not untruly stated—and the delineation may work a timely warning.

If we found any fault, we should find it in the pains that are taken to enforce the necessity of obedience and submission in services of such sharp severity, that it would be surely rather a duty to fly from them. Had the poor girl suffered less hardships in her first place, she might not have been so easily induced to change it, and might thus have escaped the temptations before which she fell.

## MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

The King's Theatre is now the wonder, the luminary to which all the other dramatic lights bow their waning heads. The managers of the opera have certainly contrived to form a force very unusual in this country; and, altogether, unrivalled in any other. Sontag, the worshipped of Germany, from the Harz to the Tyrol; Pasta, the queen of Italian tragedy; Schutz, a very spirited and clever singer; and among the rest, Caradori, a great favourite of the public, until she began to give herself airs, and make the world discover that the meekness and moderation which first created an interest for her, were put on for effect, and thrown off for effect too. With such a company, a new tide of popularity might be predicted, and it has flowed, and continues to flow.

We have been always convinced that puffing is bad policy; but this is a puffing age; and never was actress puffed like Sontag. There was not a point of her character, person, powers, or features, from her *chevelure à la Hongroise*, down to her boots *à la Hulon*, on which the panegyric blast was not directed with reckless activity. She was pronounced to be the cause of duel upon duel in Berlin; to have secularized the feelings of the Abbot of St. Bartolomeo Borrico, in Vienna; to have been proposed for, in sacred matrimony, by an English Ambassador, who had jilted the Duchess of Berry, for her sake; and to have narrowly escaped the actual ceremony with a German prince, although the idolized and paramount over the bodies of half a million of souls, such as souls are in Germany.

The havoc that this Venus wrought in Paris was beyond description; and the number of *billets* written to her, sensibly increased the revenue of the *petite poste*. With these charms, for the undoing of those who had eyes to see, what fatality had she not for those who had also ears to hear? Her voice was pronounced to be the very supreme of sound; the fiddlers of Berlin could not keep pace with her rapidity, echo her strength of tone, or emulate her delicacy of articulation; the fiddlers of Vienna laid by their bows in despair, and suffered her to make her *bravuras solo*. All was astonishment and admiration.

Mademoiselle Sontag appeared a few nights since in London, and the miracle was reduced, at a moment, into human dimensions. For the Venus, and the Syren, comes forth a tolerably pretty, very good-humoured looking, honest countenanced young person; thoroughly German, in every movement and feature; with a very sweet, very distinct, and very flexible voice. Altogether a charming performer, and perfectly corresponding to the opinion attributed to the great Catalani: *Elle est la première*

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*dans son genre, mais son genre n'est pas le premier.* She is completely the *Rosina* of the "*Barbiere di Seviglia*," playful, pleasant, and coquettish; with, from time to time, a touching expression of voice and manner, that brings her piquancy to the heart; and, at all times, singular ease and command of voice.

Our theatrical directors seldom exhibit much *tact* in their dramatic contrivances; but we must give them credit for improvement in this point, in the "*Barbiere*." The first sight of *Rosina* is seen from a window, according to the original. A position palpably disadvantageous to the whole effect of the figure. On the present occasion, a better taste reserved the *grand début* for a better scene; and Sontag came forth, at once, to the front of the stage, with the letter in her hand, and in the beautiful cavatina, *Una voce poco fa*, which we have so often heard, and which scarcely can be heard without pleasure, poured forth her incantation. But sweet as the spell was, it was felt to be a falling off from the high-raised expectation of the audience, and a feeling of disappointment was certainly the general impression. But the fault was in the *tactique* of the singer, not in her deficiency of power. By an idle policy, common among performers, she reserved her display for a later effort, and indulged herself only in prelude. But the first song is like the first blow, a great way to victory; and the candidate for popular honours should feel it a maxim, that the first effort demands the whole power. If Sontag, instead of tenderly trying her ground, at her first attempt, had boldly taken possession of it, and developed her whole strength, she would have escaped the languor that let down the spirits of the audience during half the night, and would have been triumphant from her first *roulade* to the last.

Catalani, who knew the stage and the English taste thoroughly, almost always commenced with a *bravura*; developed the whole vigour of her matchless voice, before the audience had recovered from their admiration of the dignity of her entrance, and the majesty of her fine countenance and gesture; and made the whole night a career of easy victory.

Sontag's articulation and flexibility are, probably, now unequalled. She sings those violin variations of Rode, which are now become a sort of gymnastic feat among the *bravura* singers, with a perfect mastery of their execution. But the effort, however perfectly accomplished, is not to our taste. The finest influence of the human voice is, its speaking to the heart—its expression. All the gambolings and curvettings that were ever effected by the opera dancer, are not the hundredth part so graceful as the natural

movements of a fine woman. All the swings and jumps of a rope dancer, wonderful as we may deem his escapes with an unbroken neck, are not to be compared with the simple majesty of the tragedian. Rode's variations are a study for the violinist, but a burlesque, and a barbarism for the voice; and the style of singing which their popularity would introduce, must be totally detrimental to grace, delicacy, and feeling.

At Covent Garden, Kean has gone spiritedly through his usual characters, and has renewed his engagement. We do not expect a very fierce determination in actors to keep their vows of retiring from the stage, while popularity woos them to remain upon it. But Kean certainly held out his determination to retire too pompously, and too repeatedly, before the public eye, not to make his abandonment of it rather a perplexing affair to a man troubled with any sense of responsibility. His resolution to "leave the stage at the end of the present season," was promulgated in all shapes, at the head of every announcement of his appearance, for months together, and in a lugubrious length of type, that was enough to throw the passer by into sorrow half a league off. We are extremely glad that he has broken his resolution; and we hope that he may retain the power, and the will, to play *Othello* and *Shylock*, as long as we shall visit the dramatic walls. But we must protest against being made miserable without a cause; being frightened by his adroitness in raising a phantom, and lying down in our beds, at the end of the season, in the false horrors of never seeing the Kean again.

The Easter spectacle, from the pen of Mr. Pococke, a very practised and dexterous arranger of these matters, and from the hands and hammer of Mr. Farley, who has long reigned king of melo-drama, was a failure; such is the slipperiness of stage glories. The last year's spectacle of "Peter Wilkins, in which all the little ballet girls are turned into turtle doves, and old Mr. Chapman wore as many feathers as might have made the clothing of a whole flock of geese, has taken the place of the deceased melo-drama; and we hope will go on flying, and flourishing, to the end of the destined period. The "Race for a Dinner,"

a little adaptation from a French "Raising the Wind," now playing in the Lyceum, has been a successful, through Wrench's activity, and dilapidated coat and breeches; and Vestris, the invincible, is announced to resume her triumphs in fresh pantaloons, and vivacity renewed, by a trip to the provincial theatres.

The characteristic diligence of Drury Lane has been busy during the month. Liston and Matthews have been brought back, and Mrs. Glossop has sung as brilliantly as ever. But there has been a defect which, neither the humour of the actors, nor the voice of the *prima donna*, can heal—a want of novelty. The season has produced nothing that deserves the name of original; no new comedy—no new opera—and no tragedy, but an unsuccessful, and undoubtedly uninteresting attempt by Lord Porchester, on the story of Pedro, the cruel. But if comedy is beyond the power of the present writers for the stage, and tragedy has died altogether, without hope of revival, until some man of undiscovered power, and some actress, capable of performing his conceptions, start up together; yet, where is opera? With such composers as Braham, Bishop, and a crowd of others, why the musical drama should be in its shroud, is beyond our comprehension; and we have no doubt that its revival would be a matter of easy success. In these remarks, we by no means implicate the manager. We like his activity, straightforwardness, and intelligence; and we like those not at all the worse for their being imported. Drury Lane was so long the sport and the victim of slovenliness, dishonesty, and disregard of all the decent habits of business between man and man, that we are glad to acknowledge the Transatlantic change, and congratulate the present manager on having retrieved the character of his theatre.

The "Savoyard and the Monkey," the Easter melo-drama, has amply succeeded. The monkey's representative, who does honour to the forest, unluckily felt the hazard of human ambition a few nights ago, and tumbled from the top of the scenes on his head. He is, however, recovered. A Passage of the Rhine in this piece, displays a succession of landscape, by Stanfield, perfectly admirable.

#### PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 15.—The anniversary was held this day, and the officers and council for the ensuing year were elected. After which, an able and eloquent address was delivered by the president, Dr. Fitton, on the state of geology in this country. We have not sufficient space to allow of its insertion entire, and to offer an abridgment would

be to injure its effect.—March 7. A paper was read, "On the geological relations and internal structure of the magnesian limestone, and the lower portions of the new red sand-stone series, in their range through Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Durham," by Professor Sedgwick. This paper was the conclusion and a summary of three others, which had



been read in the years 1826 and 27, and which, establishing the high reputation of their learned author, have perhaps contributed to his advancement to the situation he at present occupies.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

March 4.—A communication was read from the Rev. L. Jenyns, "On the distinctive characters of two British species of *plecotus*, supposed to have been confounded under the name of long eared bat." A new bat, found adhering to the bark of a pollard willow, and which the author names

*brevimanus*, is discriminated in this memoir from *acutus*, which, together with *barbastellus*, make up Geoffroy's sub-genus *plecotus* of the vespertilionide. The difference in absolute size, in the relative proportions of the parts, in the colour, and in the apparent habits, seem to require the making it a distinct species.—March 18. The death of Sir James Edward Smith, who had held the highly honourable situation of president of this society from its first establishment in 1788, having been communicated to the meeting, it was immediately adjourned.

### VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Achromatic Telescopes.*—During the latter part of the last century, the manufacture of achromatic telescopes, which our countryman Dollond had brought to such perfection, was confined exclusively to this country; and although a limited, it was a lucrative branch of our export trade, while it extended the scientific character of the nation. Fettered, however, by the operation of the excise laws, the English experimentalists have been unable to make the practical researches required for producing flint glass of the necessary purity, in sufficient quantities, or rather with a sufficient extent of surface, to surpass in size the instruments made fifty years ago; and, on the continent, these researches have been prosecuted with success, so that our trade and our reputation, in this branch of art, seem gone for ever. The magnificent instrument at Dorpat, made by Fraunhofer, is well known. Mr. Lerebours, of Paris, has now executed, from some of Guinand's glass, an achromatic telescope, with an aperture of twenty-four inches, and a focal length of twenty-five feet; and there are at present for sale, in the French capital, three object glasses, of six inches aperture, and six feet focal length—of seven inches aperture, and seven feet focal length—and 10·4 inches aperture, and seventeen feet focal length. As a set off against these, and the power of constructing similar instruments, the English must place the discovery of Mr. Barlow; we are happy to have it in our power to announce the success of this gentleman in the construction of telescopes with a correcting fluid medium; and from his well known zeal in the cause of science, we hope that he will not suffer the effect of his valuable labours to be neutralized by the proverbial cupidity of the English opticians.

*Geography.*—We mentioned in our last number, that, at the conclusion of this year, two celestial maps would make their appearance, far surpassing any which the rest of Europe can boast; indeed the idea

of giving them a rotatory motion, in the plane of the equator, is one of singular utility. The same spirited individual, Mr. Arrowsmith, who has undertaken this work, will shortly publish a comparative atlas of ancient and modern geography, from original authorities, and on a new plan, for the use of Eton College. We may express our surprise, that, considering the necessity of geographical knowledge, (for necessary it must surely be considered,) so very few books on the subject, that can be regarded as any thing more than trash, are to be met with in England.—While, on the continent, the ablest professors do not think it beneath them to draw up elementary treatises, here scarcely any thing is to be met with but compilations, "got up by the trade."

*Sand Vitrified by Lightning.*—M. Arago, the French Astronomer Royal, presented, last month, to the Academy of Sciences, some tubes of vitrified sand, formed by lightning, and of extraordinary dimensions. Among the most singular effects of lightning must be ranked the formation of tubes of vitreous matter, which are found on the highest mountains; the mode of producing these tubes was for a long time totally unknown. Philosophers are now unanimous in ascribing them to the effect of lightning, which, when it falls upon a sandy soil, melts and vitrifies the sand to a greater or less depth; and this explanation cannot be doubted, since similar tubes have been observed to be formed instantaneously in places where the lightning has fallen. The vitreous tubes in question were collected in Germany, in some sandy territories, and one of them is more than nineteen feet long. How the discharge of an electric cloud could melt and vitrify so thick a mass of sand is wonderful, when the same effect could scarcely be produced in our most powerful furnaces.

*Fate of La Perouse.*—The East India Company's ship *Research* having been despatched to the islands in the neighbourhood of

New Zealand, to investigate the truth of certain reports which had been made relative to the fate of the eminent French navigator La Perouse, has ascertained that his two vessels were wrecked the same night on a reef off the Manico Island, situated in lat.  $11^{\circ} 40'$  S., and long.  $167^{\circ}$  E. One of the ships sank in deep water, after striking on a reef of rocks, and all on board perished; the other was thrown on the reef, and those of the crew who escaped, were able to save from the wreck materials enough to build a small vessel, at a place called Palore, and though some of them were killed by the natives, were enabled to finish their little vessel, in which they left the island, with the exception of two men, about five months after their shipwreck. One of these men died about three years since; the other left the island in a canoe, and his fate is unknown; most likely he perished, as no information could be obtained of him in the adjacent islands. The clearest proofs have been obtained that these vessels were French, from numerous articles stamped with the French national fleur-de-lis, and also with the arms of a French family of distinction.

*Natural Phenomenon.*—On the authority of private letters, it has been stated in one of the native East Indian papers, that, towards the end of last year, hail-stones had fallen in Khandeah, weighing half a seer (about a pound) each.

*Metallic Caissons.*—Every day some new application of cast iron is made to purposes of general utility, and now a patent has been obtained for metallic caissons, applicable to the construction of piers, harbours, embankments, break-waters, basins, locks, quays, docks, mill-dams, roads through morasses, foundations of light houses, aqueducts, and other works requiring great expedition or durability. The caisson is a hollow metallic box, open generally both at the bottom and top, the thickness of the sides proportioned to the strength and gravity required, and the mode of uniting being by dove-tail; the results of various calculations of the comparative expense of granite and cast iron caisson works, give from twenty to more than fifty per cent. in favour of the latter, and the advantage in the saving of time, which, in works on the coast, is obviously of the highest importance, it is estimated, will be at least four-fifths in favour of the latter.

*Star Shot.*—A jelly-like substance is sometimes met with in the fields, and known by the name of "star shot," which was formerly believed to be the remains of half-digested worms, &c., discharged from the over-loaded stomachs of the sea-gulls; and a whimsical illustration of this idea is given in the second volume of Bewick's *British Birds*, at the conclusion of his first article on "the gull." This gelatinous matter has attracted considerable notice

among naturalists;—one German has recently maintained that it was the substance of "shooting stars"—another has considered it the produce, the excretion, of an animal—a third compares it with the manna of the Israelites which fell from heaven. Dr. R. Brooks has apparently set the question at rest; in the last number of Schweigger's *Journal*, he states "that it consists of the spawn of snails, as the *limax rufus*, *agrestis*, *stagnalis*, &c., which, although small in its natural state, and therefore remaining unobserved, assumes, in damp places, by absorbing water, the large bulk and white gelatinous appearance, necessarily attracting the attention of persons who find them in their way, and, finally, that its being found only in damp places, is owing to the very nature of this spawn."

*Waterspout on the Lake of Geneva.*—At fifty-two minutes after six, on the eleventh of last August, a portion of a dark cloud, suspended below the summit of the Savoy mountains, suddenly took a vertical direction, and being gilded with the deep orange tint of the setting sun, attracted universal attention, and enabled the spectators to trace all its movements. Its form was that of an inverted cone, the summit of which was about 200 feet from the surface of the lake, to which it precipitated itself in less than two minutes. This elongation of the cone took place by an oscillatory motion. This part of the spout appeared cylindrical, and its diameter was about ten or twelve feet. The moment it reached the lake, a great mass of the water was briskly agitated, as if it had been boiling, the foam rising to a height of more than fifty feet. This large column of water was inflected, like a ribband exposed to the wind. In eight minutes it reached the mouth of the Rhone, and, as long as it was above the river, the boiling continued, and the column was unbroken. When it quitted the river the boiling ceased, and the whole soon disappeared, the base of the cone continuing longest visible.

*Anatomy.*—A French medical gentleman, of the name of Lecomte, having found all previous theories on the difference of strength which usually exists in men, between the system on the right and on the left, has been induced to investigate the subject more closely; and the following hypothesis, which is proposed for one of the great physiological prizes, is the result of his labours. The difference between the right and the left system has its origin in the position of the fœtus in the uterus, during the last months of gestation; in an immense majority of cases, the position of the fœtus is such, that the left shoulder and arm, and all the left side, are pressed against the bones of the pelvis. From this pressure results a contraction of the vessels, a sort of atrophy of the whole left

system commencing. The weakness of this side, therefore, arises from this congenital disposition. To obtain the verification of his theory, M. Lecomte has compared the cases in which the fœtus has been in a position which he regards as proper to determine the weakness of the left system, with those in which it has been in a contrary position, and he has found a number which expresses positively the ratio of the "droitiers" to the "gauchers." To insure to children the free use of both their hands, Mr. L. does not think it sufficient to induce them, when at the age of two or three years, to employ both hands alike; but, to compensate the defective state in which the left system is at the moment of the birth, it will be necessary to oblige the babies to move that side only, condemning the right system to inaction. Involuntarily, the very reverse is usually done; the nurses, in fact, have a custom of carrying the children on the right arm, in which position the infant has the whole left side pressed against the bosom of the nurse, which only increases the unfortunate tendency it had at its birth.

*Logarithmic Cards.*—Our philosophical readers will doubtless remember that, a few years ago, a foreign mathematician, we believe a Pole, of the name of Wronski, visited this country; and it will hardly have escaped their recollection with what contempt certain proposals he made were rejected by the very eminent secretary to the board of longitude, who was no doubt able to understand them—although on this subject there is an unusually wide difference of opinion, confirmed in great measure by the captious pertinacity with which he has opposed some reasonings of Mr. Ivory, from an accidental error in their numerical expression, and by the bungling method pursued in some of his popular illustrations of the celestial mechanics of La Place; as it is supposed that no man would involve or mystify any question or process, of which he had in his own mind a due conception. Be that as it may, without presuming to decide on the merits of this gentleman, we may express our regret at the sneering, sarcastic, contemptuous tone, so decidedly unbecoming all philosophical discussion, and hostile to its spirit, which he frequently thinks proper to assume, and express our unfeigned sorrow that the example he has set, or the irritation he has occasioned, should have recalled into existence a spirit, of which, it was to be hoped, the last traces would be found in the controversy to which the writings of Newton gave rise. Mr. Herapath is quite out of the pale: to him we have always applied the vulgar adage of "rope enough"—the proper, decorous, and silent forbearance of the Royal Society supplied it, and he has now most effectually hung himself; but others, who should have been wiser, and are capable of better things, are continual-

ly "sparring," and the stream of philosophical inquiry, which should have glided on in tranquil majesty, is thus agitated by the encounters of the insects which float upon its surface. To return to Wronski; while other mathematicians, and our own highly-gifted countryman, Mr. Babbage, in particular, have been publishing Logarithmic Tables, of unimpeachable accuracy, but of considerable extent, Wronski has arranged the logarithmic canon on a single card, about the size of an octavo page—with this the logarithm to seven places of decimals may be obtained for any number—while from cards of much smaller dimensions, the logarithms to four or to six places of figures, enough for the common purposes of life, may be found. The utility to all practical men of such a compendious and portable table of logarithms is evident enough—the price of each card, according to the purpose for which it is designed, varies from about two shillings to four—the number of figures, consequently, cannot be very great; so that here a material source of error is cut off, an advantage, which all calculators must appreciate—but of the ingenuity and skill displayed in the arrangement of this canon by Wronski, we can find no better way of conveying an idea than by saying, that all other logarithmic works are, to this, what numerical operations, before logarithms were invented, are to the manner in which they are now performed.

*Meteorology.*—An interesting and able investigation into the supposed changes in the meteorological constitution of the different parts of the earth, during the historical period, has been made by M. Schow, Professor of Botany in the University of Copenhagen; and after an extensive examination of all that the ancients have left us, connected with their botany and agriculture, compared with our present experience on these subjects, the author thinks himself entitled to assume, that the climate of Greece and Italy, like that of Palestine and Egypt, has undergone no important change since ancient times. But if, on account of the later harvest, and the possible growth of the beech trees in the Roman plains, we might be led to the opinion, that formerly the climate had been a little colder than now, the difference will hardly come up to one or two degrees, and will not be greater than might be occasioned by the cultivation of the north of Europe.

*Antediluvian Footmarks.*—We gave an account, in a former number, of tracks of footmarks of animals, which, from experiments on living subjects, Professor Buckland regards as tortoises, found impressed in many successive strata in a quarry of sandstone, in Corncockle Muir, Dumfriesshire; and that, as far down as the quarry had yet been worked, which is not less than forty-five feet perpendicularly from the top of the rock, similar impressions



have been found, and these equally distinct and well defined with such as are nearer the surface. Dr. Duncan, of Ruthwell, has been led to offer the following plausible conjecture as to the manner in which the sand composing the rock was originally accumulated. He conceives this successive accumulation might be the effect of the drifting occasioned by violent winds from the south-west. Supposing a sand-hill to be thus formed, a period of rainy weather following, the stormy season would soften and diffuse the particles of clay, which may easily be believed to have mingled with the sand-drift, and would not only prevent the sand from being again moved by the wind, but would form it into a substance of some tenacity resembling mortar, well fitted for preserving any impression which it might receive. If, during, or immediately after, the rainy season, animals were to traverse a hill thus formed, their tracks would be either altogether obliterated or partially filled up, of which latter state many traces are to be found in the quarry; but when the surface had begun to dry, the footmarks impressed on it would remain a considerable time quite distinct and well defined. Now, supposing the stormy monsoon again to commence, the neighbouring sands, which had not yet been fixed by any mixture of clay, and which happened, from their situation, to

be easily dried by a few days of favourable weather, would be suddenly drifted on the hill in question, forming a layer, which may easily have covered over the half indurated surface without being incorporated with it, and without in any way injuring the form of the footsteps imprinted on it. Let the monsoon be now supposed to continue during the whole course of a dry summer, fresh layers of sand would be drifted, pure at first, but mingled again towards the close of the season with the clayey dust swept from an arid soil, which mixture would form the materials of what the quarrymen know, in its present state, by the name of 'clay face,' and would once more, when subjected to the operation of the returning period of rain, both fix the sand, and prepare it for the reception of permanent impressions of the tracks of wandering animals. Thus from year to year the same round would be continued, and the same appearance would take place, till, after the revolution of many ages, what was originally sand would be converted, by a common process of nature, into sandstone, and, being exposed, in common with the rest of our globe, to those mighty but mysterious convulsions, of which there are every where such incontrovertible proofs, would at last, by the submersion of the universal deluge, be buried under its present covering of soil.

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The Rev. George Stanley Faber has nearly ready for publication, a new Work, entitled, the Sacred Calendar of Prophecy, in 3 vols. 8vo.

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17.—Joseph Vancouver, Ickenham, for his method of painting walls of apartments and other substances, by certain materials for that purpose.

21.—Thomas Abree Pickering, Hackney, for his method of preventing losses, and for the security of remittances by coaches.

23.—William Moulton, London, for his improved method of acting upon machinery.

26.—William Neville, Birmingham, for his method of making hurdles, gates, palisades, and various other articles.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

### THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, afterwards Margravine of Anspach, was the youngest daughter of Augustus, fourth earl of Berkeley, K.T., by his countess, Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax, of Charborough, in the county of Dorset, Esq. She was born in December, 1750. Her father died when she was only five years old; and, never appearing to have been a favourite with her mother, she, with her next sister, Lady M.M. *New Series.*—Vol. V. No. 29.

Georgiana, was placed under the care of a Swiss governess. Her education appears to have been judicious, her temper docile, her taste good. If we may take her own word for it, her love for truth was, through life, invincible. Possessed of all the accomplishments of the day, and having twice visited Paris, she was presented at court before the completion of her sixteenth year. She was honoured with the most distinguished attention by the king, queen, and

principal nobility. In the succeeding year (1767), she was married to the hon. Mr. Craven. At the birth of her second daughter, two years after her marriage, Lord Craven died, and her husband succeeded to his title and estate. When she had been married thirteen years, and had had seven children, she perceived an unhappy change in his lordship's conduct. In short, he had been weak enough to form a connection with a worthless and abandoned woman whom he met with at an inn. A separation shortly afterwards ensued, and Lady Elizabeth and her husband never met again. Lord Loughborough, at that time lord chancellor, advised her to prosecute Lord Craven, and considered that the law would allow her £4,000. or £5,000. a-year, and the society of her daughters. Shrinking from the idea of prosecuting her husband, she sent for Lord Thurlow, and, acting upon his advice, she left her daughters with Lord Craven, and withdrew to the Continent, taking with her her youngest son. Lord Craven's conduct seems to have been altogether base and contemptible.

At Paris, Lady Elizabeth was particularly noticed by the Queen of France and Madame Elizabeth; and was frequently visited by the Margrave of Anspach, who had known her from her infancy. Leaving France, she travelled through Italy, and visited Vienna, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Constantinople, Athens, &c. Regarded as the adopted sister of the Margrave of Anspach, she was received with high honours by the Emperor of Germany, the King of Poland, the Empress of Russia, and all the principal nobility of the respective countries. After her tour, she came to England, for the purpose of seeing her children; and then returned to Paris, intending to take up her abode with the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach. At the Margrave's court, she had full scope for the exercise of her dramatic and histrionic powers. She had a theatre constructed—formed a company from the young nobility—engaged an excellent machinist—employed the court orchestra—and managed, wrote, and acted herself, to her own heart's content—and that of the Margrave's also. She also instituted a little society for the encouragement of arts and sciences; and endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to establish a school and asylum for children. Although she scrupulously refrained from the solicitation or acceptance of favours for her friends and countrymen, the influence which she notoriously possessed over the Margrave excited a dislike towards her amongst the people about the court. Middle. Clairon, the celebrated French actress, in whose train of admirers the Margrave had some time been, also conceived a furious jealousy against her, but at length yielded the palm.

Twice, in the course of a five years' residence at Anspach, Lady Craven accompa-

nied the Margrave into Italy. At Naples, she experienced much attention and friendship from the queen, with whom she passed most of her evenings *tête-à-tête*. Skilful as a horsewoman and as a huntress, she was also a great favourite with the king, whom she frequently accompanied in his field sports.

Subsequently to this, the Margrave, in consequence of the suspicions which had been raised against Lady Craven, resolved to cede his dominions to the King of Prussia. Lady C., by express invitation from the King of Prussia, as his majesty's adopted sister, accompanied the Margrave to Berlin, to pass the carnival there with the royal family. Previously to her departure, the Margravine took a singularly affectionate and impressive leave of her. She died before her return. At Berlin, Lady Craven was formally presented by the king to the royal family as his adopted sister, and a palace was allotted to her for her residence. The Duke of Brunswick Oels was her cavalier. A change was now on the point of taking place in her fortunes. She received news of the illness of Lord Craven, who, in six months afterwards, died; at Bareith, on her return from Berlin, intelligence reached her of the death of the Margravine; and, at Lisbon, six weeks after Lord Craven's decease, she became Margravine of Anspach herself. This gave great offence to her family in England; where, upon her arrival, she received a letter, signed by her three eldest daughters, informing her that, out of respect for their father, they could not wait upon her. By her eldest son, she was also totally neglected. Her majesty, the late Queen Charlotte, refused to receive her as Margravine of Anspach; and, as she could not be received at court as a princess of the German empire, she resolved not to appear at all.

Some time afterwards, the Margrave, at her request, purchased the Brandenburg House—a residence since occupied by the late Queen Caroline—near Hammersmith. Here, as at Anspach, she had a private theatre. Once, the writer of this sketch witnessed in that elegant retreat the performance of "The Provoked Wife;" in which the Margravine, the late Mrs. Abington, and several of the junior branches, male and female, of the Craven family, sustained parts. The play was followed by a pantomime, fabricated by the Margravine, from the nursery tale of "Puss in Boots." The expenses of the Brandenburg House establishment, upon which there were thirty servants in livery, with grooms, and a set of sixty horses, were enormous. The dinners, concerts, theatricals, &c. were also found to cost money.

ADMIRAL SIR R. J. STRACHAN, BART.

Sir Richard John Strachan, a Nova Scotia bart., grand cross of the Bath, and admiral of the blue squadron of his majesty's fleet,

was, hereditarily, a tar of the old school. He was the son of Lieutenant Patrick Strachan, and nephew of Captain Sir John Strachan, both of the royal navy. On the demise of his uncle, the fifth baronet of his name, in 1777, he succeeded to the baronetage.

Richard Strachan, the subject of this sketch, was born in Devonshire—a county which has given birth to an extraordinary number of naval officers of the first eminence—on the 27th of October, 1760. He entered the service at a very early period; was made lieutenant in the *Acton*, of 44 guns; served as third lieutenant in the *Hero*, of 74 guns, one of Commodore Johnson's squadron, in the affair off Porto Praya; and served in the *Magnanime*, 64, and in the *Superb*, 74, the flag-ship of Sir Edward Hughes, who promoted him, in 1782, to the rank of commander in the *Lizard* sloop, at Bombay. He afterwards commanded the *Naiade* frigate, captured from the French. He obtained post-rank on the 26th of April, 1783.

After the close of the American war, Sir Richard Strachan was appointed captain of the *Vestal* frigate, appointed to convey the brother of the present Lord Cathcart on an embassy to China. In India, Sir Richard greatly distinguished himself. In 1791, while cruising off the coast of Malabar in the *Phoenix* frigate, he fell in with the *Resolve*, of 46 guns, convoying two country ships to Mangalore, supposed to be laden with stores for Tippoo Saib. The French captain resisted the right of search; an action ensued; and, after a considerable number had been killed and wounded on both sides, the *Resolve* struck, and was searched, but nothing was found on board of her to justify detention.

In 1792, Sir Richard was appointed to the *Concorde*, of 42 guns, in which he joined the squadron on the French coast, under the orders of Sir J. B. Warren. When off Guernsey, on St. George's Day, 1793, he observed four French ships standing out to sea; one of which, *l'Engageante*, after a desperate resistance, struck. Between thirty and forty men were killed and wounded on board of the prize; only one killed and twelve wounded on board of the *Concorde*. Commanding the *Melampus*, of 42 guns, under Commodore Sir W. S. Smith, he destroyed and captured many of the enemy's vessels. When Sir Sidney Smith fell into the hands of the French, Sir Richard Strachan succeeded him in the command of the *Diamond* frigate, in which he continued to prove a most destructive annoyance to the enemy. In February, 1799, he was appointed to the Captain, of 74 guns. He assisted in the capture of a French squadron in the Mediterranean; served in the Quiberon Bay and Ferrol expeditions; and, afterwards, commanded a squadron off the western coast of France. Subsequently to the treaty of Amiens, Sir

Richard commanded the *Donegal*, of 80 guns. On the renewal of the war, he was stationed off Cadiz, to watch the French ships in that port. In the winter of 1804, he captured the *Amphitrite*, Spanish frigate, of 44 guns, from Cadiz to Tenerife and the Havannah, with despatches. His next ship was the *Renown*. In 1805, he was appointed one of the colonels of the Royal Marines. On the evening of the 2d of November, in that year, when off Ferrol, in the *Cæsar*, of 80 guns, with a detached squadron under his orders, he fell in with four French line-of-battle ships, which had escaped from the battle of Trafalgar. It was not, however, till daylight on the 4th, that he could get within gunshot of the enemy. At half-past three in the afternoon, the whole of them struck.

On the 9th of November, 1805, Sir Richard Strachan was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue Squadron; on the 29th of January, 1806, he was made K.B.; and, about the same time, he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. He then hoisted his flag on board the *Cæsar*, and proceeded to the French coast, in pursuit of a French squadron, under Admiral Villamez. On the termination of this service, he was employed in the blockade of Rochefort, till the summer of 1809, when he was appointed to command the naval part of the expedition to the island of Walcheren. On the 3d of July, 1810, Sir Richard Strachan was presented with a sword, and the freedom of the city of London, which had been voted him for the capture of the French fleet in 1805; on the 31st of the same month, he was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral; and, on the 19th of July, 1821, he was farther promoted to the rank of admiral. For his many and distinguished services, Government allowed him a pension of £1,000. a-year.

In the year 1812, Sir Richard Strachan married a Miss Louisa Dillon; by whom, we believe, he has left some children. After a short, but severe illness, he died at his house in Bryanstone-square, on the 3d of February.

#### COUNT DE PUISAYE.

A full and complete biography of the Count de Puisaye would assume the air of a grand moral and political romance: it would embrace and exhibit a world of intrigue, a world of valour, a world of devoted suffering in the cause of royalty and the love of country. Unfortunately, all that we have room to offer is a very faint sketch—an index, as it were, to the whole.

This nobleman, descended from one of the most ancient families in France, was born at Mortagne, in the province of Perche, about the year 1754. Intended for the church, he was educated at the seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris. At



tracted, however, by the military profession, he, at the age of eighteen, entered as a lieutenant in the regiment of Conti; from which he afterwards removed, to be captain of dragoons in another. He next purchased into the Hundred Swiss, which formed a part of the king's household, obtained the brevet of colonel, and shortly afterwards the Cross of St. Louis.

In 1788, the Count de Puisaye married the only daughter of the Marquis de Mesnilles, a nobleman of great landed possessions in Normandy. In 1789, the nobility of Perche returned the Count as their Deputy to the States General. In the States, and in the Constituent Assembly, he invariably proved himself the friend of a well regulated liberty, desirous of supporting no less the rights of the people than the dignity of the throne.

In 1791, the Count de Puisaye was raised to the rank of major-general. At the close of the Session of the Assembly, he retired to his estate of Mesnilles, and was placed at the head of the National Guards of the district of Evreux. Aware of the designs of the Jacobins, he projected the raising of an army in Normandy to protect the king from the factions. This project, however, was frustrated by the events of the 10th of August; but a force was, nevertheless, raised by the Norman departments, in 1793, for self-defence, against the tyranny of the Convention. The chief command was given to General Wimpffen, the second to the Count de Puisaye. The struggle was brief and unsuccessful; and a price having been set on his head, the Count was compelled to seek an asylum in Brittany. There, his hair-breadth escapes were innumerable, and of the most romantic character. Although an utter stranger in the province, he, whilst a fugitive, conceived the daring plan of arraying all Brittany, and the circumjacent district, in arms against the Convention. By the summer of 1794, the royalist organization in this quarter was complete. Aware that foreign aid was essential, the Count left the command, with M. Cormatin and a council, and came over to London, where he resided for several months, and prevailed on the ministry to afford the requisite assistance. While he was thus engaged, Cormatin, in violation of his duty, and of his instructions, concluded a treaty with the Republicans. Over this new difficulty, however, the Count triumphed; and every thing was prepared by the Bretons to join the British and emigrant troops, as soon as they should appear on the coasts of France. The corrupt agents of Louis XVIII. again counteracted the measures of the Count de Puisaye, and succeeded in diverting the expedition to the coast of Vendée. The command of the emigrant regiments was given to the Count d'Herbilly, a respectable but inefficient officer.

Through the detail of events from this period till the close of 1797, it is impossible for us to follow the Count de Puisaye. At that time he visited England, in the hope of persuading a Bourbon Prince to put himself at the head of the friends of royalty. The attempt failed. At length, wearied and disgusted, he resigned his command, and settled, with several of his officers, in Canada, on a grant of land from the British Government. After a short residence in that colony, he returned to England, which he always regarded with affection, as his adopted country, and resided there till his death.

The Count de Puisaye was tall, well-formed, and graceful; his face was handsome, and was animated by that strong and varying expression which transcends mere beauty of feature; and his eyes beamed with intelligence and spirit. His intellectual powers were of a high order, and his acquirements, from study, were extensive. He was well read; brought his knowledge to bear, with facility and effect, upon any subject; reasoned with force and precision; and spoke with a fluent and polished eloquence, which he frequently enlivened with flashes of playful or pointed wit. In literary composition he was no less prompt and fertile. Added to all this, his character was frank, upright, and full of honourable feeling. He died at Blythe-house, near Hammer-smith, on the 13th of December, after a long and painful illness.

#### MR. STEPHEN JONES.

Mr. Stephen Jones, a gentleman well known as the editor and compiler of various useful works, was the son of Mr. Giles Jones, secretary to the York Buildings Water Works. He was born in London, in 1763, educated at St. Paul's School, and placed under an eminent sculptor. Subsequently, however, he was apprenticed to a printer, in Fetter-lane; and, when out of his time, and at different periods of his life, even until nearly its close, he was engaged as reader, or corrector of the press, in the offices of Mr. Strahan, Mr. Wright, &c.

In 1794, Mr. Jones published an Abridgement of Mr. Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. On the death of Mr. Wright, in 1797, he relinquished, for a time, the employment of corrector of the press, and became editor of the *Whitehall Evening Post*. Afterwards, he was editor of the *General Evening Post*, which he conducted until within these few years, when it passed into the hands of new proprietors, and was united with the *St. James's Chronicle*. He was also concerned in the *Freemason's Magazine*. After the death of Mr. Isaac Reid, the annotator upon Shakspeare, he conducted the *European Magazine*, of which he had, for some time previously, been

assistant editor. Mr. Reid had been employed on a new edition of Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*. When he died, his papers were put into the hands of Mr. Jones, who, in 1812, published a new and much enlarged edition of the work, in four volumes 8vo. In consequence of its having been treated somewhat harshly by the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Jones retorted, in a pamphlet entitled *Hypercriticism Exposed*, in a letter to the readers of the *Quarterly Review*.

Mr. Jones died on the 26th of December.

#### PROFESSOR WOODHOUSE.

Mr. Woodhouse, Plumian Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge University, was a Fellow of Caius College, and one of the Members of the Royal Society. In 1795, he gained one of Smith's mathematical prizes, was Senior Wrangler, and proceeded to his Bachelor of Arts' degree. In 1820, he was elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics; and, on the death of Professor Vince, he succeeded to the Plumian Professorship. He was appointed by the University, in 1824, to conduct the observatory, then newly erected.

Amongst the professor's published works were—*The Principles of Analytical Calculation*, in 4to., in 1803;—*A Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry*, in 1809;—*A Treatise on Isoperimetrical Problems*, in 1811;—*A Treatise on Astronomy*, in 1812;—Several papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, &c.

Professor Woodhouse died on the 23d of December, after an illness of four months.

#### COUNSELLOR NOLAN.

The Hon. Michael Nolan, who died towards the close of December, King's Counsel, and Chief Justice of the Brecon circuit, was a native of Ireland. Having studied the law, and been called to the English bar, he soon made considerable progress in the profession. He was a man of close study, as well as of great oratorical power. Amongst other subjects, he was particularly conversant with every thing relating to the poor-laws, tithes, &c. In 1793, Mr. Nolan published, in two parts, *Reports of Cases relating to the Duty and Office of a Justice of the Peace*; in 1796 he edited the third edition of *Strange's Reports*, with Notes, in three volumes; and, in 1797, he published a *Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on the Laws of England*. Mr. Nolan's *Treatise on the Laws of England*, respecting the Poor, a valuable and well-known work, in two volumes, octavo, is now in its second or third edition.

#### THE EARL OF HADDINGTON.

Charles Hamilton, eighth Earl of Haddington, Baron of Binning and Byres, and Lord Lieutenant of the County of Haddington, in North Britain, was a descendant

from the Hamiltons of Innerwich, a branch of the ancient family of Hamilton, Duke of Hamilton. One of his ancestors, Thomas Hamilton, a Senator in the College of Justice, Secretary of State, and Lord Advocate and Register, in the reign of James VI.; was, in 1613, created Baron Binning and Earl of Melross, which he afterwards changed to the title of Haddington. His eldest son, and successor, was governor of the castle of Dunglas, where he was, in 1640, unfortunately blown up, with one of his brothers, a natural brother, several other relations, &c. "A report prevailed, that Dunglas was treacherously blown up by Edward Paris, an English boy, page to the Earl of Haddington, on account of his master's jestingly telling him, that his countrymen were a pack of cowards, to suffer themselves to be beaten, and to run away at Newburn; which so much enraged him, that he took a hot iron, and thrust it into one of the powder barrels, perishing himself with the rest."

On account of his lady—a woman celebrated for her beauty, her wit, and her romantic adventures—it may be worth while to mention, that Thomas, the third Earl of Haddington, married Henrietta de Coligny, eldest daughter of Gaspard, Comte de Coligny, Marshal of France (by Anne de Polignac, daughter of Gabriel, Sieur de St. Germain), sister of the Duke de Chatillon, and great grand-daughter of the celebrated Admiral de Coligny. The lady, surviving her husband, married Gaspard de Champagne, Comte de la Suze, a Hugonot nobleman; from whom she was divorced, and turned Catholic; "in order," said Christina, queen of Sweden, "that she might never more see him either in this world or the next." Charles, Earl of Haddington, the subject of this sketch, was the eldest son of Thomas, the preceding Earl, by his first Countess, Mary, daughter of Rowland Holt, of Redgrave, in the county of Suffolk, Esq. His Lordship was born in 1753, and he succeeded his father on the 19th of May, 1794; having married in April, 1779, Sophia Hope, daughter of John, second Earl of Hopetoun. By that lady, who died in 1813, he had a son, his successor, Thomas, Lord Binning, late M.P. for the city of Rochester, and one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. Lord Haddington died at Tyninghame, N. B., on the 17th of March.

His successor, the present Earl, born in 1780, married in 1802, Maria Parker, only daughter of George, present Earl of Macclesfield.

#### THE EARL OF CARYSFORT.

John Joshua Proby, Earl of Carysfort, Baron of Carysfort in the County of Wicklow, Baron Carysfort, of Norman Cross, in the county of Huntingdon, K.P., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., was the descendant of a family long seated at Elton, in Huntingdonshire. The bulk of their fortune was obtained in

the East-Indies, where one of their ancestors, William Proby, Esq., was Governor of Fort St. George, Madras. Sir Thomas Proby was created a baronet in 1662; but, dying without male issue, the title became extinct. His great nephew, Sir John Proby, K. B., born in 1720, a Lord of the Admiralty, a Privy Councillor, &c., was created Baron Carysfort, in 1752. His eldest son, by the Hon. Elizabeth Allen, sister, and co-heiress with her sister Baroness Newhaven, of John, third Viscount Allen, was John Joshua, afterwards Earl of Carysfort, to whom this sketch refers.

His Lordship was born on the 12th of August, 1751. He received the early part of his education at Eton, where he was esteemed an excellent scholar, and remarkable for his suavity of manners. He afterwards studied at Trinity College, Cambridge. He married, in 1774, Elizabeth Osborne, only daughter of the Right Hon. Sir William Osborne, of Newtown, in the County of Tipperary, Bart., by whom he had issue,—William Allen, Lord Proby, Captain R. N., who died at Surinam, in 1804; John, his successor, present Earl of Carysfort, a Major-general in the army; Granville Leveson, Post Captain, R. N.; and two daughters. His lady dying in 1783, Lord Carysfort married, secondly, in

1787, Elizabeth Grenville, sister to George, first Marquess of Buckingham, by whom he had three daughters.

In 1789, his Lordship was elevated to the dignities of Earl of Carysfort and Viscount Proby, of the Kingdom of Ireland. He sat in the House of Commons till 1801, when he was raised to the English peerage, as Baron Carysfort, of Norman Cross.

Allied to Lord Grenville, in politics, as well as by marriage, his Lordship followed the fortunes of that nobleman, and enjoyed several places under government. At one period, he was joint Post-master General; joint Keeper of the Rolls in Ireland, in 1789; Envoy to the Court of Berlin, in 1800; and Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg, in 1801.

Although so often in place, Lord Carysfort appears to have been a Parliamentary Reformer. He published, in 1780, a letter to the Huntingdonshire Committee, to shew the legality, as well as necessity of extending the right of election to the whole body of the people, and of abridging the duration of Parliaments;—Thoughts on the Constitution, in 1783; and Dramatic and Miscellaneous Pieces, 2 vols., 8vo. in 1810.

His Lordship died at his residence, in Upper Grosvenor Street, on the 7th of April.

#### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

SHOULD the rains continue, in the excess experienced during several past weeks, much damage would ensue, upon cold and wet soils, both to the crops and condition of the fallows; but the appearance of change gives hope of dry and warm weather, under the beneficial influence of which, at this season, evaporation speedily takes place. The variable state of the atmosphere, has had a very unfavourable effect on the constitutions of invalids, more particularly the aged; and has caused the usual variety of discolouration in the wheat plant, sickly pale, yellow and brown, of a deep tinge. This variety of colour in the blight has caused a needless, and somewhat ludicrous alarm in the country, as though it were a new case. For a practical exposition of the nature and effects of atmospheric vicissitude on vegetables, recourse should be had to the New Farmer's Calendar. The warm, unseasonable weather of February, succeeded by the frosts, harsh, constantly varying temperature, and drought in March, of necessity produced the above morbid appearances in the wheat and grass. But the roots of the wheat, a radical concern, may be presumed yet unaffected; and a series of warm and genial weather will, no doubt, prove a remedy for the merely external disease. The last year clovers have suffered the greatest damage, being, in many parts, nearly cut off. It is remarkable that the wheats are every where reported to be thickly planted; indicating, we suppose, that the farmers, in the last autumn, were not sparing of seed; and that the mischief from vermin was fortunately not so great as had been apprehended. The bottoms of the grass are, also, said to be thick; and, should a warm May succeed the late rains, a very bulky crop of grass may be expected. In the mean time, there is a full bite of sheep feed. All the spring crops, including barley and tares, are now above ground, remarkably forward, and of a healthy and promising appearance. The cold and unfavourable weather, in March, retarding the growth of grass, had one, not very often deemed good, effect: that of aiding those farmers who were overstocked, in the disposal of their superfluous winter keep. That uncommon inconvenience is now at an end; and it is to be hoped, that the casualty of a single season will not induce farmers to be slack, in future, with respect to such indispensable provision, in fact, one of the best proofs of good farming. The lands are in a forward state for potatoe planting, which has commenced; but the great difficulty, lately experienced, in getting rid of this article, at any price, will, no doubt, check that very extensive culture, which has had place during the two or three last seasons. Great quantities of unsaleable potatoes have been given to cart horses, a very washy and unprofitable food for labouring cattle; and



indeed, for labouring men, unless accompanied by good solid flesh meat. This is best exemplified by the well-known fact of the superior labouring power of an Irishman, in this country, over that which he possesses in his own. Potatoes are a most valuable and useful root, in truth, a second bread; but their nutritive powers, and various qualities, have been always greatly overrated by speculation and prejudice. With dry and warm weather, the fallows will soon be in a fine tilth for turnip sowing. The vast quantity of turnips not wanted for cattle, thence saved for seed, will render that article of little market worth, next season.

More inquiries, from different parts of the country, about salt and saltpetre, as though their use, as a manure, were a novelty. But substances for manure, and modes of culture, are fashionably introduced, experimented, laid aside, forgotten, and, in process of time, re-introduced. Mangel-wurtzel, however, bids fair to become a permanent culture, and, in reality, is working a revolution in country affairs, and probable enough to supersede the use of all other roots; and, by its abundant produce, to put a fortunate period to all difficulty of winter supply, that grand *opprobrium*, in the farming system, of most of our grand-fathers. The *quality* of this famous root, however, is certainly overrated. In that respect, it is inferior to parsnips and carrots, if not even to rutabaga. The great and incomparable excellence of mangel-wurtzel, consists in its vast produce, its little difficulty in respect of soil, and its resistance of the fly from the substance of its foliage. The clays in this country, and, we believe, on all clay soils, have worked very rough, and almost impracticable for barley sowing. We think that barley on such soils, excepting in particular situations, where this article is in demand, has always been too much in course; and that oats, so much of which is imported, is far the more profitable crop; clay land barley being generally an ordinary sample of inferior figure in price. The circumstances of the labourers seem, generally, somewhat improved; and, after all, it probably has cost the tenantry more to keep the surplus labourers and their families in a state of idleness and wandering, than it would have done to keep them regularly employed on their farms, in various profitable improvements; among which, the extirpation of couch and weeds of all kinds, on too many farms, perhaps whole districts, would amply repay the labour. Many an honest farmer pays two rents instead of one, by favour of his weeds.

In the famous corn county of Essex, according to the opinion of a respectable land agent, with whom we have lately conversed, farming is in a considerable state of prosperity, and the same may be said of Scotland generally, where the Associations have wisely determined to adopt the imperial measure, which, by an unaccountable legislative blunder, was not made imperative. The glut of wool is not yet dispersed, although never before was there so great a quantity of that precious commodity worked up in Britain as in the last twelve months. Such another manufacturing year must raise the price of wool; nevertheless, English clothing wool can never come into competition with the foreign, so long as we decline taking those measures which ensure to the foreigner such a commanding superiority in point of quality. Complaint is made of the low price of sheep, but the sale of lambs is brisk in London; it has, perhaps, occurred, that sheep stock are more plentiful than was expected, and that their condition only was affected by the rotting-season of last year. Other stock bear good prices, especially milch cows, pigs, and horses. Of the latter, good ones are worth any money almost that can be asked, and their extreme scarcity shows the great defect of our breeding system of late years. Some conjurer has published his notion, that all our best horses are sent abroad; and he is thence anxious for a renewal and enforcement of the ancient legislative prohibition, unconscious that export and ready sale are the truest and most powerful incentives to improvement of the breed.

There now remains no doubt of the Corn Bill passing, and of the establishment of a free and open trade in the staff of life, too lately discovered to be matter of high political prudence in every country, but in an especial degree necessary in a manufacturing and commercial one. Such a strenuous opposition, worthy of the best causes, has been made to this measure, that, in all probability, the scale of duties will be found too high. But the great object is the establishment of the principle of free trade in corn; and, should any defects in the scale be subsequently discovered, the remedy will be obvious and easy. It has not been hitherto noticed; but the high rate of duty must have the effect, perhaps not a disadvantageous one, of keeping the light, coarse, and ordinary sorts of foreign wheat out of our markets, where such must experience so low a price, as to make no return of profit, were they grown for nothing.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.—Mutton, 4s. to 4s. 10d.—Veal, 4s. 10d. to 5s. 10d.—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 0d.—(Small dairy fed) 6s. 6d.—Lamb, 7s. to 7s. 2d.—Raw fat, 2s. 5d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 42s. to 72s.—Barley, 28s. to 40s.—Oats, 17s. to 32s.—Bread, 9½d. the fine 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 80s. to 120s.—Straw 27s. to 40s. in demand.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. 3d. to 42s. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, April 21, 1828.*

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**Sugar.**—The Sugar market last week remained languid and uninteresting till towards the close, when several parcels of the new arrivals were brought forward; many went off freely at full prices; but the buyers only purchased for their immediate wants, in the anticipation of larger and better supplies this week. The stock is now 4,178 hogsheads and tierces less than last year. The refined market declined fully 1s. per cwt. last week; and some low lumps were reported under 82s.

**Coffee.**—The quantity of Coffee sold last week was again extensive, amounting to nearly 60,000 packages. Cherebon, 37s. to 38s.—St. Domingo, 37s. to 38s. per cwt.

**Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.**—The Government Contract for 100,000 gallons of Rum was taken at 3s. 2½d. per gallon. About eighty puncheons of Jamaica sold at high prices. In brandy and Geneva there is little alteration.

**Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.**—The Tallow market was brisk last week, and the price advanced to 46s. 6d. per cwt. In Hemp there is no alteration. Flax is a shade lower.

**Indigo.**—The East-India sale commenced this morning, consisting of about 5,800 chests.

**Cotton.**—The Cotton market continues improving.

**Course of Foreign Exchange.**—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 6.—Hamburg, 13. 13.—Altona, 13. 11.—Paris, 25. 40.—Bordeaux, 25. 70.—Frankfort on the Maine, 150¾.—Petersburgh, 16.—Vienna, 10. 3.—Trieste, 10. 3.—Madrid, 35.—Cadiz, 35.—Bilboa, 35.—Barcelona, 35.—Seville, 36.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 48.—Genoa, 25. 50.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 39½.—Palermo, 118.—Lisbon, 46.—Oporto, 45¾.—Rio Janeiro, 31.—Bahia, 33.—Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

**Bullion per Oz.**—Portugal Gold in Coin, £9. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 15s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £9. 0s. 0d.

**Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—Birmingham CANAL, 291½.—Coven-try, 1,150½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 105½.—Grand Junction, 311½.—Kennet and Avon, 28¾.—Leeds and Liverpool, 395½.—Oxford, 675½.—Regent's, 27½.—Trent and Mersey (¼ sh.), 824½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 265½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 87½.—West India (Stock), 213½.—East London WATER WORKS, 117½.—Grand Junction, 62½.—West Middlesex, 66½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½.—Globe, 150½.—Guardian, 20½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 96½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Char-tered Company, 53½.—City, 0½.—British, 13 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from the 22d of March to the 23d of April 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

H. L. Henry, Finsbury-circus, jeweller  
C. Baxter, Ipswich, linen-draper  
R. Osborne, Bristol, anchor-smith  
J. Williams, Paternoster-row, bookseller  
J. Braithwaite, Leeds, ironmonger  
R. Butterfield, Scriven, York, flax-dresser

## BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 97.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.*

Astley, J. J. Liverpool, merchant. [Lowe, South-  
ampton-buildings  
Ackroyd, E. and W. W. Rowles, King-street,  
Long-acre, carpenters. [Dyer, Took's-  
court  
Aldridge, J. Wandsworth, calico-printer. [Ford,  
Pall-Mall  
Albot, G. Henley-in-Arden, Warwick, scrivener.

[Walter, Symond's-inn; Wake, Worksop, Not-  
tingham  
Bolland, J. Distaff-lane, wine-merchant. [Long  
and Co., Gray's-inn  
Boscaw, J. Stockport, draper. [Hurd and John-  
son, Temple; Hitchcock, Manchester  
Baxter, C. Ipswich, linen-draper. [Green and  
Ashurst, Sainbrook-court  
Burch, J. Exeter, horse-dealer. [Jackson, New-  
inn; Sanders, Exeter  
Brooks, J. Wolverhampton, worsted-spinner.  
[Swain and Co., Old Jewry; Foster, Wolver-  
hampton  
Bailey, J. T. Liverpool, paint and varnish-manu-  
facturer. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane;  
Crump, Liverpool  
Cook, S. jun., Moorbarnes, Leice-ster, cattle-sales-  
man. [Fuller and Co., Carlton-chambers; Wra-  
tislav, Rugby

- Cole, J. F. New Bond-street, chronometer-maker. [Bowker, Gray's-inn]
- Chaldecote, W. Dorking, surgeon. [Carter and Gregory, Lord Mayor's Court-office]
- Cowtan, M. Canterbury, bookseller. [Crowder and Co., Lottbury]
- Crowther, J. Warrington, bookseller. [Makinson and Saunders, Temple]
- Cook, J. Barr-street, tailor. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street]
- Cutler, J. Warwick, button-maker. [Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street; Parkes, Birmingham]
- Curties, T. Hunworth, Norfolk, tanner. [Bridger, Finsbury-circus; Withers, Holt]
- Carruthers, B. Gracechurch-street, dealer. [Wright, Little Alie-street]
- Cram, G. North Shields, sail-maker. [Lowrey and Chilton, Pinner's-hall-court, Broad-street; Lowrey, North Shields]
- Daw, J. J. and H. Tuck, Little St. Thomas the Apostle, vellum-binders. [Whiteley, Tokenhouse-yard]
- Darlington, J. Sutton-mills, Cheshire, miller. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple; Bardswell and Son, Liverpool]
- Downing, F. jun., Huddersfield, wine-merchant. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield]
- Elliot, J. Carlisle, cattle-dealer. [Mounsey and Gray, Staple-inn; Ewart, Carlisle]
- Eden, J. Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucester, scrivener. [Meredith, Lottbury]
- Evans, J. and Worrall, J. Liverpool, tailors. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple; Booth, Liverpool]
- Frost, W. Abergavenny, hatter. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Fowler, E. Finsbury-place, livery-stable-keeper. [Isaacs, St. Mary-axe]
- Fenn, P. Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, bill-broker. [Wigley, Essex-street]
- Gill, J. Long-acre, picture-dealer. [Popkin, Dean-street, Soho]
- Gibson, W. Liverpool, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Phillips, Liverpool]
- Gooch, J. B. George-street, Minories, merchant. [Basset, St. Michael's-alley]
- Gilbert, W. D. and Gilbert, T. Leadenhall-street, opticians. [Bowden and Walters, Aldermanbury]
- Glennie, A. Size-lane, wine-merchant. [Crosse, Surrey-street]
- Gibson, W. Scarborough, miller. [Williams, Red-lion-square; Woodall and Downer, Scarborough]
- Harding, R. Bridge-house-place, Newington-causeway, grocer. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Hargreaves, J. and Hardman, J., Bacup, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Scott, Princess-street, Bedford-row; Shaw and Artindale, Burnley]
- Hetherington, R. Macclesfield, currier. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Allen, Manchester]
- Holland, J. Tipton, Stafford, victualler. [Whitehouse and Jones, Thavies-inn]
- Hills, W. O. Upper Rathbone-place, pawnbroker. [Nethersoles and Co., Essex-street]
- Horsfall, D. H. Manchester, builder. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Grave, Manchester]
- Hancock, W. Bolsover, Derby, innkeeper. [King, Bedford-place, Russel-square; Hardy, Sheffield]
- Hartshorne, A. Fashion-street, Spitalfields, dealer in building materials. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street]
- Hayes, J. and C. F., and C. McCallum, Albury-mills, Surrey, paper-manufacturers. [Lock, Arundel-street]
- Hoyle, T. Lee-mill, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. [Beverley, Temple]
- Humby, J. Old Alresford, Southampton, carpenter. [Dunn and Hopkins, New Alresford]
- Hacker, T. Bankside, timber-merchant. [Wilks and Minithorpe, Finsbury-place]
- Jackson, J. and Mellor, R. Salford, Manchester, ironmongers. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Simcox, Birmingham]
- Jones, J. New Bond-street, linen-draper. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane]
- Johnson, P. St. Mary-axe, money-scrivener. [Hill, Rood-lane]
- Iles, J. and T. Chalford, Gloucester, clothiers. Thomas, New Basinghall-street
- Linford, E. Chapel-street, New-road, watch-maker. Robinson, Orchard-street
- Mallalieu, W. Gig-mill, Seyland, Halifax, cotton-spinner. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Edge, Manchester]
- Molineux, J. Brighton, curper. [Palmer and Co., Bedford-row; Crossweller, Brighton]
- Mather, G. Leek, Stafford, timber-merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Killminster and Co., Leek]
- Murray, A. Liverpool, merchant. [Taylor and Roscoe, Temple; Lace and Co., Liverpool]
- Mitchell, J. Halifax, worsted-manufacturer. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Alexander, Halifax]
- Mason, H. S. High-street, Southwark, stationer. [Rhodes and Birch, Chancery-lane]
- Minshull, C. Aston, Warwick, builder. [Bourdillon, Bread-street; Simcox, Birmingham]
- Morris, R. Cheltenham, banker. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruett and Co., Cheltenham]
- Magnall, J. Manchester, agent. [Makinson and Sanders, Temple; F. R. Atkinson, Manchester]
- Nottage, G. Kingsland, auctioneer. [Noy and Binward, Nicholas-lane]
- Noakes, J. Marsh-gate, Westminster-bridge-road, victualler. [Dicas, Pope's-head-alley]
- Overend, J. C. and T. C. Druce, Bread-street, warehousemen. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple]
- Porrell, W. Wetherby, ham-factor. [Lys, Took's-court, Chancery-lane; Upton, Wetherby]
- Poynor, C. Winchcombe, Gloucester, mercer. [Pearson, Temple; Daniel, Bristol]
- Payne, R. H. York-street, Covent-garden, bookseller. [Browne, Fumival's-inn]
- Pratt, R. Cambridge, linen-draper. [Farrar, Godliman-street]
- Porter, S. S. Exeter, cabinet-maker. [Brutton and Co., New Bond-street; Ford, Exeter]
- Robinson, F. High-street, Poplar, ironmonger. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street]
- Ring, J. Long Ashton, Somerset, mealman. [Henderson, Surrey-street, Strand; Golden, Bristol]
- Rose, W. Warwick, printer. [Humphrey and Porter, King's-arms-yard; Heydon and Morris, Warwick]
- Richardson, J. T. Cobham, grocer. [Molloy, Lincoln's-inn]
- Revill, J. Newark-upon-Trent, whitesmith. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Woodcock, Mansfield]
- Slocombe, J. Bridgewater, builder. [Pain, New-inn; Pain, Bridgewater]
- Sergeant, J. Melton, Ross, Lincoln, maltster. [Eyre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn; Empson, Glamford Briggs]
- Stevenson, G. John-street, Tottenham-court-road, coachmaker. [Young, Poland-street]
- Shaw, H. F. Liverpool, plasterer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Houghton, Liverpool]
- Satterthwaite, J. Tower-street, wine-merchant. [Conway, Symond's-inn]
- Slater, M. D. Devonshire-square, hatter. [Robinson, Walbrook]
- Stafford, T. Exeter, wine-agent. [Turner, Millman-street; Turner and Son, Exeter]
- Scott, G. Brotherton, York, miller. [Smithson and Ranskill, Pontefract]
- Thacker, W. Coleman-street, Blackwell-hall, factor. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street]
- Town, W. R. Brighton, linen-draper. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street]
- Thompson, W. Rawden, York, merchant. [Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Carr, Gomersall]
- Ugill, D. and R. Wood, Little Eastcheap, spice-dealers. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas the Apostle]
- Vaughton, J. Winchester-wharf, Southwark, coal-merchant. [Vincent and Peall, Bedford-street, Bedford-square]



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C. Baxter, Ipswich, linen-draper  
R. Osborne, Bristol, anchor-smith  
J. Williams, Paternoster-row, bookseller  
J. Braithwaite, Leeds, ironmonger  
R. Butterfield, Scriven, York, flax-dresser

## BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 97.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.*

Astley, J. J. Liverpool, merchant. [Lowe, South-  
ampton-buildings  
Ackroyd, E. and W. W. Rowles, King-street,  
Long-acre, carpenters. [Dyer, Took's-  
court  
Aldridge, J. Wandsworth, calico-printer. [Ford,  
Pall-Mall  
Albot, G. Henley-in-Arden, Warwick, scrivener.

[Walter, Symond's-inn; Wake, Worksop, Not-  
tingham  
Bolland, J. Distaff-lane, wine-merchant. [Long  
and Co., Gray's-inn  
Boscow, J. Stockport, draper. [Hurd and John-  
son, Temple; Hitchcock, Manchester  
Baxter, C. Ipswich, linen-draper. [Green and  
Ashurst, Sambrook-court  
Burch, J. Exeter, horse-dealer. [Jackson, New-  
inn; Sanders, Exeter  
Brooks, J. Wolverhampton, worsted-spinner.  
[Swain and Co., Old Jewry; Foster, Wolver-  
hampton  
Bailey, J. T. Liverpool, paint and varnish-manu-  
facturer. [Batty and Co., Chancery-lane;  
Crump, Liverpool  
Cook, S. jun., Moorbarnes, Leicester, cattle-sales-  
man. [Fuller and Co., Carlton-chambers; Wra-  
tislav, Rugby

- Cole, J. F. New Bond-street, chronometer-maker. [Howker, Gray's-inn  
Chaldeote, W. Dorking, surgeon. [Carter and Gregory, Lord Mayor's Court-office  
Cowtan, M. Canterbury, bookseller. [Crowder and Co., Lothbury  
Crowther, J. Warrington, bookseller. [Makinson and Saunders, Temple  
Cook, J. Burr-street, tailor. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street  
Cutler, J. Warwick, button-maker. [Amory and Coles, Thromorton-street; Parkes, Birmingham  
Curtis, T. Hunworth, Norfolk, tanner. [Bridger, Finsbury-circus; Withers, Holt  
Carruthers, B. Gracechurch-street, dealer. [Wright, Little Alie-street  
Cram, G. North Shields, sail-maker. [Lowrey and Chilton, Pinner's-hall-court, Broad-street; Lowrey, North Shields  
Daw, J. J. and H. Tuck, Little St. Thomas the Apostle, vellum-binders. [Whiteley, Tokenhouse-yard  
Darlington, J. Sutton-mills, Cheshire, miller. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple; Bardswell and Son, Liverpool  
Downing, F. Jun., Huddersfield, wine-merchant. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield  
Elliot, J. Carlisle, cattle-dealer. [Mounsey and Gray, Staple-inn; Ewart, Carlisle  
Eden, J. Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucester, scrivener. [Meredith, Lothbury  
Evans, J. and Worrall, J. Liverpool, tailors. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple; Booth, Liverpool  
Frost, W. Abergavenny, hatter. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane  
Fowler, E. Finsbury-place, livery-stable-keeper. [Isaacs, St. Mary-axe  
Fenn, P. Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, bill-broker. [Wigley, Essex-street  
Gill, J. Long-acre, picture-dealer. [Popkin, Dean-street, Soho  
Gibson, W. Liverpool, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Phillips, Liverpool  
Gooch, J. B. George-street, Minories, merchant. [Basset, St. Michael's-alley  
Gilbert, W. D. and Gilbert, T. Leadenhall-street, opticians. [Bowden and Walters, Aldermanbury  
Glennie, A. Size-lane, wine-merchant. [Crosse, Surrey-street  
Gibson, W. Scarborough, miller. [Williams, Red-lion-square; Woodall and Downer, Scarborough  
Harding, R. Bridge-house-place, Newington-causeway, grocer. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn  
Hargreaves, J. and Hardman, J., Bacup, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Scott, Princess-street, Bedford-row; Shaw and Artindale, Burnley  
Hetherington, H. Macclesfield, carrier. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Allen, Manchester  
Holland, J. Tipton, Stafford, victualler. [Whitehouse and Jones, Thavies-inn  
Hills, W. O. Upper Rathbone-place, pawnbroker. [Nethersoles and Co., Essex-street  
Horsfall, D. H. Manchester, builder. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Grave, Manchester  
Hancock, W. Bolsover, Derby, innkeeper. [King, Bedford-place, Russel-square; Hardy, Sheffield  
Hartshorne, A. Fashion-street, Spitalfields, dealer in building materials. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street  
Hayes, J. and C. F., and C. M'Callum, Albury-mills, Surrey, paper-manufacturers. [Lock, Arundel-street  
Hoyle, T. Lee-mill, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. [Beverley, Temple  
Humby, J. Old Alresford, Southampton, carpenter. [Dunn and Hopkins, New Alresford  
Hacker, T. Bankside, timber-merchant. [Wilks and Minthorpe, Finsbury-place  
Jackson, J. and Mellor, R. Salford, Manchester, ironmongers. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Simeox, Birmingham  
Jones, J. New Bond-street, linen-draper. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane  
Johnson, P. St. Mary-axe, money-scrivener. [Hill, Rood-lane  
Jes, J. and T. Chalford, Gloucester, clothiers. Thomas, New Basinghall-street  
Linford, E. Chapel-street, New-road, watch-maker. Robinson, Orchard-street  
Mallalieu, W. Gig-mill, Seyland, Halifax, cotton-spinner. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Edge, Manchester  
Molineux, J. Brighton, cupper. [Palmer and Co., Bedford-row; Crossweller, Brighton  
Mather, G. Leek, Stafford, timber-merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Kilminster and Co., Leek  
Murray, A. Liverpool, merchant. [Taylor and Roscoe, Temple; Lace and Co., Liverpool  
Mitchell, J. Halifax, worsted-manufacturer. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Alexander, Halifax  
Mason, H. S. High-street, Southwark, stationer. [Rhodes and Birch, Chancery-lane  
Minshall, C. Aston, Warwick, builder. [Bourdillon, Bread-street; Simeox, Birmingham  
Morris, R. Cheltenham, banker. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruett and Co., Cheltenham  
Mangnall, J. Manchester, agent. [Makinson and Sanders, Temple; F. R. Atkinson, Manchester  
Nottage, G. Kingsland, auctioneer. [Noy and Binward, Nicholas-lane  
Noakes, J. Marsh-gate, Westminster-bridge-road, victualler. [Dicas, Pope's-head-alley  
Overend, J. C. and T. C. Druce, Bread-street, warehousemen. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple  
Porrell, W. Wetherby, ham-factor. [Lys, Took's-court, Chancery-lane; Upton, Wetherby  
Poyner, C. Winchcombe, Gloucester, mercer. [Pearson, Temple; Daniel, Bristol  
Payne, R. H. York-street, Covent-garden, bookseller. [Browne, Furnival's-inn  
Pratt, R. Cambridge, linen-draper. [Farrar, Godliman-street  
Porter, S. S. Exeter, cabinet-maker. [Brutton and Co., New Bond-street; Ford, Exeter  
Robinson, F. High-street, Poplar, ironmonger. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street  
Ring, J. Long Ashton, Somerset, mealman. [Henderson, Surrey-street, Strand; Golden, Bristol  
Rose, W. Warwick, printer. [Humphrey and Porter, King's-arms-yard; Heydon and Morris, Warwick  
Richardson, J. T. Cobham, grocer. [Molloy, Lincoln's-inn  
Revill, J. Newark-upon-Trent, whitesmith. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Woodcock, Mansfield  
Slocombe, J. Bridgewater, builder. [Pain, New-inn; Pain, Bridgewater  
Sergeant, J. Melton, Ross, Lincoln, maltster. [Eyre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn; Empson, Glamford Briggs  
Stevenson, G. John-street, Tottenham-court-road, coachmaker. [Young, Poland-street  
Shaw, H. F. Liverpool, plasterer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Houghton, Liverpool  
Satterthwaite, J. Tower-street, wine-merchant. [Conway, Symond's-inn  
Slater, M. D. Devonshire-square, hatter. [Robinson, Walbrook  
Stafford, T. Exeter, wine-agent. [Turner, Milman-street; Turner and Son, Exeter  
Scott, G. Brotherton, York, miller. [Smithson and Ranskill, Pontefract  
Thacker, W. Coleman-street, Blackwell-hall, factor. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street  
Town, W. R. Brighton, linen-draper. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street  
Thompson, W. Rawden, York, merchant. [Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Carr, Gomersall  
Usill, D. and H. Wood, Little Eastcheap, spice-dealers. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle  
Vaughton, J. Winchester-wharf, Southwark, coal-merchant. [Vincent and Peall, Bedford-street, Bedford-square

Winn, J. Brownhill, Chalford, Gloucester, clothier. [Thornbury, Chancery-lane  
Weatherley, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. master-mariner. [Willins, Nicholas-lane  
Weston, J. Chudleigh, Devon, mail contractor. [Brutton and Co., New-lane, Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter  
Wright, W. Chipping Ongar, wine-merchant. [Gale, Basinghall-street  
Walker, J. Halifax, corn-miller. [Williamson, Gray's-inn  
Whitaker, J. Loughborough, flour-dealer. [Be-

verley, Temple; Cheslyn and Brock, Loughborough  
Woolley, J. Denby, Derby, brickmaker. [Woolston, Furnival's-inn; Ingle, Belper, Derby  
Wilton, H. W. Union-court, Broad-street, merchant. [Nind and Cotterill, Throgmorton-street  
Woodward, R. Great St. Thomas Apostle, packer. [Spurr, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street  
Young, J. S. High-street, Whitechapel, coach-builder. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. R. Shaw, to the Living of the united parishes of Dunmore, Moculle, and Kilmodum, Dublin.—Rev. J. W. Atkinson, to the Living of Barham, Kent.—Rev. M. Butler, to the Living of Thwing, Scarborough.—Dean Bayly, to the Deanery of Lismore.—Rev. H. Brougham, to the Living of Tullow.—Rev. F. Severne, to the Rectory of Abberley, Worcester.—Rev. J. Barker, to the Vicarage of Great Abington, Cambridge.—Rev. C. Wodsworth, to be a Prebendary of St. Paul's, London.—Rev. J. Drummond, to the Church of Forgandery, Perth.—Rev. Dr. J. Rudge, to the Rectory of Hawkechurch, Dorset.—Rev. J. Dene, to the Rectory of Bittadon, Devon.—Rev. F. F. A. P. Hodges, to the Rectory of Antioch, Dorset.—Rev. C. Webber, to the Vicarage of Amport, Hants.—Rev. H. Fowle, to be Perpetual Curate of Dorrington, Wilts.—Rev. G. S. Penfold, to the District Rectory of Trinity, Marylebone.—Rev. R. Walpole, to the Rectory of

Christ Church, London.—Rev. T. Herring, to the Rectory of Great Broxted, Essex.—Rev. C. Dowdeswell, to the Vicarage of Beoley, Worcester.—Rev. W. Brotherhood, to the Vicarage of Rothwell, with the Chapelry of Orton annexed, Northampton.—Rev. H. Mortlock, to the Rectory of Farthingston, Northampton.—Rev. H. J. Shackleton, to the Vicarage of Plumstead, with East Wickham annexed, Kent.—Rev. G. Trevelyan, to the Rectory of Treborough, Somerset.—Rev. J. Missing, to the Curacy of Burford, Oxon.—Rev. C. J. Gooch, to the Rectory of South Cove, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Canning, to be Canon of the Royal College, Windsor.—Rev. T. Marriott, to the Rectory of Stowell, Somerset.—Rev. W. Bond, to the Vicarage of South Peverton, Somerset.—Rev. S. H. Langston to the Living of Aston Sandford, Bucks.—Rev. J. Hopkinson, to the Rectory of Etton, Northampton.—Rev. J. Steel, to the Perpetual Curacy of Cowbit, Lincoln.

### POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Lord Forbes appointed High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.—Captain Isaac Hart, of the 65th, to be Knight of the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun, conferred by the Shah of Persia.—Hon. F. R. Forbes,

to be Secretary to the Embassy at Vienna.—J. H. Mandeville, Esq., to be Secretary to the Embassy at Lisbon.—H. S. Fox, esq., Plenipotentiary to the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata.

### INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

#### CHRONOLOGY.

March 27.—The King held his first levee, at St. James's Palace, for the season, which was attended by nearly a thousand persons.

April 3.—New orders in Chancery issued by the Lord Chancellor.

—Intelligence arrived of the murder of the British Consul, J. O'Reilly, esq., at Guatemala.

7.—A grand ball, at Guildhall, for the Royal British National Schools. His Majesty sent 100 guineas.

10.—Sessions began at the Old Bailey.

—Meeting of Ship Owners, held at the London Tavern, on the depressed state of British shipping; and resolutions passed condemnatory of the late alterations in the navigation laws.

14.—A female culprit executed at the Old Bailey for the murder of her infant child.

15.—The battalions of the grenadiers and 3d regiment of Guards arrived in London from their service at Lisbon!!!

17.—A Common Hall, held at Guildhall, for

choosing a new sheriff, on account of the sudden death of Mr. Stable, one of the sheriffs; for, "when one of the sheriffs of London dies, the other cannot act, because he then is no sheriff, and must wait until another is chosen; for there must be two sheriffs of London, which is both a city and county." E. A. Wilde, esq., was elected.

—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 33 prisoners received sentence of death, 110 were transported, and a great number imprisoned for various periods and to be kept to hard labour; and several juvenile depredators were ordered to be privately whipped and discharged.

23.—His Majesty held a drawing-room, which was most numerous attended, it being St. George's Day, and the anniversary of the King's birth-day, as kept.—The Duke of Cumberland, and Prince George, his son, were present, on their arrival from the Continent.

#### MARRIAGES.

H. R. Elliot, esq., to Mary, daughter of T.



Simpson, esq., consul of the King of the Netherlands.—At Edmonton, Captain T. Curtis to Rebecca Mary, youngest daughter of Sir W. Curtis, bart.—At Mary-le-bone, Lieut.-Col. Marlay to Miss Tisdall, daughter of Countess Charleville.—At St. James's, Hon. Major John Massy, brother to Lord Massy, to Miss E. Homewood.—At Goodnestone, Rev. H. W. Plumptre, to Eleanor, daughter of Sir B. W. Bridges, bart.

## DEATHS.

At Upper Clapton, 88, Mrs. Steel.—In Serle-street, Anne Laurence, wife of H. Twiss, esq., M.P.—In St. Paul's Church-yard, Mr. B. Holdsworth.—In Upper Grosvenor-street, 78, John Joshua, Earl of Carysfort.—At Putney, at the age of nearly 100, W. Jewell, esq.; he was the early friend of Foote and George Colman, sen., and superintended the pecuniary affairs of the Haymarket Theatre; he was likewise treasurer of the King's Theatre in Sir John Gallini's time.—In Hertford-street, Miss F. Pigot, sister to Lady H. Fitzroy.—85, J. Butler, esq., lieut.-governor

of Sandhurst College.—In Bryanstone-square, Mrs. A. Edgeworth, a relation of the Abbé Edgeworth, who attended Louis XVI. to the scaffold.—In Piccadilly, Lady Cope; and Maria Charlotte Emma, eldest daughter of Lord H. Cholmondeley.—At Twyford-abbey, 73, T. Willan, esq.—63, Lieut.-General Baron de Hocheple.—In Westminster, W. Flint, esq., son of Sir C. W. Flint.—In Bedford-street, C. Stables, esq., one of the sheriffs of London.—In Portman-square, 79, Countess Nelson.—82, Hon Philip Pusey.

## DEATHS ABROAD.

At Rome, Lady Charlotte Stopford, sister to the Duke of Buccleugh.—At Jamaica, Mr. W. P. Trapaud.—At Surat, W. C. Jones, esq., judge.—At Gibraltar, Deputy Commissary-General Haden.—At Bruges, B. Sydenham, esq.—At the Cape de Verd, Mrs. S. Clarke, relict of J. P. Clarke, esq., late consul general for those islands.—At Petersburg, 85, the Princess Lieven, mother to the Russian ambassador at London.—At Lucknow, Shah Zumeen, the king of Oude.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

## WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

## NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Poor Rates collected for Northumberland, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £78,923; those for Durham, to £97,417!

The shipowners of Sunderland have been getting up a memorial to the Board of Trade, on the distressed state of the shipping. It is very numerously signed.

A public meeting was held at Sunderland, to take into consideration the ruinous consequences of the course the coal-owners of Durham are pursuing, in restricting the vend of coals, when the following resolutions were passed:—"That this meeting views with alarm the progressive advance of Poverty, of Pauperism, and of Crime, in the county of Durham, and have no hesitation in attributing those evils principally to the existence of a combination and conspiracy denominated 'The Vends,' among the coal-owners and a few of the wealthier ship-owners in this country, whereby his majesty's customs and revenue are injured, commerce retarded, employment for the poor diminished, wages depreciated, and poor rates increased, engendering crime, and calculated to excite riot and insubordination to the laws." A petition to Parliament, conveying the same sentiments, was prepared, and received upwards of 1,200 signatures. The meeting invited the co-operation of the inhabitants of Newcastle, Shields, and other neighbouring towns.

The Bank of England persists in its intention of establishing a branch bank at Newcastle.

There now remains no doubt but the Newcastle and Carlisle rail-road will be carried into effect; certain difficulties having been removed, the line has been determined upon, and the Parliamentary survey commenced.

It is intended to erect a wooden bridge at the High Ford, over the river Wansbeck, near Morpeth. The estimated expense is £300.

For some days, in the early part of April, a noise was heard, proceeding from an aperture in

the ground, near the village of Noton, in the county of Durham, which much alarmed the inhabitants of that place. It was probably caused by a rush of some description of gas. The people thought it portended an earthquake, and were much alarmed. The aperture being closed up, the sound ceased.

On the 14th of April, the sloop Pallion, from Leith to London, laden with mutton and beef, put into Sunderland harbour; the wind being against her, and as fears were entertained that her cargo would spoil, the mutton, which was good wether, was sold at 4s. per stone, or, in small quantities, at 4d. per lb.; and the beef at 32s. per cwt.

*Married.* At Staindrop, J. Barnes, esq., to Miss E. Wilkinson.—At Newcastle, J. Todd, esq., to Miss Rutherford; Mr. J. Arthur to Miss F. Lader.—At Bishopwearmouth, R. Ogelsby, esq., to Miss E. Henderson.

*Died.* At Durham, Mr. G. Wetherill.—At Sunderland, Mr. R. Haswell.—At Bishopwearmouth, Mrs. F. Miller; Mrs. Young, who was mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother to 62 descendants; Mr. J. Richardson.—At Gateshead, 104, Mr. T. Gustard.—At Newcastle, Miss Lonsbie; Hanby Loggan, esq.—At Crimble, J. Fenton, esq.—At Shipcote-house, near Gateshead, Mrs. Sowerby.

## CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The Poor Rates collected for Cumberland, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £60,501; those for Westmoreland, to £31,029.

## YORK AND LINCOLN.

At the assizes at York, 2 prisoners were hung for murder, 8 received sentence of death for horse stealing, and 29 were recorded for death, 12 were transported, and 12 imprisoned.

The Poor Rates collected in Lincolnshire, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £214,750; and those for Yorkshire—East Riding, £121,474; North Riding, £98,532; West Riding, £391,404!!!

Upwards of a thousand guineas were received at the Music-hall, at Leeds, for the numerous productions of fancy work, given by the ladies, for the benefit of the Leeds Lying-in Hospital.

The port of Goole was opened as a bonding port April 9, and the first market held there; on which occasion, the vessels in the harbour were ornamented with a profusion of flags, and four steam-packets arrived, all crowded with company, succeeded by between 30 and 40 vessels, with favourable wind and tide. During which, the guns were fired, and the Lowther steam-packet was despatched on her new destination (viz. the port of Hamburg) with a cargo of manufactured goods.

William Gray, esq., of York, has held the office of distributor of stamps for York and the West Riding for 38 years; the district is now divided into four, and the following gentlemen are appointed distributors:—J. Gray, esq., for York; T. Price, esq., for Sheffield; W. Willock, esq., for Leeds; and J. Tweedy, esq., for Halifax; Hull and the East Riding districts are now re-united, and are held by A. W. Reynolds, esq.

On the 27th of March, a fine estate of the late Lord Chichester's, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, was sold by auction for 50,000*l.* It was put up in the autumn, and only 42,000*l.* were offered for it; it yields 1,600*l.* a year.

The two Dyons, father and son, were found guilty, on the 31st of March, of the murder of Mr. John Dyon, the brother of the one, and uncle of the other. They were executed on the following Wednesday. Before they were turned off, the young man confessed his guilt.

A deposit of fossil plants has been discovered, in a false coal strata, five miles south of Scarborough. The plants are remarkable for their preservation, beauty, and variety; nearly 50 species already having been found, all different from the genus actually growing in Great Britain, and evidently belonging to a different climate, far warmer than any in Europe.

A disciple of Joanna Southcott's has been travelling about in Yorkshire, and holding forth to large assemblages, of people in the open air. He is only meanly attired, but wears an enormous beard, and carries in his hand a long painted stick or staff.

The tolls on the bridge over the river Ouse, at York, which were first imposed on the erection of the bridge, in 1809, were let, on the 16th of April, for 59 weeks, from the 1st of May, for the sum of 4,250*l.* On the 18th of June, 1829, they will, therefore, cease to exist.

At the sessions for St. Peter's Liberty, in York, Henry Ray, and Ann his wife, were tried, and found guilty, of cruel treatment to a female child of the first-named prisoner, and were sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

At Pocklington, on the 16th of April, between the hours of 3 and 4 p.m., says one of the residents,—“we were greatly surprised by a sudden peal of violent thunder. Its terrific echo seemed to come directly from the south (the southern quarter being at that time darkly shrouded with a dismal aspect), which evidently threatened the immediate peltings of a tremendous storm—and so it was; for in a few minutes after the thunder, an inclement shower of hail and rain

most furiously descended, as if the gathering clouds had burst upon us to drench us in their fury.”

*Married.*] At Swine, J. Turner, esq., to Miss Whitaker.—At Great Driffield, R. Holtby, esq., to Mrs. Barnby.—At Leeds, T. R. Smith, esq., to Miss Wailles; R. G. Horton, esq., to Miss Boulton.—At York, R. H. Nicholls, esq., to Miss Grayson; J. Thompson, esq., to Miss Hartley.—At Swine, Mr. J. Burnell to Miss A. Walgate.—At Ripon, Mr. Bond to Miss Wood.—At Knaresborough, W. Wainman, esq., to Miss Atkinson.—At Kirkbustow, R. Hopwood, esq., to Miss Turner.

*Died.*] At Brodsworth, C. Loxley, esq.—At York, Mr. Kilvington.—At Halifax, Miss H. H. Greenup.—At Doncaster J. Pearson, esq.—At Reeth, S. Peacock, esq.—At Marston, Mrs. Scorer.—At Thorp Aub, Mrs. Broadley.—At Kingsthorpe-house, near Pickering, T. Lloyd, esq.—At Wigginton, W. Garforth, esq.—At Sheffield, J. Greaves, esp.—At Pickering, W. M. Wells, esq.

#### SALOP AND STAFFORD.

At the assizes held at Shrewsbury, 10 culprits were recorded for death, 8 transported, and 17 were imprisoned for various periods.

The money collected for Poor Rates in Staffordshire, for the year ending March 25, 1827, amounted to £165,518; in Salop, £96,921*l.*

The Bazaar for the sale of ladies' work, at Tamworth, produced nearly £230, which is to be applied towards the erection of National and Sunday Schools. A similar exhibition and sale took place at Newcastle in aid of the North Staffordshire Infirmary, when the sum of £960. 8s. 3d. was received.

*Married.*] Rev. E. Bather, archdeacon of Salop, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Butler, archdeacon of Derby.

*Died.*] At Cresswell-hall, 83, Rev T. Whitby, the oldest acting magistrate for Staffordshire.—At Cannock-wood, 105, Mary Brindley.

#### NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY.

At Nottingham Assizes, 8 culprits were recorded for death, 8 transported, and several imprisoned. At Derby, 6 recorded for death, 7 transported, and 12 imprisoned.

The Poor Rates, collected for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £99,085 for Nottinghamshire; and to £97,532 for the county of Derby.

The justices for the county of Derby have issued notices to receive “tenders for a contract for building two new courts,” with requisite apartments and offices, on the north side of the County Hall.

*Married*] At Gedling, Lieut.-Col. H. Huthwaite to Miss A. Beaumont.

*Died.*] 88, Mrs. Brown, of Smalley—62, Mr. E. Brown, of Ingleby.

#### LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The gentlemen of the medical profession at Liverpool have petitioned the legislature, praying them to repeal the laws that press so severely on anatomical study, and to take such other measures as they should deem expedient to enable the medical student to pursue his necessary studies with equal advantage as in France and other countries.

The Poor Rates collected in Lancashire, for the year ending March 1827, were £545,737*l.* In Cheshire, £148,493*l.*

It appears by the accounts submitted to the Annual Vestry at Liverpool, that for the year

ending March 25, 1828, the sum of £3,309. 4s. was paid for "illegitimates."

#### LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

At Leicester Assizes, 7 culprits were recorded for death, 6 were transported, and 15 sentenced to imprisonment.

The ages of the forty persons, male and female, now on the books of the excellent "Society for the Relief of the Aged Poor," (lately established at Leicester) amount in total to the number of 2,848 years!

The Poor Rates for the year ending March 25, 1827, for Leicestershire, amounted to £138,982; for Rutland, £14,029.

The inhabitants of Lutterworth have entered into a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of John Wicliff; it is intended to be a bronze statue of the Reformer in his robes, with the bible in one hand and his staff in the other, as depicted in Lewis's Life of Wicliff; to be elevated on a pedestal of white Derbyshire stone, and to be placed in the churchyard of Lutterworth, in such a situation that it may be seen by every one who passes through the town.

*Died.*] At Bottesford, Colonel Sir C. Sutton, K.C.B., and of the Portuguese Order of the Sword.

#### WARWICK, NORTHAMPTON, AND HUNTINGDON.

The calendar of the Warwick Assizes was very heavy, containing no less than 172 prisoners, of whom 113 did not exceed the age of 25, and 60 of them were under 20!!! 15 were recorded for death, 18 were transported, and 78 were imprisoned for various periods!!!

The Poor Rates for one year up to March 1827, cost, in Warwickshire, £169,537!!! in Northamptonshire, £168,068!!! in Huntingdonshire, £49,518.

The anniversary meeting of Rugby School was held April 9, and most numerous attended. The prize poems and speeches were delivered with great classical propriety; at the ordinary, after the usual toasts on such an occasion, not forgetting "Floreat Rugby," the steward proposed the health of Dr. Wool, alluding to his long services, and his resignation. General and enthusiastic shouts of applause followed; and the Doctor, in returning thanks, said, "that his most anxious wish with regard to Rugby would always be 'stet fortuna domus!'"

*Died.*] At Braybrook, 88, Mrs. Ayer, widow of the Rev. J. Ayer.—At Kettering, 82, Mrs. Wallis; 85, T. Spence; 75, Mr. Blackburn; 84, Mr. Bamford; 85, J. Bearne.—At Wootton, 79, Mr. Evans.—At Chicheley, 78, Mr. Hall.—At Baxterley, 86, Mrs. Boulthbee.—Anne, youngest daughter of Dr. Monk, dean of Peterborough.

#### WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

It appears by a return presented to the House of Commons, that in the year 1827, there were in the Worcester Collection 2,260 acres under the cultivation of hops; and in the Hereford, 12,141. The number of acres in the whole kingdom under this cultivation is 49,485 acres. In the year ending 5th Jan. 1828, there were exported 2,224 cwt. hops.

At Hereford Assizes, 16 culprits received sentence of death, 8 were transported, and 15 imprisoned.

The Poor Rates paid for the year ending March 1827, in Worcestershire, amounted to £93,695; for Hereford, £68,731.

*Married.*] W. Leigh, esq., to Caroline, fifth daughter of Sir J. G. Cotterell, M.P., county of Hereford.

*Died.*] At Hereford, 93, Mrs. Woodhouse.—At Little, 80, Mr. Smyth.—At Poolhullock, 67, C. Aveline, esq.—At Worcester, Mrs. James, widow of the Rev. Dr. James, prebendary.

#### GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

At Monmouth Assizes, 5 culprits were recorded for death, 4 transported, and 4 imprisoned.

The Poor Rates collected in Gloucestershire, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £190,221! and in Monmouth, £32,144!

The Gloucester calendar contained the names of 132 prisoners for trial at the assizes: and yet the judge said "it was extremely creditable to the county that the calendar did not contain a more numerous list!" 20 were recorded for death, 23 were transported, and 24 imprisoned; a girl of 14, convicted on 4 indictments for stealing, was sentenced to two separate punishments of 7 years' transportation each; and three other females, one of whom was only 13 years old, received the same punishment!!!

*Married.*] At the Duke of Beaufort's, Badmington, T. H. Kingscote, esq., to Lady Isabella Somerset, sixth daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

*Died.*] At Cheltenham, Lieut.-Gen. Trapaud.—At Woodchester, 78, T. Haycock, esq.

#### DEVON AND SOMERSET.

The new bridge over the Dart, at Totness, which has been erecting during the last two years, was opened to the public on March 28. In the course of the last twelve months, three considerable bridges have been constructed in Devonshire, viz. one at Teignmouth, the Lara near Plymouth, and this at Totness.

At the assizes held at Exeter, 16 prisoners received sentence of death, 20 transported, and nearly 50 imprisoned!

At Taunton assizes, 18 prisoners were recorded for death, 10 transported, and many imprisoned.

Death recorded against 11 at Bristol.

The money collected for the Poor Rates in Devonshire, for the year ending March 25, 1827, amounted to £247,641; in Somersetshire, to £189,692!

At the late meeting at Wells, for establishing a County Friendly Society, the Bishop of the Diocese observed, "that Friendly Societies were now more than ever necessary—when crimes never before heard of were polluting the country—when occurrences were taking place at which an involuntary shudder must pervade the frame of every feeling man—when murder, theft, and all the long train of alarming and evil results, which spring from an indulgence in the vicious passions of the human heart; when, in short, a species of great moral degradation had overwhelmed the lower order of the population of the country. His lordship was bold to assert, that one great cause of this moral degradation was to be found in the present system of Poor Laws, the effect of which was, that the poor man no longer maintained that firm and honest independence which was so long attached to the character of the English peasantry: he was not excited by that proud



feeling of liberty which once actuated him; he laboured not in his days of strength to lay by a portion of his gains wherewith to comfort his old age; he knew that when past the period when his own labour would little avail him, he must be supported by his parish."

The important question which has been so much agitated at the Devon Sessions, relative to transacting the public business of the county in open court, is now set at rest, the magistrates having determined, for the future, to transact the business in the grand jury room, with open doors.

*Died.*] At Bath, 67, Rev. J. Scott, dean of Lismore; Miss Phillips, aunt to Viscount Strangford; 93, Sir John Trevelyan, bart.

#### WILTS AND DORSET.

The money collected for the Poor Rates for Wilts, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £192,914; in Dorsetshire, to £97,520!

*Died.*] At the Rectory, Chilmark, 86, the Rev. T. Lear.—At Marnhull, 84, Rev. H. Place.

#### HERTFORD, BEDFORD, AND BUCKS.

The Poor Rates, collected for the year ending March 1827, were, for the county of Hertford, £169,072! Bedford, £92,340! and for Bucks, £153,912!!!

#### OXFORD AND BERKS.

March 22, three culprits were hanged at Reading—one of 21 years, two of 22, for poaching and wounding two park keepers at Sunning-hill.

There are at present 5,009 members on the boards at the University of Oxford.

The Poor Rates collected in Oxfordshire, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to £139,005; Berkshire, to £118,593!!!

*Died.*] Rev. G. Deane, rector of Kingston Bagpuze.—At Oxford, 73, Mr. J. Sadler, the celebrated aeronaut.—At Ilfley, Mr. R. Bliss.

#### ESSEX AND CAMBRIDGE.

A public hotel is to be erected in immediate contact with the new buildings of King's College: at least so it is said to be contemplated by the Society of Catharine-hall; we trust it will be prevented, as it will be the severest visitation that ever Vandalism or barbarism could inflict on the university! It appears that there are 5,104 members on the boards at Cambridge—95 more than Oxford.

The Poor Rates collected in Essex, for the year ending March 1827, were £306,430! in Cambridge-shire, £105,712!

At Ely assizes, 5 prisoners were recorded for death, and 4 were transported.

*Died.*] Rev. W. C. Dyer, rector of Abbot's Roding and Leaden Roding.

#### NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

In the abstract of receipts and disbursements of the treasurer for Norfolk, Midsummer 1826 to Midsummer 1827, it appears that the receipts amounted to £20,447. 2s. 3d.; out of which upwards of £12,000 were paid for the expenses attending on criminal justice, including the gaol, Bridewells, assizes, sessions, prosecutions of felons, &c. &c. To what good purposes might not so large a sum be appropriated, if more pains were taken to *prevent* crime than to *punish* it? Notwithstanding it was intimated, more than once at the last Hertford assizes, by the judge, "that respecting transportation, it was the determina-

tion of the government to proceed with greater severity;" 14 were left for transportation, 19 had death recorded against them, and a few were imprisoned.

The Poor Rates collected in Norfolk, for the year ending March 1827, amount to £343,970! in Suffolk, to £253,475!

The receipts at the Repository at Norwich, for the benefit of "The Society for Relieving the Sick Poor," produced nearly £120.

*Died.*] At Yarmouth, Mr. D. Service, author of the "Caledonian Herd Boy," and other literary productions.—At Burnham, 77, Rev. T. Herring, vicar of North Elmham.—At Binham, 78, Mrs. Waller; she was born in the same house in which she died, and had never lived in any other.—At Burgate, 82, Mrs. Walton; she was a distinguished miniature artist.—At Norwich, 106, Mr. T. Scrape; last year he presided at a large convivial party at his grand-son's, and fully participated in the happiness of the company, smoking his pipe, and singing several songs on the occasion.—At Bury, 93, John Prigg, a poor blind man belonging to the alms-houses.

#### HANTS AND SUSSEX.

At the assizes held at Horsham, 11 convicts were recorded for death, 2 transported, and 6 imprisoned.

The Poor Rates collected in Hants and Southampton, for the year ending in March 1827, amounted to £213,406! in Sussex, to £274,185!

The sea is gradually encroaching on the land in the whole of the south-east portion of the English coast; and during last winter, its ravages have been alarming in the vicinity of Worthing, Bognor, &c., insomuch that it absolutely is becoming necessary to ascertain at whose expense powerful groynes, against the encroachments of the sea, are to be defrayed.

*Married.*] Rev. W. Norris, rector of Warblington, to Miss G. A. Hawkins.—Rev. S. Butler, Berry-lodge, to Miss M. A. Thistlethwayte.

*Died.*] J. H. Bates, esq., one of the acting magistrates for Brighton.—84, Rev. T. Hatch, vicar of Washington and Old Shoreham.

#### KENT AND SURREY.

The money collected in Kent for the Poor Rates, for the year ending March 1827, amounted to 384,120; and in Surrey, to £288,168; to which, adding their neighbour, the metropolitan county of Middlesex, for the same period (£666,418) we have for the three counties the enormous sum of £1,338,646!!!—Well may it be said that the Poor Laws seem to be a subject which puzzles all legislators; still it must be confessed that it demands instant remedy; the more especially as, by steam navigation, Ireland is throwing her paupers upon us in countless shoals, although our own paupers cost us annually more than £7,000,000!!!

#### CORNWALL.

The Poor Rates collected in this county, for the year ending March 1827, amount to £120,455!

At the assizes, Mr. Justice Littledale lamented that he perceived there was an increase of crime in Cornwall; 4 prisoners were recorded for death, 3 were transported, and 7 imprisoned.

The Liskeard and Looe Canal, we understand, is now got into full work along the whole line, to the great advantage of the neighbourhood, and of all parties concerned in this most useful undertaking. Coals are brought up at 15s. 6d. per quarter, and sea sand, for manure, in abundance.

*Died.*] At Saltash, Mrs. de Courcy, relict of the Hon. Admiral Michael de Courcy.—Rev. J. Williams, vicar of Probus.—At Truro, 85, Mrs. Jane Whitaker, relict of the late Rev. J. Whitaker, the historian of Manchester.

## WALES.

Amount of the Poor Rates levied in Wales, in the year ending March 1827—Anglesey, £17,557; Brecon, £20,613; Cardigan, £19,615; Carmarthen, £36,578; Carnarvon, £23,380; Denbigh, £39,265; Flint, £22,168; Glamorgan, £39,486; Merioneth, £16,691; Montgomery, £36,276; Pembroke, £28,211; Radnor, £14,985.

At Denbigh assizes, 4 prisoners were recorded for death, 4 transported, and a few imprisoned.—At Brecon, 4 recorded for death, and a few imprisoned.—At Cardigan, 2 transported for life.

A grant of £24,000 has been obtained for the erection of a pier at Hobb's Point, near Pembroke Royal Dock-yard.

*Married.*] At Abergavenny, Mr. E. Smith to Miss Watkins.

*Died.*] At Swansea, Mr. Wilson; Mr. Perry.—At Llwynycus, Brecon, Mr. Isaac B. Jones; he was the successful candidate for the prize offered by the London Cymreigddion Society, in 1822, on "Diolchgarwch."—At Dinas Mowddu, Merioneth, 99, Morgan Jones; in the prime of life, though only 4 feet 6 inches high, he would carry heavier loads, walk more miles, mow more hay, and reap more corn in a day than most men in the county.—At Vachwen Tregynon, Mrs. Starkey.—At the Mumbles, near Swansea, 103, Mrs. Anne Stephens.

## SCOTLAND.

April 14, a meeting was held in the Town-house of Haddington, of the noblemen, freeholders, &c. &c., of the county, to take into consideration sundry bills now before Parliament.—The first brought before the meeting was the bill for passing and removal of Scotch vagrants from England to the nearest seaport in Scotland. It was considered objectionable, in so far as it went to throw a burden on the border counties, which, however, would be obviated, if paupers were carried by sea to that port in Scotland nearest their place of settlement; also, that it should be left to the option of magistrates to send paupers by sea or land as circumstances might determine; that the expense to which parishes were put by the transmission should be defrayed by a county rate. It was stated, that while care was taken to send Scotch vagrants out of England, there was no provision for sending English and Irish vagrants out of Scotland, the latter of whom were a great nuisance in some parts of the country. A committee was appointed to correspond with Lord John Hay, and other Scotch members, on the subject. The meeting then proceeded to consider the bill for extending the period for conferring a settlement on paupers in Scotland; the object of which is to prevent persons acquiring a settlement in a shorter period than seven years' industrial residence. The principle of this bill seemed to meet the approbation of the meeting, it being considered a desideratum to have the question of settlement fixed by statute.

A number of gentlemen, friends to Mrs. Dewar, residing at Collinsburgh, Fife, recently met at her house, to celebrate her entry into the 100th year of her age. They spent a most happy evening

with the old lady and her two daughters—the one 76, and the other 73. There were three of her neighbours present, whose ages joined to Mrs. Dewar's amounted to 374. Mrs. Dewar, in the course of the evening, mentioned that she remembered fifteen of Prince Charles's Highlanders being quartered in her father's house; that "they were a' bonny lads, and weel behaved, and did nae harm, excepting that one o' them took awa' a horse o' the Laird's o' Kileconquhar's, wha was weel able to spare it;" and her daughters remarked, that "they wadna' wonder but folk wad be thinking them auld if their mother was awa'."

*Married.*] At Edinburgh, R. Marsham, esq., to Lady Carmichael Anstruther, widow of the late Sir J. C. Anstruther; at the same time, J. Anstruther, esq., son of Col. B. Anstruther, to Marian, daughter of the late Sir J. Anstruther, of Anstruther, Fifeshire, bart.

*Died.*] At Edinburgh, Miss Murray, daughter of the late Lord Henderland.—At Berwick, 51, Mr. J. Reid.

## IRELAND.

The Society for the Improvement of Ireland met at the Mansion-house, Dublin, lately, to consider a series of propositions submitted by Dr. Grattan, one of which had been before adopted, pointing out the drainage of waste lands, the construction of harbours for the encouragement of fisheries, and the extension of inland navigation, as the best means of relieving the country. A resolution approving of raising a fund by lottery for the latter purpose, was unanimously agreed to; as also another, declaring that it would be for the advantage of the people of Ireland to assess themselves for the purpose of employing or relieving the poor. Resolutions, embracing several minor details connected with this proposition, were ordered to stand over for future consideration. A letter from Mr. George Home, on the subject of bettering the condition of the poor, by colonizing them on waste lands, was ordered to be referred to the committee on agriculture, about to be formed. Lord Cloncurry gave notice, that he would move the appointment of a committee to wait on the Hon. W. Lamb, to obtain his aid in procuring a general enclosure bill.

Out of fourteen persons apprehended for the murder of Daniel Mara, two have been convicted and executed as principals—two have been sentenced, and are to be executed on Saturday, as accessaries before the fact—one was convicted yesterday for conspiracy to murder, and will this day receive sentence—and six have pleaded guilty.—*Clonmel Herald, April 9.*

It is stated that Agar, Archbishop of Dublin, died worth half a million! that Porter, Bishop of Clogher, left 250,000*l.* behind him! that Stuart, the late Primate of Ireland, drew 840,000*l.* from the country!! In addition to this he it known, that the See of Armagh is worth 25,000*l.* per annum!!! That Derry is valued at 30,000*l.*, with a beneficial interest of 5,000*l.* a year to three or four persons, out of the church lands!!! and yet, notwithstanding all this, the Protestants in Ireland are about one to ten to the whole population, and no provision whatever is made for the Poor!!!

*Married.*] A. Saunderson, esq., M.P., of Castle Saunderson, Cavan, to Sarah Johanna, sister to H. Maxwell, esq., M.P., and niece of Lords Carrick and Farnham.

## DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of March to the 25th of April, 1828.

Mar.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	—	—	83	—	—	100	—	—	90 91p	56 58p	83
27	—	—	83	—	—	100	—	—	—	56 58p	83
28	—	—	83	—	—	100	—	—	91 93p	56 58p	83
29	—	—	83	—	—	100	—	—	93p	58 59p	83
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	—	—	83	4	—	100	—	—	92p	58 60p	83 84
Apr 1	—	—	84	1	—	100	—	—	93 94p	59 61p	84
2	—	—	84	84	—	100	101	—	94 96p	60 61p	84 84
3	—	—	84	—	—	100	—	—	94 96p	60 62p	84
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	—	83	4	—	100	—	—	96 97p	60 62p	83 84
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	204	83	83	4	90	100	18 19	—	96 98p	61 62p	83 84
10	—	82	83	9	90	100	18 13-16	245 6	96 97p	61 62p	83
11	203	82	83	90	90	100	18 15-16	246	94 96p	61 62p	83
12	—	83	83	4	90	101	18 15-16 19	246	—	61 62p	84
13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	203	83	83	4	90	101	18 15-16 19	—	94 95p	61 62p	83 84
15	204	83	84	4	91	101	19 15-16 19	246 7	95 96p	61 62p	84
16	—	83	84	—	91	101	19 1-16	—	96p	—	84
17	205	83	84	91	91	101	19 1-16	—	97p	64 65p	84
18	204	83	84	91	90	101	18 15-16 19	246 7	96 98p	63 65p	84
19	205	83	84	—	91	101	19 1-16	—	97p	64 66p	84
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21	—	83	84	—	91	102	19 1-16	—	96 98p	63 66p	84
22	207	84	85	92	91	102	19 3-16	248	—	64 66p	85
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	208	84	85	93	92	102	19 3-16	249	98 99p	64 65p	85
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From March 20th, to April 19th, 1828.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co. 50, High Holborn.

March.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			44	52	43	29 33	29 07	95	98	W	W	Clo.	Fair	Sleet
21			45	52	43	29 00	29 00	97	98	WSW	W	—	Hail	Clo.
22			48	53	36	29 17	29 28	98	98	W	WNW	—	Rain	Fine
23		☾	39	47	37	29 30	29 43	92	92	NW	NW	Fine	Fair	—
24			40	47	37	29 57	29 63	94	94	N	N	—	—	—
25			44	46	33	29 66	29 75	98	98	NE	NE	—	Show.	—
26			34	44	33	29 75	29 63	98	98	NE	S	Fog.	Clo.	Rain
27			43	52	42	29 48	29 33	98	98	ESE	E	Rain	Rain	Clo.
28			43	43	35	29 66	29 63	96	94	NNE	NE	—	Fair	Fine
29			37	45	37	29 70	29 76	98	98	NE	NW	Clo.	Rain	Clo.
30			43	46	35	29 88	30 04	95	95	NE	SE	—	Fair	—
31		○	41	48	35	30 15	30 22	92	92	SE	SSE	Fair	Fine	Fine
Apr. 1			36	49	36	30 17	30 06	88	88	SSE	S	Fog.	—	Clo.
2			47	48	37	29 92	29 94	82	84	ENE	ENE	Fine	—	—
3			44	47	36	29 97	29 85	84	84	N	NE	Clo.	—	—
4			41	47	38	29 81	29 84	88	86	N	N	—	Clo.	—
5			47	53	39	29 66	29 56	92	97	WNW	ENE	—	—	Rain
6			48	50	41	29 49	29 47	96	96	NE	SE	—	Fair	Clo.
7	40	☾	43	49	38	29 24	29 31	98	98	SE	NE	Rain	Rain	Fair
8			43	49	43	29 22	29 10	98	98	SE	NE	Clo.	Fair	Clo.
9			46	52	43	29 24	29 34	96	97	SW	SW	—	—	Fair
10			48	48	42	29 27	29 41	98	98	SW	W	Rain	Rain	Clo.
11			47	58	47	29 61	29 62	92	97	WNW	W	Fine	Clo.	Rain
12			52	61	51	29 53	29 47	95	95	W	W	Clo.	Fair	Fine
13			57	57	45	29 37	29 50	95	95	SW	SW	—	—	—
14		●	52	61	47	29 65	29 71	98	98	W	WSW	—	Rain	Clo.
15			55	56	48	29 63	29 51	98	98	WSW	WSW	—	—	Fine
16	25		53	58	47	29 45	29 24	94	92	WSW	SW	Fair	—	Clo.
17			54	59	47	29 30	29 24	97	95	SW	SW	—	—	—
18			49	54	48	29 22	29 34	98	98	SSW	SW	Rain	—	—
19	90		52	53	45	29 42	29 63	94	98	ESE	E	—	—	—